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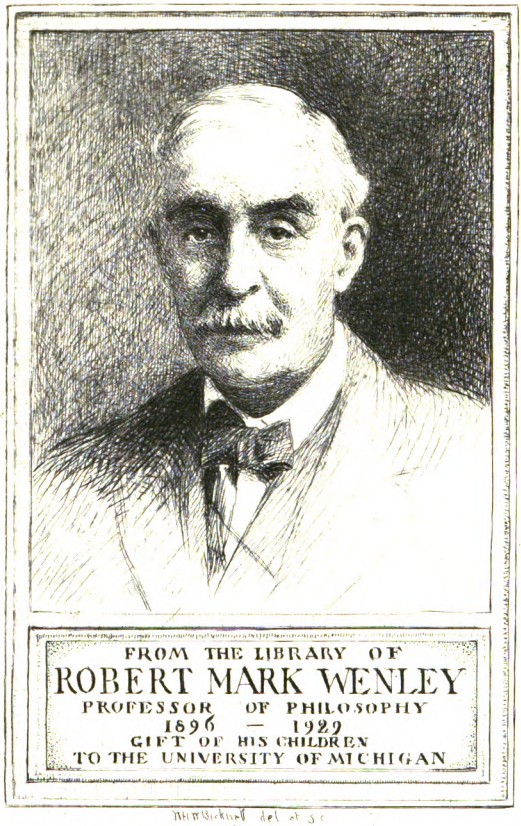

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Heine's

Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos.

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WIT, WISDOM, AND PATHOS,

FROM THE PROSE OF

HEINRICH HEINE,

WITH

A FEW PIECES FROM THE "BOOK OF SONGS."

SELECTED AND TRANSLATED BY

J. SNODGRASS.

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TO

My Wife,

Who has shared with me the pleasure of knowing that these translations, in their original form, served in some degree to arouse among English readers, interest in, and admiration for, Heine's prose writings,

I DEDICATE

THIS REVISED EDITION.

J. S.

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"It is because he unites so much wit with so much pathos that Heine is so effective a writer."—*Matthew Arnold: Essays in Criticisms.*

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PRESS NOTICES OF FIRST EDITION.

"Mr. Snodgrass has produced a book in which lazy people will find a great deal to please them. They can take it up at any moment, and open it on any page with the certainty of finding some bright epigram; they need not turn down the page on shutting up the volume, as it matters little where they resume. There is nothing jarring in the whole book."—*Athenæum, April* 19, 1877.

"No Englishman of culture who is unacquainted with Heine can fail to derive a new intellectual pleasure from Mr. Snodgrass's pages."—*Contemporary Review, September* 1880.

"Mr. Snodgrass would appear to have saturated himself with Heine literature, to have so caught Heine's mode of thought and his turns of expression—quaint, droll, swift, and scathing by turns—that the translator would appear to have had no more difficulty in presenting Heine as he was to the reader than he would have in presenting his own thoughts." *Glasgow Herald, March* 31, 1879.

"Mr. Snodgrass, in his 'Wit,' &c., has done a great service in this respect, presenting as it were a full-length miniature of the man, clear and effective, wherein his characteristic expression is faithfully caught, and where, if we look carefully, we can see him as he really was, for he is made to paint his own portrait."—*British Quarterly Review, October* 1881.

"Mr. Snodgrass has certainly done great service to English literature in presenting us with a compact little volume like that before us."—*Spectator.*

"A word of cordial praise is due to the translator, Mr. J. Snodgrass, for his admirable performance of a very difficult task. His book is one to welcome and to keep as a treasure of almost priceless thought and criticism."—*Contemporary Review, February* 1881.

"He has performed his task with skill, tact, and judgment; and it is easy to perceive that he has a thorough acquaintance with his author and sympathy for his matter."—*Notes and Queries, April* 19, 1879.

"The result of Mr. Snodgrass's attempt has been the production of a volume which, for variety and interest, may be pronounced one of the most successful books of the season."—*Aberdeen Journal, March* 26, 1879.

"Mr. Snodgrass has done his selection and translation admirably well, and we owe him thanks for a volume which has in it more wit of the highest sort, and more political insight, than any book that has lately been given to the public."—*Vanity Fair, November* 8, 1879.

"The 'English Fragments' have a special interest for the English reader; but the selection from Heine's prose works in general, most judiciously made and excellently translated by Mr. Snodgrass, gives a much completer view of the qualities of the writer's mind."—*Saturday Review.*

"Mr. Snodgrass has not essayed to give at all an exhaustive collection of Heine's witty, wise, and pathetic sayings; but he has selected, in the order in which they occur in the complete German edition, such extracts as have specially commended themselves to him. He has produced a very enjoyable volume, exactly adapted to the taste of lazy and luxurious persons, who can just take up the book for five minutes to read a delightful passage, complete in itself, and not long enough to fatigue the most fastidious attention."—*Academy, May* 31, 1879.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing a Second Edition of these translations from Heine's prose, the volume as it originally stood has been revised, line by line, and word by word. It would be saying too much to call this Edition a new version, but, whatever be its worth, the revision has been made with the utmost care. The reception of the First Edition was so cordial, that the Translator felt the duty imposed on him of endeavouring to render the translations as worthy as he could of the vigour and the beauty of the original.

The introductory note has undergone several necessary alterations, and an attempt has been made to improve some of the verse translations at the end of the volume. It may, no doubt, be thought that with regard to the latter a more sweeping improvement should have been made, namely, the omission of them; but the decision to retain them may be partly justified by an appeal to several favourable voices, not without authority on the matter.

J. S.

December, 1887.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

In this volume an attempt is made to do for Heine's prose what has already been done, more or less successfully, for his verse. It is in some respects unfortunate for Heine's fame that, until very recently, he should have been known to English readers almost solely as the author of the *Book of Songs*. His later poems, full of deepest questionings concerning the mystery of human life and suffering, and clothed in the most exquisitely poetical form, have been quite overshadowed by the immense popularity of his earlier verse. His prose works, now beginning to be known to general readers in this country, were till lately read only by systematic students of German literature. Yet these writings fill fourteen volumes in the best known German edition, exclusive of four volumes of letters and posthumous pieces. Hitherto they have afforded a happy hunting-ground for journalists and essayists in search of a brilliant phrase or a telling quotation. In this way many fragments of Heine's prose have long been familiar to English readers, and have been so often quoted and misquoted that they are now the common property of literary day-labourers. But Heine as a great

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prose writer has not yet been accorded among us the rank held by German authors of far less note. The original idea of this selection was suggested by the habit of noting passages in the course of reading Heine's works. In every page is to be found some idea, some phrase, often merely an epithet, that causes the reader either a thrill of pleasure or a shock of surprise. Frequently a feeling akin to physical terror is experienced when the bolt of the writer's unerring irony falls upon the superstitions or the hypocrisies that cling to the life of our enlightened and professedly Christian century. It would have been a comparatively easy task to have formed a collection of brilliant things from Heine's works, and to have classified them as in a book of reference. The object of this volume is, however, somewhat different, and perhaps a little more ambitious. It is an endeavour to reproduce in an English garb Heine's thoughts and feelings on a great variety of subjects, and in this manner to illustrate the phases of his many-sided mind, and the almost endless variety of form in which he clothes his thought and feeling. It is in no sense a book of maxims. Heine's thought could never be confined within the limit of an aphorism, and he certainly had no talent for enunciating moral precepts. The scintillations of his wit are brilliant suggestions and not rounded definitions; the flashes of his irony arouse the same feeling of scorn in the mind of the reader that was in the mind

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of the writer; in his tenderest pathos he does not dwell too long on the subject that gives it birth; and he never degenerates into maudlin sentimentality. In his vignettes of the lives and characters of great men, he gives us a mere outline, a few touches of the pen, but they are always the touches of a master hand, and we have a better conception of the life of Luther, of Spinoza, or of Lessing, from what Heine has to say of them within the compass of a few pages, than from their most elaborate biographies. Many of the passages selected are simply poems in prose, and the difficulty of adequately translating them into English is sometimes almost insurmountable; for in Heine's prose we find the same melodious rhythm allied to the same simplicity of language that we find in his verse. In its kind, his prose is as marvellous as his verse. It has all the vivacity and grace of the best French writing, combined with an intensity peculiar to German literature. In a word, it is the prose of a German poet—and of such a poet! Heine's prose has no style in the sense in which we speak of the style of Addison, of Macaulay, or of Milton. Here and there we find a reminiscence of Goldsmith, or still more of Sterne. During the early years of his literary career he was an enthusiastic admirer of the latter; but perhaps his least successful writing is that in which he consciously imitates the author of the "Sentimental Journey." Among Germans, Novalis may sometimes rival him in

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pathos, and Jean Paul in satire; but no German, perhaps no modern author, can approach him in power of combining wit with pathos. In his serious passages his prose does not exhibit the classical grace of Goethe's, nor has it the splendid roll of Schiller's. His character, also, had as little in common with the characters of these two kingly writers as his style. He had not the sublime egotism of the former, nor was he capable of the self-sacrificing enthusiasm of the latter. He was not prepared to suffer martyrdom for truth like Lessing, whose memory he so ardently revered. His life was a failure; it wanted the predominant unity of purpose that is the polar star of all noble forms of genius. Yet the errors of his life contributed to give power to his writings: there was in him a kinship with the worst as well as with the best in human nature. He himself says that he can think of Bryon as a colleague, but that he stands in awe of Shakespeare. He is less afraid of Luther with his "divine brutality," than of Shakespeare; and he has more reverence for Spinoza, whom he calls the kinsman of Jesus Christ, than for either the great Reformer or the great Dramatist.

Within recent years various short memoirs of Heine have appeared in this country and in America, but we are still without a worthy English biography.*

* Readers of German will find in the Clarendon Press Series a very pleasant little volume of selections entitled "Heine's Prosa," with English notes and short biography, by Professor C. A. Buchheim.

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Heine, named Harry, after an English business friend of his father's, was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, on the 13th of December, 1799. Both his parents were Jews. His father was a shopkeeper of humble means His paternal uncle, Solomon Heine, became a wealthy Hamburg banker, and with him the poet-nephew, during a great part of his life, was alternately quarrelling and making peace. Heine received his early education at the French Lyceum in Düsseldorf, at the head of which was Rector Schallmeyer, a Roman Catholic priest of scholarly abilities and of liberal views. The battle of Leipzig having finally put an end to French rule in the Rhine Provinces, the Lyceum was broken up. Various attempts were made to establish Heine in mercantile occupations, first as a bank clerk in Frankfort and afterwards in business in Hamburg. From this first residence in Hamburg date his earliest serious efforts as a poet, and the unfortunate though only partially explained love affair which was to affect the whole current of his life and work. Abandoning commerce he went, in 1819, to the University of Bonn in order to study jurisprudence. But his devotion to literature was more ardent than his pursuit of law. He was here brought under what proved to be for him the important influence of August Wilhelm von Schlegel, who was then inspiring the students of Bonn with enthusiasm for German mediæval literature. From Bonn (for what reason is not quite clear) Heine betook

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himself in the autumn of 1820 to Goettingen, of which the professors and the student life are fiercely satirized in the first part of the *Travel-Pictures*. His first residence at Goettingen terminated after a few months by his being rusticated, on account of his connection with a duelling affair. Although Heine appears to have been somewhat unjustly treated by the University Court, he accepted his punishment without feeling much vexation. He now went to Berlin, where, through the introduction of Varnhagen von Ense and his accomplished wife Rahel, he enjoyed access to the best literary society and began to be himself recognised as a true poetic genius. He attended the lectures of Hegel, and became personally acquainted with the great philosopher. There has been much discussion as to how far Heine's views were affected by the teaching of Hegel. It may safely be asserted that, though he did not accept this teaching as the last word of philosophy, and indeed often makes it a subject of irony, its influence on him was unquestionably very great. At Berlin he became a member of the "Jewish Society," an association founded by the disciples of Moses Mendelsshon for the purpose of improving the intellectual, political, and social position of the Jews in Germany. In 1821 his first volume of verse was published. During 1823 he left Berlin to spend some time with his parents at Lüneburg, and afterwards made an excursion to Cuxhaven and Hamburg. In 1824 he was again a student

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at Goettingen, where he applied himself more earnestly than he had hitherto done to the study of law. Here he was baptized a Christian (henceforth adopting the name Heinrich) on the 28th of June, 1825; and on the 20th of July following he obtained his doctor's degree, after the usual examination. On finally leaving Goettingen he paid a visit to the island of Nordeney, an excursion that furnished material for both prose and verse. Towards the end of this year he endeavoured to begin practice as an advocate in Hamburg. It is doubtful, however, whether he made any serious or continuous effort to obtain clients. But he formed at this time the acquaintance, and, notwithstanding frequent mutual reproaches and recriminations, established what proved a life-long friendship with the publisher, Julius Campe, whose firm had a reputation for undertaking the publication of works placed under the ban of censorship by the various German States. In 1827 Heine paid his only visit to England, of which the result is to be found chiefly in the *English Fragments*. On his return from England the *Book of Songs* appeared at Hamburg, and at once established its author's fame as a poet. Receiving an invitation from Baron Cotta to assist in editing a journal called *Political Annals*, he went to Munich, but at the expiry of six months the publication of the *Annals* ceased, and Heine's health having suffered from the effects of the Bavarian climate, he set out on a tour through the Tyrol

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and Italy. This journey seems to have left the pleasantest recollections in the memory of the poet, and to it we are indebted for some of his most charming sketches of travel. While writing the third volume of the *Travel-Pictures* he resided at Berlin or at Potsdam. But this third volume, besides containing impressions of Italy was full of the most scathing political satire, which speedily drew down upon its author the wrath of the Prussian government. This obliged him to return to Hamburg, a city that he detested, though it was the only place in Germany where he was safe from arrest. When the Revolution of July occurred in Paris he was in Heligoland, whence he wrote a series of letters that testify to the enthusiastic expectations this event gave rise to in his mind. On his return to Hamburg he was an eyewitness of a scandalous riot against the Jews, and this served still further to increase his detestation of the Free City. On the first of May, 1831, full of burning wrath and contempt at the political condition of Germany, he crossed the Rhine to take up his residence in Paris. In Paris, with a few occasional intervals spent at French watering-places, or in paying a flying visit to his mother at Hamburg, he lived till his death on the 17th of February, 1856, on his "mattress-grave," after seven years of the most dreadful suffering. The story of his last years is well known, and the few external events of the intermediate years between

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1831 and the beginning of his terrible suffering will be found recorded in Mr. Stigand's volumes.

A few words are necessary as to the method adopted in selecting and translating these extracts. They were chosen in the order in which they appear in the complete edition of Heine's works published by Hoffmann and Campe, Hamburg, and the revision has been made from the text of the new edition by Dr. Karpeles, in which the arrangement is almost the same as in the Hamburg edition. By adopting this plan, reference to the original is facilitated without the necessity of adding to each extract the precise volume and page where it is to be found. The titles of the various works from which the extracts are taken are given at the head of alternate pages. Short marginal titles are prefixed to all the longer extracts. These titles afford, of course, only an approximate indication of the contents of the selected passages, and it has been found a matter of some difficulty to combine brevity with descriptive accuracy. In the case of the shortest extracts the marginal title (which would merely be a repetition of the extract) is omitted, and the leading word or words printed in small capitals. A tolerably exhaustive index is added. Let it be noted, however, that the volume by no means professes to embrace all the witty, or wise, or pathetic passages to be found in Heine's prose. Though readers of Heine may therefore miss favourite passages, it is to be hoped that nothing here in-

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cluded is too trivial to be brought into prominence. The German text has been used throughout, but the extracts have been collated with the French edition, and the Translator has not scrupled to avail himself of the French text (which received the author's latest corrections, and is in some respects more accurate than the German) wherever this seemed advisable. In the latest German editions these corrections and variations are generally added in a foot note, but they are sometimes omitted when the alteration is slight. As a rule, where the variation in the French edition consists merely in the toning down of a passage in order not to offend French prejudices, the German text has been closely followed. Where, however, there is a correction of an inelegancy of style, a matter of fact, a name or a date, the French text is adopted. The total number of variations is not great, but the preceding explanation is necessary, otherwise readers familiar with Heine in German and not in French, or *vice versa*, might think that the Translator had taken an unwarrantable liberty with the original. Occasional foot-notes will be found throughout the volume, where a date, a reference, or an explanation seemed to be necessary.

With considerable hesitation, a few verse translations are added, chiefly from the *Book of Songs*. Though put forward as mere tentatives, they may perhaps serve to give completeness to this volume by illustrating, however

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imperfectly, Heine's wit, wisdom, and pathos in his verse as well as in his prose.

THE TRANSLATOR.

February, 1879.
Revised, December, 1887.

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CONTENTS.

Preface to the Second Edition, - - - - vii.
Translator's Note, - - - - - ix.

From the Prose Works.

Travel-Pictures: The Hartz Journey and Nordeney, - 1
The Book Le Grand, - - - - - 8
Travel-Pictures: Italy, - - - - - 25
English Fragments, - - - - - 55
Shakespeare's Matrons and Maids, - - - 60
Memoirs of Schnabelewopski, - - - - 71
The Florentine Nights, - - - - - 80
Religion and Philosophy in Germany, - - - 95
The Romantic School, - - - - - 142
Elementary Spirits, - - - - - 158
The Citizen-Monarchy in the Year 1832, - - 164
Lutetia: Letters on Politics, Art, and Social Life in France, 175
Art Notes from Paris: French Painters, - - 203
Letters to Lewald on the French Stage, - - 209
Musical Notes from Paris, - - - - 213
Ludwig Boerne: a Memoir, - - - - 213
Letters from Berlin, - - - - - 224
On Poland, - - - - - - 227
Introduction to Kahldorf on the Nobility, - - 229
Preface to Salon of 1833, - - - - - 231

Digitized by Google

The Denunciator, - - - - - - 232
Preface to Illustrated Edition of Don Quixote, - - 233
Ludwig Marcus ; a Reminiscence, - - - 234
Confessions, - - - - - - - 235
Prefaces to Poems, - - - - - - 272
Thoughts and Fancies, - - - - - 276

From the "Book of Songs."

The Two Grenadiers, - - - - - 301
Out of my Tears grow Flowers, - - - - 304
The Stars Stand Motionless, - - - - 305
On the Wings of Song, my Love, - - - 306
Oh did the Flowers but Know, - - - - 308
A Lonely Pine-Tree Stands, - - - - 309
When Two that are Dear must Part, - - - 310
On the Darkness of my Being, - - - - 311
My Heart, my Heart, it Sorrows, - - - 312
Fisher-Maiden Fair, - - - - - 314
Thou Seemest Like a Flower, - - - - 315
Thou hast all that Soul can Desire, - - - 316
Oh when You are my Wedded Wife, - - - 317
O Death ! Thou art the Cooling Night, - - - 318
Riddles, - - - - - - - - 319
When by Chance You Cross my Path, - - - 320
There Once Was a Poor Old King, - - - 321
Where will End my Weary Journey? - - - 322
Wo wird einst des Wandermüden, - - - 323

Index, - - - - - - - - 325

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WIT, WISDOM, AND PATHOS.

From the "Travel-Pictures: the Hartz Journey."

Nature's method.

NATURE, like a great poet, knows how to produce the grandest effects with the fewest materials. You have only a sun, trees, flowers, water, and love. In sooth, should this last be absent from the heart of the beholder, the aspect of the whole may be poor enough, for then the sun is only so and so many miles in diameter, and trees are good for fuel, and flowers are classified according to their stamens, and water is wet.

At the silver mines.

IN visiting the silver-smelting works, as often happens with me in life, I had not the luck to see any silver. I was more successful in the mint and could there watch how money is made. Further than this I have never been able to bring the matter. On such occasions I have always been a mere

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that thereby much peaceful happiness was created, life glowed with an inner warmth, and the Arts, like silently growing flowers, unfolded themselves in a splendour that is to this day our astonishment, and that we, with all our hastily-acquired knowledge, cannot imitate. But the spirit has its eternal rights, it is neither to be hemmed in by prohibitions, nor lulled to sleep by church bells; it threw down its prison walls, and severed the iron leading-strings that bound it to Mother Church. In the ecstasy of freedom it swept wildly over the whole earth, ascended the highest peaks of the mountains, shouted aloud in very wantonness, thought over old time doubts, speculated on the wonder of the day, and counted the stars of night. We know not yet the number of the stars, the mystery of the day is still unsolved, the old doubts have become mighty questionings in our souls—but are we happier now than heretofore? We know that this question is not easy of answer in the affirmative as regards the multitude; but we know also that the happiness for which we are indebted to a lie can be no true happiness, and that in certain solitary fragmentary moments of god-like intuition, a higher dignity of soul, a purer happiness is ours, than in long vegetating years of blind faith.

ROME has always yearned for sovereignty and when her legions fell she sent dogmas into the provinces.

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What think you of Goethe?

A lady once asked me—"Doctor, what think you of Goethe"? whereupon I crossed my arms upon my breast, reverently bowed my head, and exclaimed—"*La illah ill allah, Wamohammed rasul allah*"! Unwittingly, this lady had asked me a most cunning question. One should not be unceremoniously asked:—What think'st thou of heaven and earth? What are thy views on men and human life? Art thou a reasonable being or a stupid devil? Yet all these delicate inquiries lie in the ingenuous question: What think'st thou of Goethe?

Genius and Criticism.

THE works of genius are permanent, but criticism is always in a state of change. It is founded on the opinion of its time, for which alone it has significance, and, unless in itself of artistic worth, it perishes with the time.

I LOVE the SEA as I do my own soul.

The hunters and the hunted.

THE sense of pleasure in the noble, the beautiful, and the good, may often be imparted through education, but the sense of pleasure in hunting lies in the blood. When one's ancestors have been hunters of the buck from time immemorial, their descendants find a delight in this lawful occupation. My ancestors, however, belonged not to the race of

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hunters, but much rather to that of the hunted,* and I feel my blood revolt at the thought of taking deadly aim at the descendants of their former colleagues in misfortune.

Effect of the sublime in nature.

QUITE a strange elevation of soul takes possession of me when I walk alone at gloaming by the sea-shore, behind me nothing but flat dunes, before me the heaving, immeasurable sea, over me the sky like a great crystal dome. I seem then to myself so ant-like in my insignificance, and yet my soul takes such a world-wide flight. The sublime simplicity of nature as it lies around me both restrains and elevates my soul, and it does so in a higher degree than any other magnificent surroundings. Never was cathedral vast enough for me; my spirit with its old titanic aspirations strives ever upward to heights beyond the gothic pillars, and would fain pierce the roof itself.

Scott's Novels.

THE announcement of a *Life of Napoleon* by Sir Walter Scott may well raise the most eager expectation.† All who revere Scott must tremble for him: for such a book may readily prove the Russian

* Heine here refers to his Jewish birth.—Tr.

† This was written in 1826. Scott's *Life of Napoleon* appeared in the summer of 1827. In other passages, Heine speaks of it with great bitterness, and in a note to the French edition of the "Travel-Pictures" he calls it a *twelve-volumed blasphemy*.—Tr.

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campaign of a fame, so arduously achieved through a series of historical romances which, more by their theme than by their poetic power, have stirred every heart in Europe. This theme is not merely an elegiac wail over the loss of Scotland's national glory, as it became gradually overshadowed by foreign customs, rule, and modes of thought; it expresses deep grief at the loss of national characteristics absorbed in the universality of modern culture, a grief now quivering in the hearts of all nations. For national memories lie deeper in the human breast than is commonly supposed. Scott's works serve to awaken these old memories. There was a time when, in Granada, men and women rushed forth from their houses with cries of despair, as in the streets was heard the song of the entrance of the Moorish king, so that it was forbidden to be sung under pain of death; thus too, the strain that resounds through the works of Scott has shaken with grief a whole world. This strain vibrates once more in the heart of the noble who sees his castle in ruins and his scutcheon torn down; it vibrates in the heart of the citizen who feels his comfortable but narrow ancestral habits disturbed by the broad uncomfortable modern ways; it resounds once more in Catholic cathedrals, whence faith hath flown, and in rabbinical synagogues whence the faithful flee; it resounds over the whole earth, even to the banana-woods of Hindustan, where the pious Brahmin foresees

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the dying agony of his gods, the destruction of the immemorial order of things, and final conquest by the British.

From "The Book Le Grand."

The joy of existence.

LET others enjoy the happiness of the loved one wreathing their tombstone with flowers and moistening it with faithful tears. O women! hate me, laugh at me, mock me, but let me live! Life is all too merrily sweet and the world is all too lovingly confused. It is the dream of a wine-drunk divinity, who has slipped out without leave-taking from the symposium of the gods and has laid himself to sleep in a lonesome star, and knows not that he himself creates all that he dreams. His dream-pictures take, now madly mingled shapes, now shapes harmoniously reasonable—the Iliad, Plato, the Battle of Marathon, Moses, the *Venns de Medici*, Strasburg Cathedral, the French Revolution, Hegel, Steamboats, are individual happy thoughts in this creating god-dream; but it will not last long. The god will awake, will rub his drowsy eyes, will laugh, and our world will relapse into nothingness, nay, it will not even have existed.

But yet I live. Though only a shadow in a dream, still, this is better than the cold, blank emptiness of death. Life is the highest of earth's good, its bitterest evil is Death. All vigorous souls love life. Goethe's

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Egmont resigns with reluctance "the friendly habitude of being and of doing." Immermann's *Edwin* clings to life "like an infant to its mother's breast," and though he brooks it ill to owe his life to another's grace, yet pleads he for mercy :—

> For life and living are the highest good.

When *Odysseus* meets *Achilles* in the under-world as leader of the departed heroes, and lauds him for his fame among the living and the esteem in which he is held by the dead, the latter replies—

> O speak not of comfort in death, most noble Odysseus!
> Rather would I, as labourer, till for a wage in the fields
> Of one needing such aid, I, heirless and void of all heritage,
> Than be first in command, o'er the hosts in the realms of the dead.

But I live! The great pulse of Nature finds a response in my breast, and when I shout for joy I am answered by a thousandfold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to waken the earth from her morning slumber, and the earth trembles for joy; her flowers are hymns with which, in her inspiration, she greets the sun. The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and great Night arises with her large longing eye, oh! then true joy quivers through me, the evening breezes play about my beating

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heart like fondling maidens, and the stars beckon me, and I arise and soar forth over the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

But a day will come when the fire in my veins will be burnt out; then winter will dwell in my breast, his white flakes will cluster sparely round my head, and his mists bedim my eyes. In mouldy tombs my friends are lying, I alone am left behind like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race has blossomed into life, with new wishes and new thoughts. Full of surprise I hear new names and new songs; the old ones are forgotten, and I too am forgotten, honoured but by a few, despised by many, and loved by none! Rosy-cheeked children run to me, and press into my trembling hands the old harp, and say to me with laughter:—"Thou hast been long time silent, lazy greybeard, sing again to us the songs of the dreams of thy youth!" Then I take the harp and old joys and old sorrows re-awake, the mists are dissolved, tears flow once more from my dead eyes, it is spring-time again in my heart, sweet, sad tones tremble over the strings of my harp, I see again the blue stream, and the marble palaces, and the fair matron and maiden faces, and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta. It will be my last song, the stars look upon me as in the nights of my youth, the enamoured moonlight kisses again my cheeks, the spirit choir of dead nightingales

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warbles from out the distance, sleep-drunk my eye-lids close, my soul dies away with the tones of my harp—sweet odours are exhaled from the flowers of Brenta.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I had wished a palm, but it grows not in our cold North. Let it be a linden, and in summer evenings lovers will sit and caress beneath it. The green-finch listening from amidst the swaying branches, is silent, and my linden murmurs in sympathetic manner over the heads of the lovers, who are so happy that they have not time even to read the writing on my white grave-stone. But when afterwards the lover has lost his maiden, then will he come to the well-known linden, and sigh and weep, and look long and often upon the gravestone, and read thereon the writing—"He loved the flowers of Brenta."

Where Folly grows.

I FIRST saw the light of the world by the side of that beautiful stream on whose green banks Folly grows, is gathered in harvest, trodden, poured into casks, and sent abroad. Indeed 'twas but yesterday I heard one say a foolish thing which, in the year 1811, was contained in a bunch of grapes that I myself saw growing on the Johannisberg.

Heine's birthplace.

THE town of Düsseldorf is right fair, and when one chances to have been born in it and thinks of it from afar, he feels in a strange mood.

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I was born there and I feel as if I must straightway go home again. When I say "go home," I mean to the Bolker Street and to the house in which I was born. This house will be very celebrated some day, and I have warned the old lady who possesses it, at her life's peril not to sell it. For the whole house she could hardly get at present as much as will by and by be given to the maid-servant, who will show to high-born, green-veiled English ladies the room wherein I first saw the light of the world, and the hen-roost in which my father used to shut me up for stealing grapes, and the brown door on which my mother taught me my letters with chalk. If I ever become a famous author it will have been at much trouble to my poor mother.

Düsseldorf in 1806.

We awoke one morning in Düsseldorf to find the whole town in a state of dull despair, everything wore a sort of funereal aspect, and the towns-people were moving silently towards the market-place to read a large notice posted on the door of the Town Hall. The weather was chilly, and the lean tailor Kilian was standing there in his nankeen jacket, which he usually wore only in-doors, his blue worsted stockings hung down so that his naked legs looked dejectedly out of them, and his thin lips trembled as he muttered over the contents of the placard. An old pensioner of the Palatinate was reading in a some-

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what louder tone, and at many of the words a bright tear-drop trickled down on his loyal white moustache. I stood by him weeping also, and asking him why we wept. He said—"The Elector has abdicated"; and as he went on reading and came to the words, "for the faithful allegiance of my subjects," and, "I release them from their obligations," the tears flowed yet faster. There is something inexpressibly touching in the sight of such an old man, with scarred, veteran features and in faded uniform, weeping so vehemently. As we were reading, the Electoral coat of arms was taken down from the Town Hall. Everything wore a mournful, dreary aspect, as if people were expecting an eclipse. The Town Councillors moved about in a slow and *abdicated* manner, the very street beadle, once so mighty, seemed as if he had lost all authority, and looked on with calm indifference as the half-mad Aloysius, hopping about on one leg, with mocking grimaces prattled over the names of the French generals, and the drunken hunchback Gumpertz staggered about in the gutter, singing *Ça ira, Ça ira!*

I went home crying and kept on lamenting because the Elector had abdicated. My mother did her best to console me, but I knew what I knew and was not to be comforted. I went sobbing to bed and in the night I dreamed that the world was coming to an end. The beautiful flower-gardens and the green meadows were lifted from the ground and rolled up like carpets; the

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commissary of police mounted a tall ladder and took down the sun from the sky; and the tailor Kilian, who was standing by, said to himself—"I must go home and put on my best clothes, for I am dead and am to be buried to-day." And it grew darker and darker, only a few stars twinkled feebly in the sky, and even these soon fell upon the earth like yellow leaves in autumn. By degrees all other human beings disappeared, and I, poor child, wandered hither and thither in sad distress until I found myself before the willow-hedge of a deserted farm-yard. And there I saw a man digging up the earth with a spade, and beside him was an ugly, malicious-looking woman, holding in her apron what looked like a dissevered human head but was really the moon, which she placed carefully in the open grave. Behind me stood the pensioner of the Palatinate, sobbing, and spelling out the words—"The Elector has abdicated."

When I awoke the sun was again shining through the windows as usual, there was beating of drums in the street, and when I entered our sitting-room to bid my father good morning, I found him having his hair dressed, and I heard the nimble-footed hair-dresser relate most minutely that the new Grand Duke, Joachim,* was to-day to receive

* Joachim Murat. In terms of the Treaty of 25th December, 1805, Prussia renounced possession of the Grand Duchy of Cleve in favour of France. On the 1st of January 1806, the Elector, Maximilian Joseph, became King of

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homage in the Town Hall, that this prince was of the very best family and had married the sister of Napoleon, that he was a person of fine deportment who wore his long black hair in ringlets, that shortly he would make his official entry into the town and would be sure to please all the women-folk. Meanwhile drums still kept beating in the streets, and I ran to the door to watch the marching in of the French troops, these light-hearted children of fame, who had gone singing and jingling through the world. I saw the joyful-earnest grenadier-faces, the bear-skin caps, the tri-colour cockades, the glittering bayonets, the *voltigeurs* full of jollity and *point d' honneur*, and the big drum-major with silver-laced coat, tossing his gold-headed baton as high as the first storey, and casting his eyes up to the second, where pretty girls sat at the windows. I was rejoicing at the prospect of our having soldiers billeted in the house (my mother, however, did not share my joy), and I scampered off to the market-place. There the aspect of things was again completely changed. It seemed as if the world had been newly white-washed. A new coat of arms hung over the door of the Town Hall, the railings of the balcony were covered with embroidered velvet, French grenadiers stood guard, the old Town Councillors had

Bavaria, and as courtesy for this elevation, his cousin Duke William, abdicated the Duchy of Berg in favour of Joachim Murat, as regent for Napoleon.—Tr.

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put on new faces and their Sunday clothes, and they greeted each other in French fashion, saying, "*bon jour.*" From every window women were looking out, the square was filled with inquisitive citizens and spruce soldiers, and I with some other boys climbed up on the equestrian statue of the Elector, to obtain a better view of the gay moving throng. When I got home again I told my mother that we were all to be made happy, and on this account there was to be no school for that day.

On the day following the world was once more put to rights, and there was school as before, and we had to learn by rote as before, the Roman kings, dates, nouns in *im*, irregular verbs, Greek, Hebrew, Geography, the German language, mental arithmetic—even yet my head swims at the very thought of it! Everything had to be learned by rote, and much of what I then learned stood me afterwards in good stead. For had I not known the names of the Roman kings by heart, it would in after years have been a matter of indifference to me whether Niebuhr had, or had not, proved that they never really existed. As regards Latin, you, madam, have no idea what a complicated language it is. Truly, if the Romans had had to learn it for themselves they could never have found time for conquering the world. Fortunate people, who knew from their cradle the nouns that take *im* in the accusative! I, however, had to learn them by heart in the sweat of my brow. As

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for the irregular verbs—which distinguish themselves from the regular verbs by the greater amount of thrashing one gets over the former—they are horribly difficult. About Greek I can hardly trust myself to speak, lest I should fall into a rage. The monks of the middle-ages were not far wrong when they maintained that Greek was an invention of the Devil's. With German I made better progress, though the learning of it is no child's-play. For we poor Germans, as if we were not already sufficiently plagued by billeting, military service, poll-tax, and a thousand other taxes, must forsooth, burden ourselves with Adelung,* and torment one another with the accusative and the dative.

Monsieur Le Grand.

To know French thoroughly one must understand the spirit of the language, and this is best learned through the beating of a drum. Ah! how much I am indebted to the French drummer who was so long quartered with us, and who, though he looked like a devil, was angel-good at heart and could drum to perfection. He was an active little creature, with a terrific black moustache under which his red lips protruded ferociously, while his eyes shot fiery glances hither and thither. I, young rascal as I was, stuck to him like a burr, helped

* Johann Christoph Adelung, a celebrated German Philologist, was the author of "A Grammatical and Critical Dictionary," in five volumes.—Tr.

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him to polish his buttons till they shone like a mirror, and to whiten his waistcoat with chalk (for Monsieur Le Grand was quite a beau), followed him on guard, to roll call, to parade—it was a time of glitter and jollity; alas! *les jours de fête sont passés!* Monsieur Le Grand knew only a little broken German, merely the important words—"bread," "kiss," "honour;" but he could make himself easily understood on his drum. For example, if I did not know the meaning of the word "*liberté*," he would drum out the Marseillaise, and then I understood him. If I did not comprehend what was meant by the word "*egalité*," he would play the march *ça ira, ça ira les aristocrates à la lanterne!* and I understood him. If I did not understand the word "*bêtise*," he would rattle off the Dessauer March (which we Germans, as Goethe relates, used to drum in the Champagne), and I understood him. One day he wished to explain to me the word "*l'Allemagne*," and to make his meaning clear he beat on his drum that most primitive melody, heard often on market days during the performances of dancing dogs, namely, *dum, dum, dum!** —it vexed me, but yet I understood him.

In a similar manner he instructed me in modern history. I did not, it is true, understand the words, but as he kept drumming all the time, I was able to follow

* *Dumm* in German signifies *Stupid*.—Tr.

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his meaning. His method of teaching is in reality the best possible. The history of the storming of the Bastille, the Tuileries, etc., can be properly comprehended only when one hears in what fashion the drums were beat on such occasions. In our school books, we read only as follows:—"Their Excellencies the Barons and Counts and their noble spouses were beheaded;—Their Highnesses the Dukes and Princes and their gracious spouses were beheaded;—His Majesty the King and Her Majesty the Queen were beheaded;"—but when one hears the red guillotine-march on the drum, then for the first time one really understands the matter, and knows the why and the wherefore. What a wonderful march it is! It thrilled through the very marrow of my bones as I heard it, and I was glad when I had forgotten it.

I used often to lie on the grass in the Castle Garden at Düsseldorf devoutly listening to Monsieur Le Grand as he related the battle-deeds of the great Emperor and, for accompaniment, beat the marches played during such events, until I really saw and heard them all. I saw the crossing of the Simplon, the Emperor in front, and climbing after him his brave grenadiers. I heard the croaking of the startled birds of prey, and the distant thunder of the crashing avalanche. I saw the Emperor, with the flag in his hand, at the Bridge of Lodi. I saw him in his grey cloak, at Marengo. I saw him on his horse, at the Battle of the Pyramids, surrounded by smoke and

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Mamelukes. I saw him at the Battle of Austerlitz—how the bullets rattled on the frozen plain! I saw, I heard, the Battles of Jena, of Eylau, of Wagram. But I could hardly stand it any longer! Monsieur Le Grand beat with such vehemence that he almost broke my own tympanum.

Napoleon at Düsseldorf.

But what were my feelings when, with my own highly-favoured eyes, I saw the Emperor himself! This, too, happened in the avenue of the Castle Garden at Düsseldorf. As I pushed my way through the gaping crowd, I thought of the deeds and battles that Monsieur Le Grand had described to me on his drum, and my heart beat the general march; but I thought also of the police regulation forbidding, under a penalty of five thalers, riding in the avenue. Yet the Emperor and his staff rode straight up the middle of it. The trees trembled at his approach and seemed to make obeisance as he passed, the sunbeams came quivering with curious awe through the green foliage, and in the blue sky overhead a golden star was visible. The Emperor wore his simple green uniform and the little, world-renowned hat. He rode a small white horse that paced along so proudly, so deliberately, and with such an air of distinction that, had I been the Crown Prince of Prussia, I should have envied the lot of the Emperor's horse. Carelessly, almost in a stooping attitude, rode the

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Emperor, with one hand holding aloft the rein, with the other stroking in kindly fashion his horse's neck. It was a sunny, marble hand, a mighty hand, one of those two hands that had bound the many-headed monster of anarchy, and enforced order amidst the conflict of the nations; and now it was caressing good-naturedly the mane of his horse! His face too had the sheen that we notice in the countenances of Greek and Roman statues; its features certainly were cast in the noble mould of the antique, and on them was written—Thou shalt have no other gods beside me. A smile that warmed and lulled into tranquillity every heart played about his lips, and yet one knew these lips had but to whistle, *et la Prusse n' existait plus*, these lips had but to whistle, and the Vatican would fall to pieces, these lips had but to whistle, and the entire Holy Roman Empire would be set dancing. Yet these lips now wore a smile, and a smile beamed in his eye. It was an eye clear as the heavens, it could read the hearts of men, it saw at a single glance all the things of the earth, which we others see only in detail, one by one, and as coloured shadows. The forehead was less serene, there were brooding over it the spectres of future battles, and at times there was a twitching of the brow, as crowding thoughts passed over it, great seven-leagued-booted thoughts, with which the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly through the world, thoughts, a single one of which would, I believe, have

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furnished a German author with materials for writing during all his life-time. The Emperor rode calmly up the avenue, no police officer seeking to stay him. Behind him, on snorting steeds and covered with gold and decorations, galloped his staff; and the drums were beat and the trumpets blown. Beside me the half-mad Aloysius danced about gabbling over the names of the generals, a little further off brawled the drunken Gumpertz, and the people shouted thousand-voiced: "Long live the Emperor." * * * The Emperor is dead. He has his lonely grave on a solitary island in the Atlantic Ocean. He for whom the earth was too narrow, lies peacefully under a little hillock, where five weeping-willows sorrowfully overshadow with their green tresses his resting-place, and a gentle rivulet ripples moanfully by. On the tomb-stone is no inscription, but Clio has engraved thereon invisible words that will echo like spirit-voices through the ages. * * * * Strange! a tragic fate has already overtaken the three great adversaries of the Emperor: Londonderry cut his throat; Louis XVIII. rotted on his throne; and Professor Saalfeld* is still Professor at Goettingen.

* This is one of Heine's keenest bits of sarcasm. Professor Saalfeld, besides sharing the pedantry and mere book learning of the other Professors of Goettingen University, so inimitably satirised in the first portion of the "Travel-Pictures," was notorious also for his fierce attacks on the memory of Napoleon.—Tr.

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The Death of M. Le Grand.

ONE day as I sat on the old seat in the Castle Garden dreaming of the past, I heard behind me a confused murmur of human voices bewailing the fate of the poor French soldiers who had been made prisoners during the Russian campaign, afterwards sent to Siberia and kept there through long years after Peace had been made, and who were but now returning to their homes.* Looking up I actually saw before me these orphan children of fame; through the rents of their ragged uniforms naked misery peered forth; in their weather-beaten faces were deep sunk, sorrowful eyes. Though faint and maimed and halting, they yet stepped along with a kind of military precision, and, strangely enough, in front of them with faltering steps marched a drummer with his drum. With an inward shudder I was seized with the recollection of the legend of the soldiers who, having fallen by day on the battle field, at midnight arise, and with a drummer at their head, march toward their old homes. The poor French drummer looked, in truth, as if he had risen out of a mouldy grave. He was but a thin shadow in a dirty, ragged, grey cloak, a yellow dead face with heavy moustache drooping sadly over the bloodless lips, eyes like burnt-out tinder wherein still glimmered a few feeble sparks, and yet a single one

* The return of the French soldiers from Siberia has been immortalised by Heine in his "Two Grenadiers"—perhaps the most pathetic of modern ballads. A rendering of this ballad will be found at page 301 of this volume.—Tr.

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of these sparks served to reveal Monsieur le Grand. He too, recognised me, and made me sit down beside him on the sward as of old when he used to instruct me on his drum in the French language, and on modern history. It was still the same well known old drum, and I ceased not to wonder how he had been able to save it from the rapacity of the Russians. He drummed again as of old though he uttered not a word. But if his lips were gloomily sealed his eyes spoke the more, and lighted up in triumph as he played the old marches. The poplars beside us quivered as he thundered out again the red guillotine march. He described too, on his drum, the old battles for freedom, the old wars, the great deeds of the Emperor, until his drum seemed like an animate creature, happy in the thought of being able to express its secret joy. I heard again the roar of the cannon, the whistling of the bullets, the tumult of the fight; I saw again the old guard with their courage to the death, I saw the fluttering banners, I saw the Emperor on his horse. But insensibly a tone of sadness stole in amid the joyous rolling of the drum, and soon it gave forth sounds wherein the fullest strains of triumph were mingled with an unearthly wail of grief; it seemed at once a march of victory and a death march; the eyes of the drummer opened ghostly wide until I saw in them a great white field of ice bestrewn with corpses—it was the battle of Moscow. I had never

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imagined that the old, harsh drum could utter such plaintive sounds as Monsieur Le Grand was able now to conjure from it. Every drum-beat was a tear, and as the sounds grew fainter and fainter, like a dismal echo deep sighs burst from the breast of Le Grand. He himself was growing more languid and more ghost-like, his withered hands shook with cold, he sat as in a dream, beating the empty air with the drum-sticks, and listening as if to distant voices. At last he gazed on me with a deep, abysmal, pleading look—I understood him—and then his head sank down upon his drum.

No more in this life did Monsieur Le Grand beat the drum. Nor did his drum ever give forth another sound. It served no enemy of freedom whereon to beat a servile tattoo, full well had I understood Le Grand's last beseeching look—I drew the rapier from my stick and thrust it into the drum.

From the "Travel-Pictures: Italy."

Berlin and Potsdam.

BERLIN is not a town, it is only a meeting-place for a vast number of people, among them certainly many persons of talent, for whom the place itself is utterly indifferent; these persons form intellectual Berlin. The city, indeed, contains but

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few antiquities, it is too new; yet its very newness is already old, faded, and dead. It has mainly grown up not from the ideas of the people, but from those of a few individuals. Of these few individuals Frederick the Great is by far the most conspicuous. What he found ready to his hand was only a firm foundation; from him the city first received its character, and, had building ceased with his death, it would have remained an historical monument of the genius of that strange prosaic hero who developed, in true German fashion, the artificial want of taste, the prosperous liberty of thought, the superficiality and the capability that distinguished his time. Potsdam, for example, appears to us such a monument. We wander through its dreary streets as through the writings left by the philosopher of Sans Souci, it belongs to his posthumous works; and though it is now nothing more than petrified waste paper and contains many absurdities, we are compelled to examine it with deep interest, and to suppress now and then an inclination to laugh, as if in terror of receiving a blow over the shoulders from the Spanish cane of "Old Fritz."

Yearning toward Italy.

At last the morning broke when all was changed. The sun burst forth from the sky to nourish with its beams that old child, the Earth; the hills trembled for very joy and wept vehemently in tears

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of melting snow, the ice coverings of the lakes growled and burst asunder, the earth opened her blue eyes, from her bosom sprang the sweet flowers, and the sounding forests—those green palaces of the nightingales; all nature wore a smile, and this smile is called Spring. Then also began within me a new Spring, new flowers put forth their buds in my heart, the sense of freedom like a rose, sprang up, and tender longings too, like new-born violets, and among them truly many a weed. Over the graves of dead wishes hope spread her smiling mantle of green, melodies of poesy also returned like birds of passage which, having spent the winter in the warm south, now sought again their forsaken northern nests, and my forlorn northern heart rejoiced and blossomed as before, only I knew not how it all came about. Was it a dusky or a fair complexioned sun that again awakened Spring in my heart, and kissed away the sleep of the flowers, and with its smiles brought back the nightingales? Was it nature herself which sought an echo in my bosom, to gaze therein, as in a mirror, at her own new beauty of Springtime? I know not, but I think it was on the terrace at Bogenhaus, within sight of the Tryolese Alps, that such enchantment took place. As I sat there lost in thought, it was as if I saw a youthful countenance of wondrous beauty looking over the mountains, and I desired wings that I might hasten to Italy, the land of his home. I felt the perfumes of citron and orange come floating

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toward me over the mountains, enticing me to Italy with flatteries and promises. Yea, in the golden sunset I once plainly saw on a peak of the Alps the young god of Spring. His joyous locks were wreathed with flowers and laurel, and he was calling to me with laughing eyes and smiling lips :—Thou art dear to me, come hither to Italy !

The eagle and his critics.

An eagle sitting on his chosen lonely mountain peak must feel pity for us poor mortals in our lower world. He thinks then of his own destiny. He knows not how low he himself will one day be laid. For him the stars shine so assuringly, the voices of the mountain streams are so consoling, his own soul soars so proudly above all petty thoughts that he soon forgets them. When the sun ascends the sky he is again himself, and flies toward the sun, and when near enough, sings to it of his joy and of his sorrow. His fellow-animals, men especially, imagine that the eagle cannot sing—they know not that he sings only when he is beyond their realm, and is too proud to have any but the sun for a listener. He is right; some of his feathered kindred down below might want to criticise his song. I have myself had experience how such criticism sounds. The hen standing on one leg clucks—the singer has no spirit; the turkey splutters out—he is wanting in real earnestness; the dove coos—he knows nothing of true love; the

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goose cackles—he is ignorant of science; the capon twitters—he is immoral; the bullfinch chirps—alas! he has no religion; the sparrow peeps—he is not productive enough; hoopoes, magpies, owls—all croak, screech, or caw. The nightingale alone joins not in the chorus of the critics; unconcerned about all the world, the red rose is her only thought and her only song, she hovers yearningly over it, and in the intensity of her joy falls upon the loved thorns, and bleeds and dies.

Poets—the popular historians.

STRANGE caprice of the people! It demands its history from the hand of the poet, and not from the hand of the historian. It seeks no veracious chronicle of naked facts, but that every fact be again resolved into the original poesy that gave it birth. The poets know this, and they take a secret, malicious pleasure in moulding popular traditions so as to bring derision on dry-as-dust historiographers and parchment State records.

The poets do not falsify history, they tell us its meaning with perfect truth, though they may do so by forms and symbols peculiar to their method. There are nations whose whole history is handed down in this poetic manner—for example, the Hindoos. For such epic poems as the Mahabarata convey the import of Indian history far more accurately than could any compendium-writer, with all his array of dates. In the same way I might

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assert that Walter Scott's romances often render the spirit of English history with more fidelity than Hume; at least Sartorius is quite right when, in his supplement to Spittler, he enumerates these romances among the authorities on English history.

The Jesuits.

ARE there still real Jesuits? I am often tempted to think that their existence is nothing but a bug-bear, a lurking anxiety lingering in our minds long after the real danger is over, and all the zeal expended in combating Jesuitism only makes me think of people continuing to hold up umbrellas long after it has ceased raining. I sometimes imagine that the devil, the nobility, and the Jesuits exist only so long as they are believed in. As for the devil, this is certainly the case, for only believers have seen him. With respect to the nobility, we shall some day find that the "upper ten" (*la bonne société*) will cease to be the upper ten whenever it pleases all worthy citizens to cease regarding it as such. But the Jesuits? At any rate, they no longer wear the old breeches. The old Jesuits, with their old breeches, with their old lust of power, schemes of the universe, intrigues, distinctions, reservations, and poisons, are in their graves, and what we now see stealing through the world in new glossy breeches is not even their spirit, but rather their ghost, a foolish, imbecile ghost that is doing its best by daily word and deed to convince men how

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little it is to be feared. Indeed, it reminds us of the story of a similar ghost of the Thuringian Forest, which succeeded in dissipating the popular terror that it had once inspired, by very politely removing its skull from its shoulders in the presence of all the people, and showing them that its interior was hollow and quite empty.

O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus? . . . . *Horace, Book I., Ode XIV.*

The Battle of Leipzig.

As often as my old teacher had to explain this ode, in which the State is compared to a ship, he was in the habit of making all sorts of political observations, which, however, he had to suspend when the Battle of Leipzig was fought and his class dispersed. My old teacher had foreseen everything. When we received the first tidings of the battle, he shook his grey head, and now I know what that shaking of the head meant. We soon got more detailed information, and people showed one another mysteriously the pictures in which were represented, in gaudy though edifying fashion, the great chiefs of the army kneeling on the battlefield and rendering thanks to God. "Well might they thank God," said my old master, with a smile such as his features wore when he was explaining Sallust, "the Emperor Napoleon had so often beaten them that they could not help some day learning from him the trick of victory." Then came the Allies and the wretched

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"liberation" poetry, Hermann and Thusnelda, hurrah! Women's Associations, Fatherland Clubs, and an interminable swagger about the Battle of Leipzig, and always the Battle of Leipzig and no end of it. "It is with these people," observed my teacher, "as with the Thebans, when at last they succeeded in overcoming the invincible Spartans at Leuctra, and kept boasting incessantly of their victory, so that Antisthenes said of them, 'They are like schoolboys who are beside themselves with joy at having beaten their schoolmaster.' My dear scholars, it would have been better for us if we had got the thrashing ourselves." Shortly afterwards, the old man died. Prussian grass grows over his grave, and on it pasture the mettled steeds of our renovated knights.

Tyrol and the Tyrolese.

THE Tyrolese are handsome, sprightly, honest, brave, and of inscrutable shallowness of intellect. They are a healthy race of men, perhaps because they are too stupid to be sickly. Tyrol is very beautiful, but the most beautiful landscape fails to entrance us when the weather and our spirits are both dismal. This latter condition is with me an invariable result of the former—when it rains without it is always bad weather within. Of politics the Tyrolese know nothing, except that they have an Emperor, who wears a white coat and red breeches. They have been told so

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by their old uncle, who himself heard it in Insbruck from the black Sepperl, who has been to Vienna. When the patriots climbed up among them and glibly explained how they had now got a prince that wore a blue coat and white breeches, they grasped their muskets, kissed wife and child, descended the mountains, and let themselves be shot for the sake of the white coat and the dear old red breeches.

When all is said, it is much the same in whatever cause one dies, so long as it is for something that is dear to us; and such a warm, faithful death is better than a cold, faithless life. Even the very songs of such a death, with their sweet rhymes and inspiring words, bring warmth to the heart when damp fogs and importunate cares threaten to afflict us.

Italy.

IMMERSED in day-dreams, myself a dream, I entered Italy, and as I had during the journey well-nigh forgotten whither I was travelling, a kind of terror took possession of me when I became conscious of the large Italian eyes gazing at me, and saw around me the gay confusion of actual, warm, stirring Italian life. For I was really in a dream, in such a dream as that wherein one tries to recall some old half-faded vision. I regarded alternately the houses and the men and women, and I was almost persuaded that I had seen these same houses in their better days, when their

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handsome decorations were yet fresh, when the gilded friezes of the windows were less weather-stained, and when the marble Madonna with the child in her arms, had still that wondrously beautiful head which the iconoclast Time has since so ruthlessly broken off. The faces of the old women likewise seemed so familiar to me, that I could fancy them cut out of the Italian paintings that I recollect seeing, when a child, in the gallery at Düsseldorf. The old men, also, looked like long-forgotten acquaintances, staring at me with earnest eyes as if from the distance of centuries. Even the dainty young girls had an air of rejuvenated antiquity. I could not help smiling at this idea of mine, and then I began to think that the whole town was nothing but a beautiful romance that I had once read, or rather that I had myself composed, and I was now captivated by the magic spell of my own fiction and terrified at the forms of my own creation. Or perhaps, thought I, it is all a dream, and I would gladly have given anyone a thaler for a box on the ear merely to satisfy me as to whether I was awake or asleep.

I very nearly had this commodity at a much cheaper rate, when I presently stumbled over the stout fruit-woman at the corner of the square. She contented herself, however, with throwing several figs at me, which served to convince me that I was still in the midst of the realities of life, in the centre of the market-place of Trent, beside the great fountain, from whose bronze

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tritons and dolphins silver-clear water rose in a refreshing cascade. To the left was an old palace whose walls were adorned with gay allegorical figures, and on the terrace of which grey-coated Austrian soldiers were getting trained in the art of heroism. To the right stood a coquettish little house in the Gothic-Lombard style; from its interior came a sweetly wooing, girlish voice, which trilled in such lively and merry strains that the weather-worn walls trembled, either from pleasure or from frailty of age. In front of me stood the ancient cathedral, not solemnly grand and gloomy, but like a pleasant-faced old man whose years inspire confidence and affection.

As I pushed aside the green silken curtain which hung at the door-way of the cathedral, and entered God's house, I felt body and soul pleasantly refreshed by the cool air which filled it, and by the soothing mysterious light streaming down through the brightly stained windows on the kneeling throng. It was composed mostly of women, prostrate on the long rows of low devotional chairs. They prayed with an almost inaudible motion of the lips, and kept fanning themselves during their devotions with large green fans, so that no sound was heard save a ceaseless holy whisper, and nothing was seen save the moving fans and the fluttering veils. My creaking footsteps disturbed many a pious thought, and great catholic eyes were turned toward me, half curiously, half invitingly, as if they would have me kneel beside them, and join in their soul-*siesta*.

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Let men say what they will, *Roman Catholicism* is a good summer weather religion.

Italian beauty. I LOVE those pale elegiac countenances, from which great black eyes shed forth their love pain; I love, too, the dark tint of those proud necks —their first love was Phœbus, who kissed them brown; I love even the over-ripe bust with its purple points, as if amorous birds had been pecking at it; but above all, I love the gracious bearing, that dumb music of the body, those limbs that move in sweetest rhythm, voluptuous, pliant, with divine enticement, with indolent death-languor, and yet with etherial grandeur, and always full of poetry. I love such forms, as I love poetry itself; and these melodiously moving figures, this marvellous human concert whose rhythmic waves flowed round me, found an echo in my heart, and awoke in it responsive accords.

The harp-player. THE little harper must have observed that while she sang and played, my eyes often wandered toward the rose in her bosom; and when I afterwards threw into the tin plate in which she collected gratuities a silver piece not of the smallest, she laughed slyly, and asked in a whisper whether I should like to have the rose. Now I am the politest of men, and would not for the world offend a rose, were it even a rose that had

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already lost some of its fragrance. Though it is no longer as fresh, though it has no longer such an odour of virtue as the rose of Sharon, what, thought I, does this concern me, especially as I have a cold in the head! 'Tis only mankind that is so exacting. The butterfly asks not of the flower—Hath another already kissed thee? And the flower demands not—Hast thou already fluttered over the bosom of another? Besides, night had fallen and at night all flowers are grey, the most erring rose as well as the most virtuous parsley. In a word, without more ado, I said to the little harper, "*Si, Signora.*" Think no evil, good reader. The night had fallen and the stars looked down bright and innocent into my heart. In my heart, too, was the memory of the dead Mary. I thought again of the night when I stood beside the bed whereon lay the beautiful pale body, with the meek, still lips; I thought again of the weird glance of the old woman who should have watched by the body, but had resigned her duty to me for a few short hours; I thought again of the night-violet that stood in a glass on the table, and sent forth such a strangely sweet perfume; and I shuddered again as I wondered whether it was really the wind that had put out the lamp, or whether there was not some third one in the chamber of the dead.

The Amphitheatre of Verona.

MUCH has been said about the amphitheatre of Verona. There is scope enough within it

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for reflections, and there is no reflection that may not find a place within the circle of this celebrated structure. It is built in that earnest matter-of-fact style the beauty of which consists in perfect solidity, and like all the public buildings of the Romans, it is stamped with a genius that is none other than the genius of Rome herself. And Rome? Is there any one of such robust ignorance that his heart does not secretly thrill at the very name, or that does not at least feel himself under the spell of traditional awe? As for myself, I confess that my feeling was one more akin to anxiety than to pleasure, when I reflected that I should soon be wandering about on the soil of old Rome. Old Rome is already dead, said I, to soothe my anxious spirit, and thou wilt have the joy of beholding, without the slightest danger, her beautiful corpse. But a dread such as overcame Falstaff* kept ever rising in my mind: How if Rome too be not quite dead but only counterfeiting death, and should suddenly rise again—'twould be dreadful!

When I visited the amphitheatre a comedy was just then going on within it. In the centre stood a little wooden show-booth on which some performers were acting an Italian farce, the audience sitting under the open sky, some on little stools, others on the

* *Falstaff:* "Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too and rise?"
I. Henry IV., Act V., Scene IV.—Tr.

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high stone benches of the old amphitheatre. I sat there watching the mummeries of Brighella and Tartaglia, where once the Roman sat witnessing the fights of gladiators and of savage beasts. The blue crystal dome of sky above me was the same now, as then. The shades of night began to fall and the stars to glimmer. Truffaldino laughed, Smeraldina lamented, until Pantaloon at length appeared and laid their hands in each other's. The crowd applauded and dispersed in high good humour. The whole play had not cost a single drop of blood. But it was only a play. The games of the Romans, on the contrary, were no mere games. These were men who never found delight in mere pretence. They were devoid of all childlike gaiety, and, earnest as they were, exhibited even in their sports their intense and cruel earnestness. They were not great men, these Romans, though they were greater than other races of men in as much as they stood on the soil of Rome. The moment they descended the Seven Hills they became men of mediocrity. Hence the pettiness we discover wherever we catch a glimpse of their private life. Herculaneum and Pompeii, (those palimpsests of nature where the old stone text is again being brought to light), exhibit to the visitor Roman private life in little narrow houses with diminutive chambers, which contrast strikingly with the colossal public buildings that expressed their public life, the theatres, aqueducts, fountains, roads, bridges,

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the ruins of which still excite our astonishment. And this is how it is; as the Greek is great through his conception of art, the Hebrew through his belief in a most high God; so the Romans are great through the idea of the eternal city, great wherever under the inspiration of this idea they have fought, or written, or built. With the growth of Rome this idea continued to expand, the individual was absorbed in it, and even her great men, whose fame still survives, owe their immortality to the greatness of Rome just as the littleness of her little men is rendered more conspicuous by it. Hence the Romans were both the greatest heroes and the greatest satirists—heroes when in acting they thought of Rome; satirists when in think- of Rome, they passed judgment on the actions of their contemporaries. Measured by the colossal standard of the idea of Rome, the greatest personality among them must have appeared dwarf-like and fit for ridicule. Tacitus is the most unsparing master of this satire, just because he was most powerfully impressed with the grandeur of Rome, and with the insignificance of the individual. He is ever in his true element when he can inform us what the malicious tongues of the Forum have to say of some imperial deed of infamy; it is with a sort of fierce delight that he tells us of some senatorial disgrace, or of some unsuccessful piece of flattery.

I continued for a long time walking about on the higher tiers of the seats of the amphitheatre, my thoughts

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wandering back to the past. As it is by the light of evening that all great buildings reveal most vividly the genius that haunts them, so these walls now spoke to me of deepest things in their fragmentary, lapidary style. They spoke to me of the men of old Rome and I fancied that I saw, down in the gloom of the circus, their white shades moving to and fro. I seemed to see the Gracchi, with their inspired martyr eyes. "Tiberius Sempronius," I shouted down, "thou wilt have my vote for the Agrarian Law!" Cæsar, also, I saw walking arm-in-arm with Marcus Brutus. "Are you now reconciled?" I cried. "We both thought ourselves in the right," said Cæsar, smiling as he looked up; "I thought there was no longer a single Roman left, and held myself justified, therefore, in putting Rome into my pocket; and because my friend Marcus happened to be this last Roman, he thought himself justified on that account in killing me." Behind these two glided Tiberius Nero, with immaterial legs and irresolute mien. Women also I saw there, among them Agrippina with beautiful imperial face that moved me strangely in beholding, like some antique marble statue in whose features sorrow is turned to stone. "Whom seek'st thou, daughter of Germanicus?" She had begun to murmur forth her wail, when suddenly the doleful sound of the vesper bell and the horrid clamour of the tattoo broke upon my ear. The proud Roman ghosts took flight, and

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I found myself once more in the Austro-Christian every-day present.

GOETHE holds the mirror up to nature, or rather, he is himself the mirror of nature. Nature, desiring to know how she looked, created Goethe.

Suffering spiritualizes.

THE whole Italian people is suffering, and the suffering have always a greater air of distinction than the healthy. It is only the suffering man that is truly happy; all his limbs have their history of pain, they are all *be-souled*. I even believe that through the agony of suffering dumb animals may become human; for once I saw a dying dog that gazed at me in his death-struggle with an almost human look.

Admiration for genius, not for its acts.

DO not suppose that I am an unqualified admirer of Buonaparte; my homage is addressed not to the deeds, but only to the genius of the man—be he called Alexander, or Cæsar, or Napoleon. I never praise the act, but only the human spirit. The act is nothing but the garment of the soul, and history nothing more than the cast-off wardrobe of the human spirit. Still, love often finds a dear delight in an old garment; and it is thus I love the cloak of Marengo.

Marengo.

"WE are on the battle-field of Marengo." How my soul thrilled with delight when the postilion uttered these words!

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It was here General Buonaparte took such a deep draught of the cup of fame that, in the intoxication which followed, he became Consul, Emperor, Conqueror of the world, and was able to recover from his intoxication only at St. Helena. Nor did it fare much better with ourselves. We too, were intoxicated—we too, had dreams of glory; and now in the misery of our awaking we indulge in all kinds of sober reflections. We often bethink ourselves that battle-fame is an antiquated delight, that wars have now a nobler purpose, and that Napoleon was perhaps the last conqueror.

It really seems as if future battles would be fought for spiritual and not for material interests, and that the history of the world will henceforth cease to be a history of spoliation, and become a history of the human spirit.

Inter-nationalism.

THERE are no longer nations in Europe but only parties, and it is surprising to observe how, in spite of diversity of colour, they recognise one another so readily, and how, notwithstanding the many varieties of language, they understand each other so well.

French cookery and freedom.

ALL praise to the French! They have busied themselves about the two great necessities of human society—good cookery and civil equality. In cookery and in freedom they have made the greatest

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progress, and when one day we shall all take our places as equal guests, and be merry together, at the great feast of reconciliation—for what can be better than a company of peers around a table laden with good things? —our first toast shall be to the French nation. It will, no doubt, be some time before this feast is celebrated—before the day of universal emancipation; but come at last it will, this day when, reconciled and equal, we shall sit at the same table; we shall then be united, and in the strength of union we shall fight against the other evils of the world, perhaps, in the end, against death itself—whose stern system of equality is less repugnant to us than the ridiculous inequality-doctrine of the aristocracy.

Battlefields.

I LIKE battle-fields, for terrible as is war, it yet displays the spiritual grandeur of man daring to defy his mightiest hereditary enemy—Death.

Heine's mission.

I REALLY know not whether I have deserved that one day a laurel wreath be laid upon my coffin. Poetry, however much I love it, has always been with me only a sacred plaything, or consecrated instrument for holy purposes. I have never placed much value upon poet-fame, and whether my verses are praised or decried troubles me but little. But

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a sword shall ye lay upon my coffin, for I was an intrepid soldier in the war of the liberation of humanity.

IT is only KINDRED GRIEFS that draw forth our tears, and each weeps really for himself.

"I WAS born, Signora, on New-Year's night, 1800."*

"Did I not tell you," said the Marquis, "that he is one of the first men of our century."

The Jewish Religion.

Do not speak to me of the old Jewish religion, I would not desire that faith for my worst enemy. One has nothing but contumely and shame from it. I tell you it is not a religion—it is a misfortune.

The Poet's title to recognition.

OF a poet two things are required: the tones in his lyrical poems must be those of nature, in his epic or dramatic poems he must place before us real figures. If he cannot obtain recognition of his legitimacy in these respects, the title of poet will be denied him even though his other family papers and patents of nobility are in perfect order.

* From this passage has arisen the common mistake of supposing that Heine was born on the first of January, 1800. On account of various errors in official documents the date of his birth was formerly much disputed. After careful investigation recent biographers consider the date, December 13th, 1799, to be well established.—Tr.

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Pity and love.

To be wholly loved with the whole heart, one must be suffering. Pity is the last consecration of love, is perhaps love itself.

DANTE—the Catholic Homer.

Christ.

CHRIST is the God whom I love best—not because he is a legitimate God whose father was God before Him and has since infinite time ruled the world; but because He, though a born Dauphin of Heaven, has democratic sympathies and delights not in courtly ceremonies; because he is no God of an aristocracy of crop-headed theological pedants and fantastic warriors, but a modest God of the people, a citizen-God, *un bon dieu citoyen.*

MAN—the aristocrat amongst the animals.

Religious Freedom.

ONLY so long as religions have to struggle against rivals, and much more when they are persecuted than when they persecute, are they glorious and worthy of honour; only then do we find enthusiasm, sacrifice, martyrs, and triumphal palms. How beautiful, how divinely lovely, how mysteriously sweet was the Christianity of the first centuries, when it still resembled its Divine Founder in the heroism of suffering! It was then still the fair legend of an unobtrusive God who, concealed under the comely form of youth, walked about under the palms of Palestine preaching the doctrine of

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brotherly love, and delivering that revelation of liberty and equality which the sages of later times recognised as true, and which, as the gospel of the French, became the inspiration of our epoch. Compare with the religion of Christ the various systems of Christianity set up in different countries as State religions, for example, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without poetry called the High Church of England, that pitiful, decayed skeleton of faith, in which all the glow of life is extinguished! As in trades, so in religions, all monopoly is injurious. Only through free competition can religions remain powerful, and they will not attain again their primitive splendour until political equality in the worship of God, the right of competition in religion, is decreed.

Don Quixote.

The History and Achievements of the Sagacious Knight, Don Quixote, de la Mancha.— This was the first book I read after I had reached the age of boyish intelligence and had sufficiently mastered my letters. I can still vividly recall that childish time when I stole away from the house one early morning and ran off to the Castle Garden, to read Don Quixote there without interruption. It was a beautiful May day and the blossoming Spring lay listening in the morning light to the nightingale, its sweet flatterer, who was singing to it a hymn of praise in tones so caressingly soft, and with

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such fond enthusiasm, that the most timid buds burst into blossom, and the gay grass plots were kissed more fervidly by the sunbeams, and trees and flowers trembled for very joy. I, however, seated myself on an old moss-covered bench in the so-called "Sighing Avenue," near the waterfall, and my young heart found delight in the wonderful adventures of the brave knight. In my childish honesty of soul I took everything for sober reality. However ludicrous the pranks that fortune played the poor hero, I imagined that it must necessarily be so, that to be scoffed at was the fate of heroism as well as to receive bodily wounds, and the former vexed me as sorely as the latter moved me to pity. I was a child and knew nothing of that irony which God had interwoven in the web of life, and which the great Cervantes had imitated in the little world of his own creation. I could have shed bitterest tears when the noble knight received nothing but ingratitude and blows for all his chivalry. As I was but little practised in the art of reading, and had to pronounce the words aloud, the birds and the trees, the streamlet and the flowers, could hear it all, and as these innocent creatures of nature, like children, are ignorant of the irony of the world, they too must have taken it all for sober earnest, for they wept with me over the sufferings of the poor knight. An old spreading oak tree actually sobbed aloud, the waterfall shook vehemently its grey beard and seemed to rail at the baseness of the

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world. We felt that the chivalrous ardour of the knight was not less deserving of admiration although the lion turned his back upon him and refused the combat, and that his achievements were more worthy of honour in proportion as his body was frail and withered, the armour that protected him rusty, and the steed that bore him mere skin and bone. We despised the low-born mob who treated our poor knight with such brutal blows; but still more did we despise the high-born mob in their gay satin cloaks, with their courtly phrases and their ducal titles, who jeered at one far above them in chivalry and in grandeur of soul. Dulcinea's knight rose even higher in my esteem and gained ever more of my affection the longer I read in the wonderful book, which indeed I continued to do daily in that same garden, so that by autumn I had reached the end of the history. Never shall I forget the day when I came to read of the woeful combat wherein the knight was so ignominiously vanquished. It was a dismal day, dark, lowering clouds sped across the grey sky, the yellow leaves were falling mournfully from the trees, heavy tear-drops hung from the last flowers, whose withered dying heads drooped sadly; the nightingales had long since ended their song; on all sides images of decay were staring at me; and my heart almost broke as I read how the noble knight, stunned and bruised, lay stretched on the ground, and how, without raising his vizor, he said to his vanquisher in a voice so

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weak and faint that it seemed to come from the grave:—"Dulcinea is the fairest lady in the world, and I am the most unhappy of knights, but it becomes not that my weakness should belie the truth—strike home with thy lance, Sir Knight." Alas! the dazzling Knight of the White Moon, who overcame the bravest and noblest man on earth, was only a disguised barber!

But ah me! all this was long ago, many a new Spring has blossomed since then, though none that had ever such a magic charm; for now, alas! I have no faith in the sweet tales of the nightingale, the flatterer of Spring. I know how quickly Spring's splendour fades, and when I behold the youngest rosebuds, it is but to see them bloom in crimson robes of sorrow, soon to grow pale, and be scattered by the wind. Everywhere I see only a disguised Winter. But in my bosom still glows that flame of love which soars in ecstasy above the earth, and takes its adventurous flight through the wide yawning space of the sky till it strikes the cold stars, and sinks down again to the little earth, and with mingled sighs and shouts of joy, confesses that in all creation there is nothing more beautiful, nothing better than the human heart. This love is an inspiration always of God-like essence, whether it prompt to wise or to foolish actions. And so the tears shed by the boy over the sufferings of the foolish knight, were as little poured forth in vain as those afterwards shed by the youth, when he came to read,

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through many a night in his lonely study-chamber, of the deaths of the holiest heroes of liberty—of King Agis of Sparta, of Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, of Jesus of Jerusalem, of Robespierre and of Saint Just of Paris. But now that I have donned the *toga virilis* and wish to be esteemed a man, tears are at an end, and it becomes me to act as a man in emulation of my great predecessors, so that if it be the will of God, boys and youths may in after times also weep over me.

Perhaps I am myself only a Don Quixote, whose head has been sadly confused by the reading of all manner of wonderful books, as was that of the knight of La Mancha. Jean Jacques Rousseau has been my Amadis of Gaul, Mirabeau my Roldan or Agramanth, and I have pondered too deeply over the lore of the chivalrous deeds of the French Paladins and the Knights of the Round Table of the National Convention. But my madness, and the fixed ideas that have taken possession of me through the reading of these books, are the very opposite of those that afflicted the great Knight-errant. He sought to restore the decaying chivalry; I, on the contrary, seek to destroy every vestige of the age of chivalry. Our mode of action, too, proceeds from entirely different views. My colleague mistook wind-mills for giants; I, on the other hand, can see in our present-day giants nothing but noisy windmills. He beheld in the leathern wine-skins mighty magicians, but in the

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magicians of to-day I see nothing but leathern wine-skins. He imagined every miserable tavern to be a castle, every ass-driver a cavalier, every barn-wench a court-lady; I, on the other hand, hold our castles to be but refuges for rogues, cavaliers to be ass-drivers, our court ladies to be but barn-wenches. He mistook a puppet-show for a State ceremony; I hold our state ceremonies to be mere puppet-shows; yet I strike home as bravely at the wooden pageantry as did the gallant knight. Alas! such deeds of heroism often result as disastrously for me as they did for him, and like him I have to suffer much for the honour of my mistress.

The Emperor and his fool.

THE poor Emperor Maximilian having been taken captive by his enemies, lay closely imprisoned. It was, I think, in the Tyrol. Here he sate in lonely affliction, forsaken by all his knights and courtiers, and none came to his aid. I know not whether his countenance wore at this time the sullen look that we see in the pictures of the second period of his life. But it is certain that his heavy under lip, with its contempt for his fellowmen, protruded even more disdainfully than we observe it in these portraits. He could not but despise those who had fluttered so fawningly about him in the sunshine of prosperity, and now abandoned him in the gloom of his dire necessity. But suddenly the door of his prison opened to admit a man enveloped in a

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cloak, and when the disguise was thrown aside, the Emperor recognised his faithful Conrad von der Rosen, the Court fool. This man brought him consolation and counsel—yet, he was the court fool!

Oh German fatherland! dear German people! I am thy Conrad von der Rosen. He whose sole business was with pastime and with providing amusement for thee in happy days, now forces his way into thy prison in the time of thy need; here under my cloak I bring thy good sceptre and thy beautiful crown. Dost thou not recognise me, my Emperor? If I cannot set thee free, I will at least console thee, and thou shalt have some one by thee with whom to talk about thy most sorrowful distress, and to inspire thee with courage—one who loves thee, one whose best jest and whose best blood are at thy service. For thou, my people, art the real Emperor, the real lord of the land; thy will is sovereign, and much more legitimate than that purple-clad *tel est notre plaisir*, which invokes a divine right under no better warrant than the anointing oil of tonsured charlatans. Thy will, my people, is the only legitimate source of all power. Though now thou liest there in fetters, thy just right will in the end prevail; the day of deliverance is at hand; a new era is beginning. My Emperor! the night is passed, and outside ye may see the ruddy glow of morning.

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou art deceived;

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thou takest perhaps a gleaming axe for the sun, and the ruddy dawn is nothing but blood."

"No, my Emperor, it is the sun, although it rises in the west. During six thousand years men have always seen it rising in the east; it is now high time for its course to be changed."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, thou hast lost the bells from thy red cap, and it has now such a strange look, that red cap of thine."

"Ah! my Emperor, the thought of thy misfortune caused me to shake my head in such furious wrath that the fool's bells fell from my cap; but it is none the worse for that."

"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, what is it I hear breaking and crashing out there?"

"Be still! it is the saw and the carpenter's axe, and soon the doors of thy prison will be burst open, and thou wilt be free, my Emperor."

"Am I then really Emperor? Ah! it is but the fool that tells me so!"

"Oh do not sigh, dear master, it is the prison air that makes thee so faint-hearted; when thou hast regained thy power thou wilt feel the brave imperial blood pulsing again in thy veins, and thou wilt be proud as an Emperor, and arrogant and gracious, and unjust and smiling, and ungrateful as princes are."

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"Conrad von der Rosen, my fool, when I am free again what wilt thou do?"

"I will then sew new bells to my cap."

"And how shall I reward thy fidelity?"

"Ah! my dear master, only do not have me put to death."

From the "English Fragments."

National love of freedom.

THE Germans feel no need either for freedom or for equality. They are a speculative people, ideologists, a race of dreamers who look before and after, who live only in the past and the future, and who have no present. Englishmen and Frenchmen have a present, to them every day brings its conflict, its resistance, and its history. The German has nothing for which to combat, and no sooner did he begin to suspect that there might be things the possession of which is desirable, than philosophical wiseacres taught him to doubt the existence of such things. It cannot be denied that even Germans love freedom, but they love it after a different fashion from other nations. An Englishman loves freedom as he loves his lawfully wedded wife. He regards her as a possession, and if he does not treat her with special tenderness, yet if need be, he knows how to defend her as a man should. A Frenchman loves freedom as he does his chosen bride. His love for her

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glows and flames; he throws himself at her feet with the most exaggerated protestations, he will fight for her to the death, he will commit a thousand follies for her sake. A German loves freedom as he does his old grandmother. But the splenetic Briton, tired of his wife, is capable of some day putting a halter round her neck and leading her off to Smithfield for sale. The fickle Frenchman may perhaps become faithless to his bride, and will then desert her to go dancing and singing after the courtesans of the *Palais Royal.* But the German will never thrust his old grandmother quite out of doors, he will always keep a corner for her by the fireside, where she may tell her fairy tales to the listening children. If freedom, which God forbid! were ever to disappear from the whole earth, a German dreamer would discover her again in his dreams.

Heine in London.

SEND, if you choose, a philosopher to London, but on no account send a poet thither! Send a philosopher and place him at a corner of Cheapside. He will there learn more than out of all the books of the last Leipzig Fair. As the human waves roar about him, a sea of new thoughts will rise within him. The infinite spirit which broods over it will breathe upon him, the most hidden secrets of the social order will suddenly reveal themselves to him, he will hear with the ear and see with the eye, the heartbeat of

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the world. For as London is the right hand of the world, its active, mighty right hand, that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street may well be regarded as the world's great artery.

But do not send a poet to London! This hard reality of things, this colossal uniformity, this mechanical movement, this sullenness amid its pleasures of over-grown London, depresses the imagination and rends the heart. And did you venture to send a German poet thither, a dreamer who must needs stand agape at everything he sees, be it a ragged beggar-woman or a jeweller's resplendent window, he would assuredly fare badly and be pushed about on all sides, or even knocked down. I soon perceived that this people has much to do. It lives on a grand scale, and though food and clothing are dearer here than with us, it seeks to be better fed and better clothed than we do. As accords with high rank it has also great debts, and yet it sometimes ostentatiously throws handfuls of guineas out of the window, pays other nations to fight that it may witness the sport, and gives handsome gratuities to their various kings. And so John Bull must work day and night to procure money for all this expenditure, day and night must he rack his brain to contrive new machinery. He must sit and reckon in the sweat of his brow, and hurry along, without time to look about him, from the docks to the Exchange, from the Exchange to the Strand.

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He may surely be pardoned if, when he finds in his way a poor German poet gazing through the window of a print-seller's shop at a corner of Cheapside, he pushes him rather roughly aside!

I had resolved not to feel astonished at the enormous scale of things in London, of which I had heard so much. But it happened with me as with the unfortunate schoolboy who had made up his mind not to feel the thrashing that was in store for him. His resolution was founded on the expectation of receiving across the shoulders the usual kind of strokes with the usual rod. Instead of this, however, he had administered to him an unusual volley of blows with a smart cane upon an unusual spot. I expected great palaces, and found nothing but little houses; yet the very uniformity of these and their interminable number, made a most powerful impression upon me.

Scott's *Life of Napoleon.*

POOR Walter Scott! hadst thou been rich, thou wouldst not have written this book, and wouldst not then have become *poor* Walter Scott! But the creditors of the firm of Constable met together, and calculated and calculated, and after much subtraction and division shook their heads, and to poor Walter Scott was left nothing but his laurel and his debts. Then the extraordinary came to pass: the singer of mighty deeds himself resolved to

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attempt the heroic. He determined upon a *cessio bonorum*, valuation was made of the laurel crown of the "Great Unknown" in order to redeem great known debts, and so was produced in hungry haste, in the inspired despair of bankruptcy, the *Life of Napoleon*. Praise him, the brave citizen! praise him, all ye Philistines throughout the universe! praise him, ye virtuous shopkeepers who sacrifice everything that ye may duly retire your bills! —only, do not expect me to praise him. * * * Strange! the dead Emperor from his grave is the despoiler of the British, for through him their greatest poet has lost his laurel-crown.

IN discussing POLITICS, the stupidest Englishman will always contrive to say something rational; but whenever the conversation turns upon RELIGION, the most intelligent Englishman will exhibit nothing but stupidity.

Freedom the new religion.

FREEDOM is a new religion, the religion of our time. And if Christ be not the God of this religion He is at least one of its High Priests, and his name irradiates with its blessing the hearts of its disciples. The French are the chosen people of the new religion; in their language its earliest gospels and doctrines are recorded. Paris is the New Jerusalem, and the Rhine is the Jordan that separates the holy land of liberty from the country of the Philistines.*

* If in this passage, as in others, Heine is betrayed into exaggeration and error in his estimate of the value of French ideas of freedom, and of the sacri-

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From "Shakespeare's Matrons and Maids."

Shakespeare.

GENEROUS Nature never entirely disinherits any of her creatures, and if she has denied to Englishmen everything that is beautiful and pleasing, if she has given them neither a voice for singing nor the sense of enjoyment, she has yet bestowed upon them by way of compensation, a large measure of civil liberty, the art of comfortably arranging their homes, and William Shakespeare. Shakespeare is the intellectual sun which illumines England with its gracious light, with its beneficent rays. In England everything reminds us of Shakespeare, and the most ordinary objects appear as if transfigured by this reminiscence. Everywhere is heard the rustle of his wings, his clear eye beams upon us from whatever is noteworthy, and during grand events we seem to behold him gently beckoning with approving smile. This perpetual recalling of Shakespeare through Shakespeare struck me very forcibly during my sojourn in London, where I, an inquisitive traveller, rambled from morning till far into the night amid the so-called

fices made by France in its cause, it must be remembered that he was at the time but eight and twenty years of age, in the crisis of youthful enthusiasm, and that he had already suffered at the hands of the various German States for the boldness of his denunciation of their petty tyranny. It was not till two years later that he began to reside in France—an exile for the remainder of his life from the fury of the German censorship—and he subsequently modified to a very great extent his admiration for French methods of worshipping the Goddess of Liberty.—Tr.

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sights. Every lion reminded me of a greater lion—of Shakespeare. All the places which I visited live in his historical dramas their immortal life, and have been familiar to me from my earliest youth. In England, however, not only the educated classes are acquainted with these dramas, but also the people; even the stout "Beef-eater," with his red coat and his red countenance, who acts as guide through the Tower, and who shows you the dungeon where Richard caused his nephews, the young Princes, to be murdered, even he refers you to Shakespeare for a detailed account of this cruel story. The verger, likewise, who conducts you through Westminster Abbey, is constantly talking about Shakespeare, in whose tragedies these dead kings and queens who lie stretched out here in stone effigies, on their stone *sarcophagi*, and who are exhibited for the sum of one shilling and sixpence, play their terrible or their woeful parts. He himself—that is to say the statue of the great poet—stands there in life size, a noble figure with pensive head, and in his hand a parchment scroll. On it perhaps are magic words, and when at midnight he moves his white lips to conjure up the dead who there repose in their tombs, they arise in their rusty armour and quaint old court costumes, cavaliers of the White and of the Red Rose, and ladies too, who quit with sighs their resting places, and the rattle of arms and

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sounds of laughter and of imprecation are heard. For Shakespeare is not only poet, he is also historian; he wields not only Melpomene's dagger, but also the even sharper *stylus* of Clio. In this respect he resembles the earliest writers of history who, like him, knew no distinction between poetry and history, and who, instead of presenting us with a bare nomenclature of facts, a dusty herbarium of events, gave us truth luminous with song, and songs wherein the voice of truth constantly resounds. So-called objectivity (much talked of in our day) is nothing but a barren lie. It is impossible to pourtray the past without lending to it the colour of our own feelings. As the pretended objective historian must always address himself to his contemporaries, so must he unconsciously write in the spirit of his own time, and this spirit of the time is visible in his writings, just as in letters we see revealed not only the character of the sender but also that of the receiver.

But it was not merely the events of his own national history that were so clearly visible to Shakespeare, he saw also those of which the annals of antiquity inform us. With what astonishment do we behold this in the dramas by which he pourtrays, in the most faithful colours, the fallen grandeur of Rome! He saw into the innermost souls of the heroes of antiquity just as he saw into the souls of the cavaliers of the middle ages, and he commanded them to lay bare to him their most

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secret thoughts. And never does he fail to raise truth to the elevation of poetry. Even around the Romans, with their lack of sensibility, that hard, sober people of prose, that mixture of brutal rapacity and subtle legal acumen, that casuistic soldiership, even around them he could throw a halo of poetry.

Yet Shakespeare has been reproached with a disregard for form in his Roman dramas, and a highly gifted writer, Dietrich Grabbe, has called them "poetically embellished chronicles" having no central point, where one is at a loss to decide who is the principal person and who the accessory, and where, though we may renounce the necessity for unity of time and of place, we do not find even unity of interest. Strange error of the most clear-sighted critics! Neither the unity of interest, nor the unities of time and of place are wanting in the works of our great poet; his conceptions are only rather more extensive than ours. The scene of the action of his plays is the globe itself, this is his unity of place; eternity is the period of the action of his pieces, this is his unity of time; and in conformity with these two unities is the hero of his drama, who represents the central point, the unity of interest. Humanity is the hero, a hero continually dying and continually being born, continually loving, continually hating, yet loving more than hating; to-day crawling like a worm, to-morrow soaring like an eagle toward the sun; to-day

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meriting a fool's cap, to-morrow a laurel wreath, oftener deserving both at once—the big dwarf, the pigmy giant, the god prepared on homœopathic principles in whom the divinity, though much diluted, still exists. Ah! let modesty and shame keep us from too much talking of the heroism of such a hero!

The Germans and Shakespeare.

GERMANS have better understood Shakespeare than his own countrymen have done. And here we must mention the dear name that we everywhere encounter when with us a great initiative has been taken. Gotthold Ephraim Lessing was the first writer in Germany who raised his voice on behalf of Shakespeare. He laid the solid foundation-stone of a temple to the greatest of all poets. What is still more worthy of praise, he took the trouble to clear away the old rubbish from the ground whereon this temple was to be reared. In the joyous enthusiasm of construction, he mercilessly tore down the paltry French show-booths that encumbered the ground. Gottsched* shook so despairingly the curls in his wig that all Leipzig trembled, and the cheeks of his wife grew pale either from fear or from powder. It may with truth

* Founder of "The German Society," at Leipzig. Gottsched was for a time the literary dictator of Germany. He maintained that the best models were to be found in French literature. His wife (an accomplished woman, and the translator of Pope's *Rape of the Lock*) was at first his faithful ally, but subsequently went over to the opposition, and even assisted in deposing her husband.—Tr.

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be asserted that the whole of Lessing's *Dramaturgie** was written in the interest of Shakespeare. Wieland and Herder followed in the train of Lessing; Goethe, also, did homage with a great flourish of trumpets. In short, a brilliant galaxy of kings, one after another, threw their votes into the urn and elected William Shakespeare, Emperor of Literature. The Emperor was already firmly seated on his throne when the Knight, August Wilhelm von Schlegel, and his shield-bearer, Hofrath Ludwig Tieck, came forward to kiss hands and to assure the whole world that now the imperial succession was securely established—the thousand-year rule of the Emperor, William the Great.

Garrick and Shakespeare.

GARRICK understood the thoughts of Shakespeare more clearly than did Dr. Johnson, the John Bull of erudition, on whose nose Queen Mab must surely have danced in her drollest mood while he was criticising the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; he certainly did not understand why he should experience a more acute tickling sensation and a greater inclination to sneeze when criticising

* Lessing's *Dramaturgie*, 1767-1769, was the splendid fruit of an unsuccessful attempt to found a German National Theatre. It was begun in the form of a theatrical journal, but after its failure as an endeavour to elevate the German drama, it was completed at irregular intervals and amidst much discouragement and privation. Lessing criticises severely the French school as based on a misconception of the true meaning of Aristotle's doctrine of the unities, and appeals to Shakespeare in support of his theories.—Tr.

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Shakespeare than when criticising other poets. While Dr. Johnson was dissecting Shakespeare's characters as if they were dead bodies, making parade of his grossest absurdities in Ciceronian English, and swaying to and fro with ponderous self-satisfaction between the antitheses of his Latin periods, Garrick, on the stage, was moving the whole English nation by the powerful spell with which he called to life the dead, whom he caused to perform before all eyes the most terrible, most bloody, or most laughter-moving deeds. But this man Garrick loved the great poet, and for reward of such love he lies buried in Westminster, close to the pedestal of Shakespeare's statue, like a faithful dog at the feet of his master.

FAUST is the true type of the Germans, of the race that satisfies its passion through knowledge rather than through life.

Cleopatra.

CLEOPATRA is a thorough woman; she loves and deceives at the same time. It is an error to suppose that when women deceive us they have also ceased to love us. In this they are only following their natural instinct; and even when they have no wish to drain the forbidden cup, they like to sip a little, to put their lips to the rim, just to try how poison tastes. As in the character, so in the surroundings of Cleopatra there is a strange irony. This capricious, lustful, fickle, feverishly coquettish

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woman, this antique *Parisienne*, this goddess of life, plays fantastic tricks and rules over Egypt, the silent, rigid land of the dead. . . . Ye know it well, that Egypt, that mysterious Mizraïm, that narrow Nile valley with the aspect of a coffin. . . . Amid its tall reeds whimpers the crocodile, or the foundling of Old Testament history. Ye see here rock-temples with mighty pillars, against which recline the contorted forms of the sacred animals, painted in garish, hideous colours. . . At the portal nods the hieroglyphic cowled priest of Isis. . . . In luxurious villas mummies are taking their siesta, their gilded masks preserving them from the fly-swarms of corruption. . . . Like silent thoughts are standing here the taper obelisks and the stout pyramids. . . . From the background the Moon Mountains of Ethiopia, in whose bosom are hid the sources of the Nile, send greeting. . . . Everywhere death, stone, mystery. . . . And over such a land ruled as queen, the beautiful Cleopatra!

Shakespeare's *Titus Andronicus*. *Titus Andronicus* is certainly one of Shakespeare's earliest productions, though many critics dispute altogether its Shakespearian authorship. It is pervaded by that mercilessness, that eager predilection for the repulsive, that Titanic brawling with the divine powers, of which we find similar instances in the firstlings of all the greatest poets. The hero, in contrast

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with his whole demoralised surroundings, is a true Roman, a relic of the old stern period. But did such men still exist at that epoch? It is possible; for nature loves to preserve here and there a specimen of all her creatures whose species tends to destruction or transformation, though it be only in the form of petrifactions such as are to be found on the summits of mountains. Such a petrified Roman is Titus Andronicus, and his fossil virtue is a genuine curiosity in the age of the last Cæsars.

Romeo and Juliet.

Not the familiar human pair, but love itself is the hero of the drama *Romeo and Juliet.* Love is here presented to us in all the arrogance of youth, braving all adverse circumstances, and overcoming them all. For love fears not, in her desperate struggle, to seek the aid of her most dreaded yet most trusty ally—Death. Love in alliance with death is invincible. Love! it is the highest and most victorious of all the passions. But its world-compelling power lies in its boundless generosity, in its almost superhuman disinterestedness, in its self-sacrificing contempt for life. For love there is no yesterday, and she thinks not of any morrow; she covets only the present day, but she desires it wholly, unstinted, without shadow of trouble; she will not save of her present joy for any future, and she disdains the warmed-up leavings of the past. "Before me night, behind me night." She is a wandering

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flame between two darknesses. Whence comes she?—From tiniest, almost inconceivable sparks. What is her end?—She is extinguished as incomprehensibly, and leaves no trace. The more violently she burns, the more quickly she goeth out; yet that hinders not that she wholly giveth herself up to her blazing passion, as if its fire would last for ever.

I do not venture to blame Shakespeare in the slightest, yet I may be permitted to express surprise that he should represent Romeo as having felt a passion for Rosalind before he sees Juliet. For though he is wholly devoted to his second mistress, there lurks in the soul of Romeo a certain scepticism, betraying itself in ironical turns of speech that not infrequently remind us of Hamlet. Or, is the second love more intense with a man, simply because it is allied to strong self-consciousness? For a woman there is no second love. Her nature is too delicate to withstand a second time that most terrible convulsion of the soul. Look at Juliet! Could she have sustained a second time the overpowering bliss and horror? Could she a second time, braving all her womanly fears, have drained the fearful cup? I fancy she had enough the first time, this poor happy one, this spotless victim of the great passion.

The Jews.

THE Jews are a chaste, an abstemious, one might almost say an abstract people, and in

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purity of morals, they approach most nearly to the Germanic races.

THE BIBLE is the great family chronicle of the Jews.

The Jews and modern political theories.

IT is not only Germany that wears the physiognomy of Palestine; the rest of Europe is raising itself to the level of the Jews. I say raising itself, for the Jews were in possession from the earliest period of their history of the modern principle, which is only in our day beginning to develop itself among the European nations. Greeks and Romans clung with enthusiasm to the soil, to the Fatherland. The later northern invaders of the Greek and Roman worlds clung to the persons of their leaders, and throughout the middle ages, in the place of antique patriotism, came feality of vassals and attachment to princes. But the Jews in all ages have clung to the law alone, to the abstract thought, just as our modern cosmopolite republicans, who reverence neither the land of birth nor the person of a prince, regard the law as the highest object of respect. Yes, the true birthplace of cosmopolitism was the soil of Judea, and Christ, who was a real Jew, was the special founder of the propagandism of universal citizenship. Speaking of the republicanism of the Jews reminds me of having read in Josephus that there were republicans in Jerusalem, who formed an opposition to the royally disposed Herodians, fought bravely,

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called no one "Master," and hated with a fierce hatred Roman absolutism. Freedom and equality was their religion. What folly!

From "The Memoirs of Herr von Schnabelewopski."

You must have heard of the legend of the Flying Dutchman.* It is the story of an ill-omened ship which can never reach its port, and which has from time immemorial sailed the seas. As often as it encounters another vessel, several of its mysterious crew put off in a boat to request those on board the stranger ship to take charge of a packet of letters. These letters must be firmly nailed to the mainmast, otherwise disaster will overtake the ship, especially if there is no Bible on board or no horse-shoe attached to the foremast. The letters always bear the addresses of unknown persons, or of persons long since dead, so that sometimes the great-grand-daughter receives a love letter written to her great-grandmother, who has been in her grave for a hundred years. This wooden phantom, this woeful ship, bears the name of its captain, a Dutchman, who once took a mighty oath that he would double a certain cape (the name of which has

* In his *Musical Notes from Paris* (1840-1847), Heine says that his version of the legend of the Flying Dutchman was well adapted for the libretto of an opera. An attempt to present the story as an opera was made, though unsuccessfully, by the musician Dietz. Wagner has expressly acknowledged his indebtedness to Heine for both the subject and the materials of the libretto of his well-known opera.—Tr.

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escaped my memory) despite a terrible gale then blowing; ay, that he would double it though he should have to sail till the day of doom. The devil took him at his word, and he must henceforth sail on till the last day, unless, through a woman's fidelity he should be released from his fate. The devil, so stupid is he, has no belief in woman's faith, and so he permits the wretched captain to land once every seven years that he may marry, and thus seek an opportunity of gaining his deliverance. Poor Dutchman! He is often only too glad to be released from wedlock and from her who should release him, and to return on board.

Other seven years have flown since his last landing, and the poor Dutchman, wearier than ever of his endless voyaging, again sets foot on shore. He forms a friendship with a Scotch merchant whom he chances to meet, sells to him diamonds at an absurdly low price, and hearing that his customer has a fair daughter, demands her in marriage. This transaction is also completed. We are now introduced into the Scotchman's home, where the maiden with trembling heart awaits the bridegroom. She often turns to gaze with melancholy look upon a large half-faded picture which hangs in the chamber, and which represents a handsome man in the dress of the period of the Spanish occupation of the Netherlands. It is an old heirloom, and her grandmother has told her that it is a faithful likeness of the

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Flying Dutchman as he looked when he visited Scotland a hundred years before, in the time of William of Orange. To the picture is attached a traditional prophecy, warning the women of the family to beware of the original. And for this reason, from her earliest childhood, the features of this dangerous man have been stamped upon the heart of the girl. When, therefore, the Flying Dutchman in actual bodily presence enters, the maiden is dismayed, but not from fear. The bridegroom is himself struck with astonishment at sight of the portrait. When told whom it is supposed to represent, he succeeds in turning aside from himself all suspicion, laughs at their superstition, and ridicules the notion of the Flying Dutchman, the Wandering Jew of the Ocean Yet, unconsciously, he glides into a tone of sadness as he pictures the indescribable sufferings of Mynheer on the immeasurable waste of waters; how his body can be nothing better than a living tomb of the wearied soul; how life spurns him and death rejects him; like an empty cask which the waves wash hither and thither in idle sport, so the poor Dutchman is tossed about between death and life, neither of which will have him. His agony is deep as the sea whereon he floats; his ship is without an anchor, and his heart without hope. In such wise speaks the bridegroom. The bride regards him steadfastly, after casting a side-glance toward the portrait. She seems to have divined his secret, and

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when at length he asks:—"Catherine, wilt thou be true unto me?" she resolutely replies:—"True unto death."

In the last scene we behold the wife of the Flying Dutchman standing on a tall cliff that overhangs the sea, wringing her hands in despair, while on the distant ocean her unfortunate husband is seen on the deck of his mysterious ship. Though he loves her he has left her, rather than drag her with him to destruction, and he has confessed to her his dreadful destiny and the awful curse that hangs over him. But she calls to him in loud tones:—"I have been true to thee unto this hour, and I know a sure means whereby I may prove my fidelity to thee even in death!" At these words the faithful wife throws herself into the sea. And now the ban over the Flying Dutchman is at an end; he is released, and we see the ghostly ship sinking into the depths of the ocean.

The moral of the piece for women is, that they should be careful not to marry a Flying Dutchman; and we men may learn from it how, even in the most fortunate circumstances, women may be the cause of our destruction.

Jan Steen.

THE house in which I lodged at Leyden was once occupied by Jan Steen, the famous Jan Steen, whom I hold to have been as great as Raphael. Even as a religious painter, he was as great

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as the Italian master: this will be clearly acknowledged as soon as the religion of suffering is extinct, and the religion of joy has torn from the rose-bushes of our earth their dismal mantles of crape, and the nightingales can at length venture to pour forth their long hidden raptures. But never any nightingale will sing with such sprightliness and joy as Jan Steen has painted. No one ever felt so deeply as he did that on this earth there should be perpetual holiday. And Jan Steen remained all his days a dear, good child of Nature. As the stern old pastor of Leyden sat beside him at his fireside delivering a long admonition on his jovial manner of life, his boisterous unChristian behaviour, his fondness for the ale-jug, his ill-regulated domestic affairs, and his incurable merriment, Jan Steen listened quietly during two whole hours, betraying not the slightest impatience at the interminable homily, and only at last interrupting with the words—"Yes, good pastor, but the light would fall much better, and I should like, if you would turn your chair a little more toward the chimney corner, so that the flame may throw its red glow over your whole face, while the rest of your body remains in the shade." The worthy pastor arose in wrath and went forth; but Jan at once seized his palette, and depicted the stern old man in the very position in which he sat delivering his admonition, unconscious that he was serving as a model. The picture is an admirable one, and it used to hang in my bed-room at Leyden.

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Having seen in Holland so many of Jan Steen's pictures, I seem to be intimately acquainted with the whole life of the man. I know all his kinsfolk, his wife, his children, his mother, all his cousins, his personal enemies, and all his surroundings; yea, I have seen them all face to face. They greet us from the canvas of all his pictures, and a collection of these would be a biography of the painter. Often by a single stroke of his brush he has revealed the deepest secrets of his soul. I fancy, for instance, that his wife must have rather frequently reproached him for his excess in drinking, for in the picture of the "Bean-Feast," where Jan himself is represented as sitting at table surrounded by his family, his wife is holding a large wine-jug in her hand, and her eyes are glancing like a *bacchante's*. I am convinced, however, that the good woman never was given to over-indulgence in wine, and that the rascal is only trying to make us believe that not he, but his wife, was fond of liquor. This is no doubt the reason why he is laughing to us out of the picture with such unusual gusto. He is in high good humour, he is sitting in the midst of his family, his little son is "bean-king" and stands on a chair with his tinsel crown, the old grandmother, whose wrinkled features are radiant with joy, is holding in her arms her youngest grandson, the musicians are playing their maddest, merriest melodies, and the frugally-

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inclined and somewhat sullen housewife is handed down to remotest posterity under the imputation that she is tipsy!

Dreaming and Death.

WHAT is dreaming? What is death? Is the latter only an interruption, or is it the complete cessation, of life? To such as know only the past and the future, and cannot live an eternity in every moment of the present, to them death must indeed appear terrible! When both of their crutches, place and time, fail, then they sink into the infinite abyss. And dreaming? Why have we not a much greater fear of going to sleep than of being laid in our graves? Is it not dreadful to think that the body can remain death-still throughout a whole night while the soul within it pursues its most active life, a life clothed with all the terrors of that separation which we have created between body and spirit? When in some future age both will be again united in our consciousness, then perhaps there will be no more dreaming, or at least only the sick, those in whom the harmony of life is destroyed, will dream. Only lightly and rarely did the ancients dream: a distinct and vivid dream was with them an event to be recorded in their historical books. Real dreaming is first found among the ancient Jews, the people of the *ghost* (spirit), and it has reached its highest perfection among Christians, the *ghost*-people (spirit-people). Our descendants will shudder as they read what a ghostly exist-

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ence we pursue; how the humanity within us is split in twain, and only one-half of it leads an actual life. Our epoch, and it begins at the Cross of Christ, will be regarded as a great sickness-period of humanity. And yet what sweet dreams we have dreamed! Our robust successors will hardly be able to understand them. All the splendour of the world had faded from around us, when lo! we found it again in our inmost souls; in our souls took refuge the perfume of the trampled roses and the sweetest melodies of the scared nightingales.

It was a sweet, a fair, a sunny dream. The heavens heavenly blue and cloudless, the sea sea-green and still. On an immeasurably broad expanse of water floated a gaily decorated ship, and I was sitting on its deck fondling at the feet of Jadviga. I was reading to her, with all a poet's tenderness, rapturous love songs which I had written on rose-tinted strips of paper, and she was listening with incredulous yet bended ear, her face wreathed with longing smiles, and at times she hastily seized the leaves from my hand and scattered them upon the sea. But the fair water-nymphs, with snow-white bosoms and arms, rose to the surface and caught the fluttering songs of love. When I bent over the side, I could see quite clearly down into the crystal depths, and there were sitting in a circle the beautiful nymphs, and in their midst stood a young water-fairy, who declaimed with animated and expressive gestures,

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my love songs. Boisterous applause arose at each strophe; the green-locked beauties applauded so enthusiastically that bosom and neck blushed red, and their praise rang forth in joyous yet pitying strains:—"What strange beings are these human creatures! What a strange existence—what a tragic fate is theirs! They love, yet mostly dare not tell their love; and even when they do confess it, they seldom understand each other! And, besides, they do not live for ever as we do, they are mortal, only a brief space of time is allotted them wherein to seek happiness, they must quickly seize it and quickly press it to their hearts ere it escapes them; therefore are their love songs so tender, so fervent, so full of sweet anguish, so despairingly happy, such a strange commingling of joy and sorrow. The thought of death throws its melancholy shadow over their happiest hours, and comforts them consolingly in their misfortunes. They can weep! Oh! what poetry there is in a human tear!" "Hearest thou," said I to Jadviga, "how these creatures under water judge us mortals? Let us embrace, that they may cease to pity and may rather envy us!" But she, the loved one, only gazed upon me in silence with a look of unutterable love. I had kissed her dumb. She grew pale, and a cold shudder ran through the dear body. At last she lay rigid in my arms like white marble, and I had almost thought her dead, when two great streams of

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tears welled from her eyes and flowed over me as I pressed her sweet form still closer to my heart.

From "The Florentine Nights."

Calling spirits from the grave.

'Tis easy to call spirits from the grave, but it is hard to conjure them back into the dark void; they gaze on us so beseechingly, our own heart pleads for them with such mighty intercession.

Women necessary to men's happiness.

"I IMPLORE you," exclaimed Maria, "no mocking at women. These are all worn-out phrases of men. After all, women are necessary to your happiness." "Alas!" sighed Maximilian, "it is but too true. But women have unfortunately only one way of making us happy, while they have thirty thousand different modes of rendering us miserable."

Influence of art on Italian beauty.

"You have become a great frequenter of the Opera, Max, though I fancy you go there more to see than to hear." "You are not far wrong, Maria, I do indeed go to the Opera to gaze on the faces of the beautiful Italian women, although for that matter, even outside the theatre they are beautiful enough. A physiognomist might easily detect, in the ideality of their features, the influence of the plastic arts on the corporeal forms

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of the Italian people. Nature has here got back from the artists the capital she formerly lent to them; and see! it is restored with handsome interest. Nature, which formerly supplied the artist with models, now copies the masterpieces created by the artist from her own models. The sense of the beautiful has permeated the whole nation, and as formerly the flesh exercised its influence over the spirit, so now the spirit influences the flesh. Not fruitless is the worship of those beautiful Madonnas, of the fair altar pictures that impress themselves on the soul of the bridegroom, while the bride carries devoutly in her breast the features of some beautiful saint. Through such elective affinity a race of beings has here arisen fairer than the sweet soil whereon it blossoms and the sunny sky that sheds a halo round it like a frame of gold.

Italy the home of music.

In other countries there are, no doubt, musicians whose fame may equal that of the great Italian masters, but nowhere else is to be found a musical people. (Music in Italy is not represented by individuals, but reveals itself in the whole population. Music has become incarnate in the people. With us in the north it is quite otherwise; there, music becomes only a man, and is called Mozart.) And besides, when we examine closely the best that our northern musicians offer us, it is only to find Italian sunshine and orange

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perfume, and our composers belong much more to beautiful Italy, the home of music, than to Germany. Yes, Italy will always be the home of music, even though its great *Maestri* untimely find a grave or grow dumb, even though Bellini dies and Rossini is mute.

Rossini and Bellini.

—"In truth," remarked Maria, "Rossini maintains a most strict silence. If I mistake not he has been silent these ten years."—"That is perhaps a witticism on his part. He wants to prove that the name "Swan of Pesaro," which has been bestowed upon him, is quite inappropriate. The swan sings as it nears the close of life, but Rossini ceased to sing in the middle of his life. To my mind he has done wisely, and has thereby proved himself a true genius. An artist who has merely talent, preserves the impulse to exercise his talent to the end of his days; ambition spurs him on; he feels that he is continually improving, and he is impelled to reach the highest point in his art. But genius, having already attained the summit, is satisfied; it despises the world and petty ambitions, and betakes itself home to Stratford-on-Avon, like William Shakespeare, or goes promenading with laughter and wit for companions, on the Boulevard des Italiens in Paris, like Joachim Rossini. Unless its constitution is very feeble, genius will contrive to live in this fashion for some considerable time after it has executed its masterpieces, or, as we are

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accustomed to say, fulfilled its mission. It is a mere preconceived notion that genius must of necessity die young. From the thirtieth to the thirty-fourth year is, I believe, considered the dangerous period for genius. How often have I bantered poor Bellini on the subject, and jokingly prophesied that, in keeping with his character of genius, he ought to die as soon as he has reached the dangerous period. Strange! despite my jesting tone, he used to grow uneasy over my prophecy, called me his *Jettatore*, and never failed to make the sign of the *jettatura*.* He would so willingly remain alive, he had an almost passionate abhorrence of death, he would not have the word named, he was as terrified at the thought of it as is a child that is afraid to go to sleep in the dark. He was a good darling child, often somewhat naughty; but then one had only to threaten him with speedy death and he would instantly become quiet, and beseech pardon, and make with his two raised fingers the sign of the *jettatura*. Poor Bellini!" †

Bellini's French.

ALTHOUGH Bellini had already resided for several years in France, he spoke French so

* The superstition of *jettatura* or evil eye is still very strong in Italy, and even educated people continue to wear charms to protect themselves from its influence. When a *Jettatore*, or person supposed to possess this power, approaches, it is customary to extend two fingers of the hand toward the dreaded person, the other fingers being held close to the palm.—Tr.

† Bellini, who was born at Catania in Sicily in 1806, died near Paris on the 23rd of September 1835, thus scarcely reaching the beginning of the dangerous period of genius.—Tr.

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badly that perhaps not even in England could it be worse spoken. I should not, however, qualify his manner of speaking the language with the adjective "bad"; bad conveys far too good an idea. I should rather say that he spoke it abominably, in a chaotic fashion. When one met him in society, and heard him rack and torture the poor French words like a hangman, as he poured forth a continuous torrent of cock-and-bull stories, one often fancied that the world was about to come to an end with a thunder-crash. On such occasions, a death-like silence pervaded the drawing-room, terror was depicted on every countenance, on some in the colour of chalk, on others in that of vermilion; ladies hesitated whether to faint or to make their escape; men looked nervously toward their trousers to satisfy themselves that they really had them on; and, what was more dreadful still, this general anxiety excited a convulsive desire to laugh, which could be suppressed only with the greatest difficulty.

Paganini.

—"I HAVE never seen Paganini," said Maria, "but from report I should think that his appearance does not satisfy the sense of the beautiful. I have seen portraits of him." "None of which are likenesses," interrupted Maximilian; "they either do him injustice or they flatter him; in no instance do they convey a correct impression of his character. Only

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one artist, I believe, has succeeded in delineating the real physiognomy of Paganini. A deaf and crazy painter called Lyser has, in a sort of spiritual frenzy, so admirably pourtrayed by a few touches of his pencil the head of Paganini, that one is both dismayed and moved to laughter by the faithfulness of the sketch. 'The Devil guided my hand,' said the deaf painter to me with mysterious gesticulations and a satirical, yet good natured, wag of the head, such as he was wont to indulge in amid his genial tomfoolery."

Paganini's violin.

It was in the theatre at Hamburg that I first heard Paganini's violin. Although it was post-day, all the commercial magnates of the town were present in the front boxes; there was a perfect Olympus of bankers and other millionaires, the gods of sugar and coffee, with their portly spouses, the goddesses Juno of Wandrahm and Aphrodite of Dreckwall. * A religious hush pervaded the whole assembly; every eye was directed toward the stage, every ear was strained for hearing. At last a dark figure, which seemed to ascend from the under world, appeared on the stage. It was Paganini in full evening dress, black coat and waistcoat cut after a most villainous pattern, such as is perhaps in accordance with the infernal etiquette of the court of

* Wandrahm and Dreckwall are city districts of Hamburg.—Tr.

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Proserpine, and black trousers fitting awkwardly to his thin legs. His long arms appeared still longer as he advanced holding in one hand his violin and in the other the bow, hanging down so as almost to touch the ground, he himself making a series of extraordinary reverences to the audience. In the angular contortions of his body there was something so painfully wooden, and also something so like the movements of a droll animal, that we were overcome by a strange disposition to laugh; but his face, which the glaring footlights caused to assume a more corpse-like aspect than was natural to it, had in it something so appealing, something so imbecile and meek, that a strange feeling of compassion prevented all tendency to laughter. Had he learned these reverences from an automaton or from a performing dog? Is this beseeching look the look of one who is sick unto death, or does there lurk behind it the mocking cunning of a miser? Is that a mortal who, in the agony of death, stands before the public in the art arena, like a dying gladiator bidding for their applause in his last convulsions? Or is it some phantom risen from the grave—a vampire with a violin, who comes to suck if not the blood from our hearts at least the money from our pockets? Questions such as these kept chasing each other through the brain while Paganini continued his apparently interminable series of complimentary bows; but all such questionings instantly took flight the

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moment the marvellous master put the violin to his chin and began to play.

Then were heard melodies such as the nightingale pours forth in the gloaming, when the perfume of the rose intoxicates with deep longing her heart filled with forebodings of Spring! What melting, sensuously languishing notes of bliss! Tones that kissed one another, then poutingly fled from one another, and again laughingly embraced and became one, and died away in the ecstasy of union!

Again there were heard sounds like the song of the fallen angels, who, banished from the realms of bliss, sink with shame-red countenances to the regions of the lower world. These were sounds from whose bottomless depth gleamed no ray of hope or comfort. When the blessed in heaven hear them, the praises of God die away upon their pallid lips and, sighing, they veil their holy faces.

English characteristics.

It is when one encounters Englishmen abroad, that contrast serves to make their defects most glaringly apparent. They are the deities of *ennui*, who rush through every country at post speed in their lacquered carriages, leaving behind them everywhere a grey dust-cloud of sadness. Add to this their curiosity without interest, their polished clumsiness, their supercilious shyness, their pedantic egoism, and their air of chill satisfaction in the contemplation of all melancholy objects.

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Paris and the Parisians.

I arrived in Paris at a very remarkable epoch. The French people had just enacted their July Revolution (1830) amid the applause of the whole world. This piece was not so ghastly as the previous tragedies of the Republic and of the Empire. Only a few thousand corpses were left on the scene. The political romanticists, indeed, were not quite satisfied, and they announced a new piece wherein more blood would be spilt and the headsman have better occupation. Paris delighted me much on account of the air of gaiety under which everything there presents itself, and which exercises its influence on even the gloomiest spirits. Is it not singular? Paris is the theatre wherein the greatest tragedies of human history have been performed, tragedies, the mere recollection of which causes hearts to tremble and eyes to grow moist in the most distant lands. The spectator of these Parisian tragedies has, however, an experience similar to my own at the Porte Saint-Martin, where I saw played Alexandre Dumas' "Tour de Nesle." I happened to be seated behind a lady who wore a hat made of rose-coloured gauze; this hat was so broad that it completely interposed itself between me and the stage, so that I witnessed the whole tragedy through a screen of red gauze, and thus all the horrors of the drama appeared to me in the gayest rose-coloured light. In Paris, too, there is such a rose-coloured atmosphere to brighten for the spectator the gloom of its tragedies, and to prevent

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his enjoyment of life being destroyed. Even the terrors of his own heart, which the traveller brings with him to Paris, lose their brooding pain. His griefs are wonderfully lightened. In the air of Paris all wounds heal more quickly than elsewhere; there is something in this air as generous, as benign, as gracious as the inhabitants of the city. What pleased me best in the people of Paris was their polite behaviour and their air of distinction. Sweet pine-apple perfume of politeness! how beneficently thou refreshed'st my languishing soul, which had endured in Germany so much tobacco-smoke, smell of *sauerkraut*, and rudeness of manners. I was almost abashed at such sweet politeness, accustomed as I was to the clownish German thrust in the ribs without any accompanying apology. During the first week of my stay in Paris, I sometimes intentionally exposed myself to be jostled, just to have the pleasure of hearing the music of such expressions of apology. Not only by reason of their politeness, but also on account of their language, the French have always seemed to me to have a certain grand air. For with us in the north of Germany the speaking of French is one of the attributes of the higher nobility, and so from childhood I always associated the French language with the idea of distinguished birth. And yet I found that a Parisian market-woman spoke better French than a German canonness with four-and-sixty ancestors. This speech, which confers such an air of distinction, bestows on the French people

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in my eyes something delightfully fabulous. This arises from another reminiscence of my childhood. The first book from which I learned to read French was the Fables of La Fontaine. The simple and rational style of the Fables impressed them on my memory in indelible characters, and when I came to Paris and heard French spoken on all sides, I found myself perpetually recalling them, and imagining myself listening to the well-known voices of the animals. Now it was the lion that spoke and now the wolf, then the lamb, or the stork, or the dove. Very often indeed I fancied that I could distinguish the fox's voice, and I often recalled the words :—

> Eh ! bonjour, monsieur du Corbeau !
> Que vous êtes joli ! que vous me semblez beau !

Such reminiscences of fable were still more frequently awakened after I had penetrated into that higher region in Paris called—The World. It was the very world from which the blessed La Fontaine had borrowed the types of his animal characters. The winter season began shortly after my arrival in Paris, and I participated in the drawing-room life in which "The World" disports itself in more or less joyous mood. What struck me as most remarkable in this life was not so much the equality of distinguished manners that prevailed in it, as the diversity of the elements of which it was composed. Often when I looked round me in a spacious drawing-room, and took

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note of the men so harmoniously assembled in it, I fancied myself in one of those curiosity shops in which relics of all ages are huddled together in peaceful confusion: a Greek Apollo beside a Chinese pagoda, a Mexican Vizliputzli next to a Gothic Ecce-Homo, Egyptian idols with the heads of dogs, sacred grotesques in wood, in ivory, in metal. Here I saw old mousquetaires who had danced with Marie Antoinette, philanthropists who had been adored by the National Assembly, leaders of the Mountain merciless yet blameless, tamed Republicans who had sat enthroned as members of the Directory in the Luxembourg, high dignitaries of the Empire before whom all Europe had trembled, ruling Jesuits of the Restoration; in short, nothing but faded and mutilated deities of every epoch, in whom no one has now any faith. Their names give forth a howl when they come together in the pages of history, but the men themselves are to be seen assembled in peaceful and friendly fashion, like the antiquities in the curiosity shops of the Quai Voltaire, just alluded to. In Germanic countries, where passions are less easily disciplined, a social gathering of such heterogeneous elements would be an impossibility. Besides, with us in the cold north the need for conversation is not so strong as in sunnier France, where the greatest enemies meeting in a drawing-room cannot long maintain a gloomy silence. In France, too, the desire to please is so great that every-

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one strives zealously to cause pleasure, not only to his friends, but to his enemies. There is thus a continual posing and display of fine manners, so that women are put to their wit's end to outdo men in coquetry—and yet they succeed.

I do not by this last observation mean to insinuate anything malicious, on my honour I do not, with regard to French-women, and least of all with regard to Parisian women. I am, in fact, one of their greatest worshippers, and I adore them for their failings much more than for their virtues. I know nothing more appropriate than the legend that Parisian women enter the world with every imaginable fault, but that some benign fairy takes compassion on them, and attaches to each of their faults a magic charm that lends it a new power of seduction. This benign fairy is Grace. Are Parisian women beautiful? Who can tell? Who can penetrate all the mysteries of the toilet, who can decipher whether that is genuine which the *tulle* reveals, or whether that is false which the puffed-out silken stuff so ostentatiously displays? And even when the eye succeeds in penetrating the outer covering and thinks that it is about to behold the fruit within, lo! it conceals itself in a new covering, and in yet another, and thus by a ceaseless change of fashion it mockingly eludes the masculine gaze. Are their faces handsome? Even this is difficult to ascertain. All their features are in constant movement; every *Paris-*

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ienne has a thousand faces, each more animated, more spiritual, more charming than another, so that it becomes terribly embarrassing for anyone to decide on the handsomest among them, or even on the genuine individual face. Are their eyes large? How can I give an opinion? We do not minutely scrutinize the calibre of the cannon when its fire is directed at our heads. Whoever is not actually struck by the missiles from their eyes is at least dazzled by their fire, and is glad enough to place himself safely beyond their range. Is the space between nose and mouth broad or narrow? Sometime broad, when they turn up their noses haughtily; sometimes narrow, when the upper lip pouts disdainfully. Are their mouths large or small? Who can say where the mouth ends and the smile begins? To the attainment of an accurate idea of any object, it is necessary that the beholder and the object under examination should both be in a condition of rest. But who can be at rest beside a Parisian woman, and what Parisian woman is ever at rest? There are people who fancy they can accurately examine a butterfly when they have fastened it to a piece of paper with a pin through it. This is as absurd as it is cruel. The pinned, motionless butterfly is no longer a butterfly. One must observe the butterfly as it flutters from flower to flower, and one must study a Parisian woman, not in her

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domestic sphere as she sits with the needle fastened in her bosom, but in the drawing-room, at *soirées*, at balls, as she flutters about with wings of embroidered silk and gauze under the sparkling chandeliers. Then it is that she reveals her eager love of life, her yearning for the sweet stupor of pleasure, her craving for intoxication, through which she becomes almost terribly beautiful, and wins a charm that delights yet troubles our souls.

This eager thirst for the enjoyment of existence, as if death were waiting to call her away in a single hour from the bubbling fountain of pleasure, or as if this fountain itself were about to be dried up, this haste, this rage, this frenzy of the *Parisienne*, especially as it exhibits itself at balls, always reminds me of the legend of the dead dancers, called among us the *Willis*. These are young brides who have died before their wedding-day, but in whose bosoms the desire for the dance is still so strong that they rise nightly from their graves, to meet in groups on the country roads, and there give themselves up during the midnight hour to the wildest dances. Arrayed in their wedding-clothes, with wreathes of flowers on their heads, with sparkling rings upon their pale hands, weirdly laughing yet irresistibly beautiful, the *Willis* dance in the moonlight, and the dance grows ever faster and more furious as they feel that the appointed time approaches when they must again descend into their ice-cold graves.

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From "Religion and Philosophy in Germany."

The influence of the Bible.

IN my latest book, *Romancero*, I have explained the transformation that took place within me regarding sacred things.* Since its publication, many inquiries have been made, with Christian importunity, as to the manner in which the true light dawned upon me. Pious souls, thirsting after a miracle, have desired to know whether, like Saul on the way to Damascus, I had seen a light from Heaven, or whether, like Balaam the son of Beor, I was riding on a restive ass, which suddenly opened its mouth and began to speak as a man? No! ye credulous believers, I never journeyed to Damascus, nor do I know anything about it save that lately the Jews there were accused of devouring the monks of St. Francis, and I might never have known the name of the city had I not read the Song of Solomon, wherein the wise king compares the nose of his beloved to a tower that looketh toward Damascus. Nor

* This extract is taken from the preface to the second German edition of the *Contribution to the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany.* The preface was written in 1852, after Heine had already lain for several years on his "mattress-grave." The book itself first appeared in French as a series of articles in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, intended by Heine to enlighten the French regarding the true character of German theology and philosophy, and their influence on European civilization. For some time Heine refrained, on account of the censorship, from publishing the work in German. When the first German edition appeared it was so mutilated as to justify him in repudiating its authorship, and nearly twenty years elapsed before a complete German edition was published.—Tr.

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have I ever seen an ass, at least any four-footed one, that spake as a man, though I have often enough met men who, whenever they opened their mouths, spake as asses. In truth, it was neither a vision, nor a seraphic revelation, nor a voice from heaven, nor any strange dream or other mystery, that brought me into the way of salvation, and I owe my conversion simply to the reading of a book. A book? Yes, an old homely-looking book, modest as nature and natural as it; a book that has a work-a-day and unassuming look, like the sun that warms us, like the bread that nourishes us, a book that seems to us as familiar and as full of kindly blessing as the old grandmother, who reads daily in it with dear trembling lips, and with spectacles on her nose. And the Book is called quite shortly—The Book, the Bible. Rightly do men also call it the Holy Scripture. He that has lost his God can find Him again in this Book, and toward him that has never known God it sends forth the breath of the divine word. The Jews, who understand the value of precious things, knew full well what they did when, at the burning of the second Temple, they left to their fate the golden and silvern implements of sacrifice, the candlesticks and lamps, the very breastplate of the high priest with its great jewels, but saved the Bible. This was the real treasure of the Temple, and thanks be to God! it was not left a prey to the flames or to the fury of Titus Vespasian, the

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wretch who, as the Rabbins tell us, met with so dreadful a death. A Jewish priest, who lived at Jerusalem two hundred years before the burning of the second Temple, during the splendid era of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and who was called Joshua ben Siras ben Eliezer, has written down for us in a collection of apophthegms, or *Meschalim*, the thoughts of his time about the Bible, and I will here impart to you his beautiful words. There is in them a sacerdotal joy, and they are as refreshing as if they had but yesterday welled forth from a living human breast. The words are these:—"All this is the Book of the Covenant made with the Most High God, namely, the Law which Moses commanded as a precious treasure to the house of Jacob. Wisdom floweth therefrom as the water of Pison when it is great, and as the water of Tigris when it overfloweth its banks in spring. Instruction floweth from it as the Euphrates when it is great, and as Jordan in the harvest. Correction cometh forth from it as the light, and as the water of the Nile in autumn. There is none that hath made an end of learning it, there is none that will ever find out all its mystery; for its meaning is richer than any sea, and its word deeper than any abyss."

Harmony between soul and body restored.

In after ages, when humanity will have regained robust health, when peace will have been once more established between body and soul, and

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they again live together in primal harmony, it will scarcely be possible for men to comprehend the unnatural enmity that Christianity has set between them. Happier and fairer generations, born of free unions, and nurtured in a religion of joy, will smile with pity at their poor ancestors, who passed their lives in melancholy abstinence from all the enjoyments of this beautiful world, and who mortified the warm, rosy-hued flesh till they became mere pale, cold ghosts. Yes! I declare it with full conviction: our successors will be a fairer and happier race than we are. For I believe in progress; I believe that happiness is the goal of humanity, and I cherish a higher idea of the Divine Being than those pious folk who suppose that man was created only to suffer. Even here on earth I would strive, through the blessings of free political and industrial institutions, to bring about that reign of felicity which, in the opinion of the pious, is to be postponed till heaven is reached, after the day of judgment. The one expectation is perhaps as vain as the other, and there may be no resurrection of humanity possible either in a political or in a religious sense. Mankind, it may be, is doomed to eternal misery. The nations are perhaps under a perpetual curse, condemned to be trodden under foot by despots, to be made the instruments of their accomplices, and the laughing-stocks of their menials. Yet though all this be the case, even if Christianity is to be regarded as an error, we must still strive to uphold it, and men must journey

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bare-foot through Europe, wearing monks' cowls, preaching the doctrine of renunciation and the vanity of all earthly possessions, holding up before the gaze of a scourged and despised humanity the consoling Cross, and promising after death all the glories of heaven.

Christianity and art.

THE duration of religions is dependent on human need for them. Christianity has been a blessing for suffering humanity during eighteen centuries; it has been providential, divine, holy. Yet all that it has done in the interest of civilisation, curbing the strong and strengthening the weak, binding together the nations through a common sympathy and a common tongue, and all else that its apologists have urged in its praise—all this is as nothing compared with the great consolation it has bestowed on man. Eternal praise is due to the symbol of that suffering God, the Saviour with the crown of thorns, the crucified Christ, whose blood was a healing balm that flowed into the wounds of humanity. The poet especially must acknowledge with reverence the terrible majesty of this symbol. The whole system of symbolism impressed on the art and the life of the middle ages, must awaken the admiration of poets in all times. In reality, what colossal unity there is in Christian art, especially in its architecture! These Gothic cathedrals, how harmoniously they accord with the worship of which

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they are the temples, and how the idea of the Church reveals itself in them! Everything about them strives upwards, everything transubstantiates itself. The stone buds forth into branches and foliage, and becomes a tree; the fruit of the vine and the ears of corn become blood and flesh; man becomes God; God becomes a pure spirit. For the poet, the Christian life of the middle ages is a precious and inexhaustibly fruitful field. Only through Christianity could the circumstances of life combine to form such striking contrasts, such motley sorrow, such weird beauty, that one almost fancies such things can never have had any real existence, and that it is all a vast fever-dream—the fever-dream of a delirious deity. Even Nature seemed then to have put on a fantastic disguise; for oftentimes though man, absorbed in abstract subtleties, turned away from her with abhorrence, she would recall him to her with a voice so mysteriously sweet, so terrible in its tenderness, so enchanting, that unconsciously he would listen and smile, and become terrified, and even fall sick unto death. The story of the nightingale of Basle comes here into my remembrance, and as it is probably unknown to you, I will relate it.

One day in May 1443, at the time of the Council of Basle, a company of clerics composed of prelates, doctors, and monks of every colour, were walking in a wood near the town. They were disputing about theological controversies, distinguishing and arguing, contending about

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annates, expectatives, and reservations, inquiring whether Thomas Aquinas was a greater philosopher than Bonaventura, and so forth. But suddenly in the midst of their dogmatic and abstract discussions, they became silent and remained as if rooted to the spot before a blossoming lime-tree, wherein sat a nightingale carolling and sobbing forth her tenderest and sweetest melodies. These learned men began to feel in a strangely blessed mood as the warm spring notes of the bird penetrated their scholastic and monastic hearts; their sympathies awoke out of their dreary winter sleep, and they looked on one another in raptured amazement. But at last one of them shrewdly remarked that herein must be some wile of the evil one, that this nightingale could be none other than an emissary of the devil seeking to divert them by its seducing strains from their Christian converse, and to entice them into some voluptuous or other alluring sin; and he thereupon proceeded to exorcise the evil-spirit, probably with the customary formula of the time:—*Adjuro te per eum, qui venturus est, judicare vivos et mortuos, etc.* To this adjuration it is said that the bird replied, "Yea, I am an evil spirit," and flew away laughing. Those, however, who had listened to its song fell sick that same day and died shortly thereafter.

The Diet of Worms.

THE illustrious persons who, on the seventeenth of April 1521, were assembled in the

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Diet Hall at Worms might well cherish in their hearts many a thought at variance with the words on their lips. *There* sat a young emperor who, as he wrapped himself with the ecstasy of youthful sovereignty in the folds of his new purple mantle, secretly rejoiced that the proud Roman Pontiff who had so often dealt hardly with his imperial predecessors, nor had even yet resigned his arrogant pretensions, was about to receive a most effectual reprimand. The representative of the proud Roman had also, on his side, ground for secret joy that disunion had betrayed itself among those Germans who, like drunken barbarians, had so often invaded and plundered fair Italy, and still threatened her with new invasions and plunderings. The temporal princes rejoiced that, while embracing the new doctrine, they might at the same time work their will with the old Church domains. High prelates began to reflect whether they might not marry their cooks and transmit their electoral dignities, bishoprics, and abbacies, to their male offspring. The deputies of the towns rejoiced at the prospect of increased independence. Each had here something to gain, and the secret thoughts of each were directed to earthly advantages.

But one man was there of whom I am convinced that he thought not of himself but of the Divine interests which he represented. This man was Martin Luther, the poor

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monk chosen by Providence to shatter the world-empire of Rome, against which the mightiest emperors and the boldest sages had often vainly struggled. But Providence well knows upon what shoulders to lay its burdens. Here, not only spiritual but physical power was necessary. It needed a frame steeled from youth upwards in monastic chastity and severity to endure the hardships of such a task. Our dear master was at this time very thin and pale, insomuch that the ruddy, well-fed lords of the Diet looked down almost with compassion on the poor emaciated man in the monk's black dress. Yet was he quite healthy, and his nerves were so strong that all the brilliant throng inspired in him not the slightest fear. His lungs, too, must have been right lusty, for after having delivered his long defence he was obliged to repeat it in Latin, as the Emperor did not understand High-German. I become quite angry every time I think of this; for our dear master stood beside an open window, exposed to a draught, while the perspiration dropped from his forehead. After such long speaking he might well feel much exhausted, and his lips were no doubt sorely parched. The Duke of Brunswick must have bethought himself that the man would be very thirsty, at least we read that he ordered for Martin Luther from his inn, three jugs of the best Eimbeck beer. I shall never forget this noble deed of the House of Brunswick.

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Martin Luther.

As of the Reformation, so of its hero, you have in France quite false ideas. The immediate cause of this failure to comprehend the principal actor in that event lies in the fact that Luther is not only the greatest, but that he is also the most *German*, man in our history; that in his character are united in their most intensified forms all the virtues and all the faults of the Germans; that he represents in his own person the wonderful German land. He possessed also qualities that we seldom see associated—nay, that we usually find in the most hostile antagonism. He was at once a dreamy mystic and a practical man of action. His thoughts had not only wings, but also hands. He spoke and he acted; he was both the tongue, and the sword of his time. He was at once a cold, scholastic wordsifter, and yet an inspired, God-drunk prophet. After a long day spent in laboriously working out dogmatic distinctions, at evening time he would take his flute and go out to gaze at the stars, and his soul would dissolve in melody and devotion. This same man, who could scold like a fishwife, could be as gentle as a sensitive maiden. He was often as fierce as the storm that uproots the oak tree, and then again he was as mild as the breeze that caresses the violet. He was full of the awful reverence of God, full of self-sacrificing devotion to the Holy Spirit, he could lose himself entirely in pure spirituality. And yet he was fully aware of the glories of this present world, he

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knew how estimable they are, it was his lips that uttered the famous maxim—

> "Who loves not woman, wine, and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long."

He was a complete man, I might say, an absolute man, in whom there was no discord between matter and spirit. To call him a spiritualist would therefore be as erroneous as to call him a sensualist. How shall I describe him? He had in him something primordial, incomprehensible, miraculous, such as we find in all providential men; something naïvely terrible, something boorishly wise, something lofty yet circumscribed, something invincibly dæmoniacal. Luther's father was a miner at Mannsfield, and the boy was often with him in his subterranean workplace, in the laboratory of the giant metals, where are the gurgling sources of the great fountains. Perhaps the young heart unconsciously absorbed something of the mysterious forces of Nature, or was bewitched by the pixies. This may have been the cause too, that so much earthy matter, so much of the dross of passion adhered to him, a circumstance that has so often been made a reproach against him. But the reproach is unjust, for without this earthy admixture he could not have become a man of action. Pure spirit cannot act. Do we not learn from Jung Stilling's *Theory of Ghosts*,* that spirits can indeed make them-

* *Theorie der Geisterkunde, Nürnberg: 1808.*—Tr

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selves visible in distinct form and colour, and can walk, and run, and dance, and otherwise comport themselves like human creatures, but that they are powerless to move any material object, even the smallest table, from its place? Praise to Luther! eternal praise to the dear man whom we have to thank for the deliverance of our most precious possessions, and on whose benefits our life still depends! It little becomes us to complain of the narrowness of his views. The dwarf standing on the shoulders of the giant can indeed see further than his supporter, especially if he puts on spectacles; but to such a lofty survey is wanting the elevated feeling, the giant-heart, to which we cannot lay claim. Still less does it become us to pronounce an austere judgment on his failings; these failings have profited us more than the virtues of a thousand others. Neither the subtlety of Erasmus, nor the benignity of Melanchthon, could ever have brought us so far as the divine brutality of Brother Martin. From the date of the Diet at which Luther disowned the authority of the Pope, and publicly declared that "his doctrine could be refuted only by an appeal to the Bible itself, or on grounds of reason," a new era dawned in Germany. The chain by which holy Boniface had bound the German Church to Rome was that day severed. This Church, which had hitherto formed an integral portion of the great hierarchy, broke up into religious democracies. Religion itself under-

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went a change; the Indo-gnostic element disappeared, and we see the Judaic-deistic element again rising into prominence. Evangelical Christianity emerges. Whenever the most essential claims of matter are not merely recognised but legitimized, religion once more becomes a truth; the priest becomes a man, and takes a wife, and begets children, as God has ordained. From this time forward, especially since the natural sciences have made such great progress, miracles cease. At least in the case of Saint Simonianism, which is the newest religion, no miracle has occurred, unless we may regard as such the fact of a tailor's bill left owing by Saint Simon himself, having been paid by his disciples ten years after his death. I still see before me the worthy Père Olinde rising with enthusiasm in the *salle* Taibout, and exhibiting to the astonished congregation the receipted tailor's bill. Young grocers were amazed at such supernatural testimony: tailors at once began to believe.

Hospitality of the parsonage.

Among the Protestant clergy are often to be found men of such exemplary virtue that even the old Stoics would have had respect for them. One must have travelled on foot as a poor student through North Germany, in order to know how much virtue, and, to qualify the word virtue with a really beautiful epithet, how much evangelical virtue is often to be found

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in an unassuming parsonage. How many times on winter evenings have I found therein a hospitable welcome—I, a stranger, whose only recommendations were hunger and weariness! When I had well eaten and slept soundly, and was preparing on the morrow morning to set forth again, the old pastor was sure to appear in his dressing-gown to bestow his blessing on my journey, a good act that never brought me misfortune. His kindly and loquacious wife would thrust into my pocket several slices of buttered bread, which proved not less comforting to me. Behind the mother stood in modest silence the fair daughters of the pastor, with their ruddy cheeks and violet eyes, and the recollection of their timid glances kept my heart warm throughout the whole winter day.

The German censorship.

SINGULAR! we Germans are the strongest and most ingenious of nations. Princes of our race sit on every European throne; our Rothschilds rule the Exchanges of the world; our learned men are sovereigns in all the sciences; we have invented gunpowder and the printing-press; and yet anyone who fires a pistol in our country is subjected to a fine of three thalers, and if any of us wishes to insert in the *Hamburg Correspondent* these words—"My dear spouse has given birth to a little daughter, beautiful as

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Freedom!" straightway Dr. Hoffmann* seizes his red pencil and strikes out "Freedom."

Luther's Bible.

MARTIN LUTHER gave us not only freedom of movement, but also the means of movement. To the spirit he gave a body; he gave word to the thought; he created the German language. And this he did by translating the Bible. The Divine Author of this Book seems to have known as well as we do, that it was not a matter of indifference by whom the Bible was to be translated, and He himself chose His translator, and endowed him with the marvellous faculty of translating it out of a dead and already buried language into a tongue that had not as yet come into existence. We had it is true, the Vulgate, which was understood, and the Septuagint, which men were now beginning to understand; but the knowledge of Hebrew was quite extinct throughout the Christian world. Only the Jews, who managed to conceal themselves here and there in corners of the earth, still preserved the tradition of this language. Like a ghost keeping watch over some treasure entrusted to it during its life-time, this massacred nation—this ghost-like people cowering in its obscure *ghettos*, kept watch there over the Hebrew Bible. Into these evil-reputed hiding places, German men of learning might be seen secretly stealing down

* The Censor.—Tr.

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in order to discover the treasure, to acquire a knowledge of Hebrew. As soon as the Catholic priesthood perceived the danger that thus threatened them, that the people might by such a side-way attain an acquaintance with the true Word of God and thereby discover the Romish falsifications, they would fain have suppressed Jewish traditions, and they actually set to work to destroy all Hebrew books. Thus began on the banks of the Rhine that book-persecution against which our admirable Doctor Reuchlin so gloriously fought. The theologians of Cologne, who were active in the matter, especially Hochstraaten, were by no means so devoid of intelligence as Ulrich von Hutten, Reuchlin's valiant champion, represents them in his *Litteræ obscurorum virorum.* They attempted nothing less than the suppression of the Hebrew language. When Reuchlin was victorious Luther was able to begin his work. From a letter written by him at this time to Reuchlin, Luther seems already to have felt how important was the victory that had been gained, gained too by one in a dependent and difficult position, whereas he, the Augustin monk, was perfectly independent. Very naïvely does Luther say in this letter:—"*Ego nihil timeo, quia nihil habeo.*" But how Luther succeeded in creating the language into which he translated the Bible, remains a mystery to me even to this hour. The old Suabian dialect had totally disappeared along with

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the chivalrous poetry of the Hohenstaufen imperial era.* The old Saxon dialect, so-called low-German, was in use throughout only a portion of Northern Germany, and despite all attempts that have been made it has never been found possible to adapt it to literary purposes. Had Luther employed for his translation of the Bible the language spoken to-day in Saxony, Adelung would have been right in maintaining that Saxon, especially the dialect of Meissen, was the true high-German, that is to say, our literary language. But modern Saxon never was a dialect of the Germans; as little was it so as Silesian: for the former, like the latter, has a strong Slavonian admixture. I therefore frankly confess that I know not what was the origin of the language that we find in Luther's Bible. But this I know, that through his Bible, which the newborn press, the black art, scattered by thousands of copies among the people, the Lutheran tongue spread in a few years over the whole of Germany, and was raised to the rank of a written language. This written language holds its place to our day in Germany, and gives to that politically and religiously dismembered

* This was the age of the Crusades and of the Minnesingers. It was an epoch of wealth and splendour. The nobles were the patrons of art and culture. Architecture especially flourished, and the great Cathedrals of Strasburg and Cologne were built. The national epics of the *Niebelungenlied* and *Gudrun* date from this period, as do also the chivalrous romances, *Parzival* and *Tristan*, founded on the legends of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The decline of this splendid though brief era, dates from the death of Conradin on the scaffold at Naples in 1268.—Tr.

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nation a literary unity. Such an inestimable gain may well make amends to us for any loss in the later development of the language of that internal expressiveness which we are accustomed to find in languages having their origin in a single dialect. There is no want, however, of such expressiveness in the language of Luther's Bible, and this old book is a perennial source of rejuvenescence for our tongue. Every expression and every idiom to be found in Luther's Bible is essentially German; an author may unhesitatingly employ it; and as this book is in the hands of the poorest classes among us, they have no need of any special learned instruction to enable them to express themselves in a literary style. This circumstance will, when the political revolution takes place in Germany, result in a strange phenomenon: freedom will everywhere be able to speak, and its speech will be that of the Bible.

Luther's original writings.

LUTHER'S original writings have also contributed to fix the German language. Owing to their polemical passionateness they pierced deeply into the heart of his time. Their style is not always delicate; but not even a religious revolution can be made with orange blossom. Oftentimes the stubborn tree-root can be cleft only by the stubborn wedge. In the Bible, Luther's vigour of speech is always restrained within the bounds of a certain dignity by reverence for the ever present Spirit of God.

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In his controversial writings, on the other hand, he abandons himself to a plebeian vulgarity that is often as repulsive as it is grandiose. His expressions and his metaphors resemble the colossal stone images to be seen in Hindoo or Egyptian temple grottoes; their gaudy colouring and fantastic hideousness both repel and fascinate us. By reason of this uncouth lapidary style the daring monk often appears like a religious Danton, a preacher of the Mountain, who from his lofty elevation hurls down his variegated word-blocks on the heads of his adversaries. But more remarkable and more significant than these prose works are Luther's poems, the hymns that budded forth in his soul amid the conflicts and troubles of his days. Oftentimes they resemble a flower blooming on a bare rock; oftentimes they are like a moonbeam shimmering across a tossing sea. Luther loved music; he even wrote a treatise on the art; and his songs are extremely melodious. In this respect also, he merits the name of the Swan of Eisleben. He was, however, anything but a mild swan in many of the songs in which he rouses the courage of his followers, and inspires himself with the fiercest ardour for the combat. A true war song was that defiant lay with which he and his companions entered Worms. The old Cathedral trembled at such unwonted strains, and the ravens were terrified in their obscure nests up in the church towers. This song—the *Marseillaise Hymn* of the Reformation—preserves even yet its

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power of inspiring men, and perhaps we may ere long have need in similar combats of the old mail-clad words :—

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Ein' gute Wehr und Waffen.*

Characteristics of modern literature.

THE prevailing characteristic of modern literature is the predominance of individuality and scepticism. The authorities are dethroned : reason is the only lamp to illumine the steps of man, conscience is his only guiding-staff in the dark labyrinth of life. Man now stands face to face with his Creator, and sings to him his lay. Hence it is that modern literature begins with spiritual songs. Later on, however, as literature becomes secular, the intensest self-consciousness, the feeling of personality, predominates. Poetry is no longer epic and naïf ; it is subjective, lyrical, and reflective.

Descartes.

NOT Bacon, as we are accustomed to be taught, but René Descartes, is the father of modern Philosophy. To great France belongs the fame of the initiative. But great France, the noisy, stirring, talkative land of the French, has never been a

* This grand hymn, which Dr. Buchheim, in the notes to his admirable *Deutsche Lyrik*, (Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s Golden Treasury Series), aptly calls "the religious national hymn of Protestant Germany," is in part a paraphrase of a portion of the forty-sixth Psalm. We have no adequate English translation ; indeed it would be impossible to render in another language the force and fire as well as the peculiar rhythm of the original. Anyone who has heard this hymn sung by a large congregation in a German Lutheran church, is not likely to forget the effect of its "mail-clad words" wedded to appropriate sacred music.—Tr.

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fitting abode for philosophy, which will perhaps never flourish on French soil. So felt René Descartes, who betook himself to Holland, the peaceful, silent land of track-boats and Dutchmen. Here he wrote his philosophical works. Only in that country was it possible for him to free his intellect from traditional formalism, and to construct a complete system of philosophy out of pure thought, indebted neither to faith nor to empiricism—conditions ever since demanded of all true philosophy. Only in such a country could he plunge deeply enough into the intellectual abyss to be able to surprise thought in the ultimate grounds of self-consciousness, and thus establish self-consciousness through the process of thought in the world-famed axiom: *Cogito, ergo sum.* Nowhere, perhaps, except in Holland, could Descartes have ventured to teach a philosophy that conflicted openly with every tradition of the past. To him is due the honour of having established the autonomy of philosophy. Philosophy no longer needed to solicit from theology permission to think for itself; it could now take its place alongside the latter as an independent science.

Spiritualism and Materialism.

In all ages are to be found men in whom the capacity for enjoyment is incomplete, men with stunted senses and compunctious frames, for whom all the grapes in this garden of God are sour, who

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see in every paradise-apple the enticing serpent, who seek in abnegation their triumph, and in suffering their sole joy. On the other hand, we find in all ages men of robust growth, natures filled with the pride of life, who fain carry their heads right haughtily; all the stars and the roses greet them with sympathetic smile; they listen delightedly to the melodies of the nightingale and of Rossini; they are enamoured of good fortune and of the flesh of Titian's pictures; and to the hypocritical companion for whom such things are a torment, they answer in the words of Shakespeare's character, "Dost thou think because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

John Bull a materialist.

JOHN BULL is a born materialist, and his Christian spiritualism is for the most part traditional hypocrisy, or mere material dullness; his flesh resigns itself because the spirit does not come to its aid.

Plato and Aristotle.

LEIBNITZ attempted to establish a harmony between Plato and Aristotle. In these latter days the attempt has been often enough renewed. Is the problem solved? No, assuredly not! for this problem is nothing less than an adjustment of the quarrel between idealism and materialism. Plato is a thorough idealist and knows only inborn, or rather *with*-born,

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ideas: man brings his ideas with him into the world, and when he becomes conscious of them, they appear to him as recollections of a former state of existence. Hence the vagueness and mysticism of Plato: he merely recollects more or less clearly. With Aristotle on the contrary, everything is clear, intelligible, certain; for, his cognitions are not manifestations of a pre-mundane state; he receives everything from experience, and knows how to classify everything in the most precise manner. He stands out therefore as the model for all empiricists; and the latter cannot sufficiently thank God that He made him the teacher of Alexander, whose conquests afforded him so many opportunities for the advancement of science; and that his victorious scholar should have presented him with so many thousand talents of gold for zoological researches. The old master employed the money very conscientiously, and was thereby enabled to dissect numerous specimens of mammals, and to obtain a great collection of stuffed birds; all which afforded him scope for the most important observations. But the great biped which he had right before his eyes, which he had himself reared, and which was far more remarkable than all the rest of the world-menagerie, he unfortunately overlooked and omitted to investigate. We are, in fact, left totally without information regarding the nature of that youthful king, the wonder and enigma of whose life and deeds still awaken our amazement. What was Alexander?

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What sought he? Was he a madman or a god? To this day we cannot tell. But Aristotle's information is all the more complete concerning Assyrian quadrupeds, Indian parrots, and Greek tragedies, which last also, he dissected.

Plato and Aristotle! They are not merely the representatives of two systems, they are the types of two different species of humanity, which since time immemorial, under every variety of garb, have stood opposed to each other in more or less hostile attitude. Especially throughout the middle ages and down to our own time, has the conflict been maintained; and the progress of this conflict forms the essential part of Christian Church-history. The talk is always of Plato and Aristotle, though disguised under other names. Dreamy, mystical, Platonic natures find revealed in the depths of their being the Christian idea and its corresponding symbols. Practical, methodical, Aristotelian natures construct out of this idea and its symbols a definite system, a dogma, and a worship. The Church, in the end, embraces within its pale both classes, the one taking its position as a secular clergy, the other intrenching itself in a monastic life, yet each continuing to wage incessant warfare upon the other. In the Protestant Church the same conflict exhibits itself in the schism between pietists and the followers of orthodoxy, who correspond in a certain degree to the mystics and the dogmatists of Catholicism. Protestant

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pietists are mystics without imagination, and Protestant orthodox believers are dogmatists without intelligence.

Spinoza.

BENEDICT SPINOZA, the providential man who, simultaneously with Locke and Leibnitz, formed himself in the school of Descartes, was for long regarded with derision and hatred, and has only in our day been raised to the throne of intellectual sovereignty. One great genius forms itself from another less by assimilation than by friction. One diamond polishes another. Thus the philosophy of Descartes in no sense originated, it merely advanced that of Spinoza. In reading Spinoza's works we become conscious of a feeling such as pervades us at the sight of great Nature herself in her most life-like state of repose. We behold a forest of heaven-reaching thoughts whose blossoming topmost boughs are tossing like waves of the sea, while their immovable stems are rooted in the eternal earth. There is a peculiar, an indescribable fragrance about the writings of Spinoza. We seem to breathe in them the air of the future. Perhaps the spirit of the Hebrew prophets still hovered over their late-born descendant. There is, withal, an earnestness in him, a self-conscious bearing, a solemn grandeur of thought that certainly seems as if it were inherited; for Spinoza belonged to one of the martyr-families driven into exile by the most Catholic kings of Spain. Added to this was the patience of the

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Dutchman, which never belies itself either in the life or in the writings of the man. It is beyond a doubt that the whole course of Spinoza's life was free from blame, and pure and spotless as the life of his Divine kinsman, Jesus Christ. Like him, too, he suffered for his doctrine; like him he wore the crown of thorns. Wherever a great spirit utters its thought, *there* is Golgotha. Dear reader, should'st thou happen to visit Amsterdam, bid some cicerone of the town shew thee the Spanish synagogue. It is a beautiful building with its roof resting on four colossal pillars. In the midst stands the pulpit from which was once pronounced the curse on the despiser of the Mosaic law, the Hidalgo Don Benedict de Spinoza. On such an occasion a buck's-horn, called the *Shofar*, was blown. There must be something quite terrible about this horn: for, as I once read in the life of Solomon Maimon, when the Rabbi of Altona was endeavouring to lead him, the pupil of Kant, back to the old faith and when he stubbornly persisted in his philosophical heresies, the Rabbi resorted to threats and, holding up the Shofar, inquired in tones of awe: "Know'st thou what this is?" But when the pupil of Kant replied with calm indifference: "It is the horn of a buck," the horror-stricken Rabbi fell backwards on the ground. At the excommunication of Spinoza there was a solemn accompaniment on this horn. He was ceremoniously expelled the communion of Israel, and

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declared to be unworthy henceforth to bear the name of Jew. His Christian enemies were magnanimous enough to leave him the name. But the Jews, the Swiss-Guard of Deism, were inexorable, and the spot is still pointed out in front of the Spanish Synagogue at Amsterdam where they attempted to stab Spinoza with their long daggers. Thus was he trained not merely in the lessons of the school, but also in those of life. Herein is he distinguished from most philosophers, and in his writings we recognise the indirect influence of his life-training. Theology was for him something more than a mere science. So also was politics; for with this too he made practical acquaintance. The father of his betrothed was hanged for political offences in the Netherlands; and nowhere else in the world are people so badly hanged as in the Netherlands. You have no idea with what preparations and ceremonies the operation is accompanied. The delinquent suffers a slow death from *eunui*, and the spectator has abundant leisure for reflection. I am therefore fully persuaded that Benedict Spinoza reflected much on the hanging of old Van Ende, and as previously he comprehended religion with its daggers, so now he comprehended politics with the cord. Evidence of this study is to be found in his *Tractatus Politicus.**

* As regards his admiration for Spinoza it may not be out of place to state here, once for all, that Heine never seriously professed atheistical doc-

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The mystery of Evil.

CAN you tell us what the evil in the world signifies? Spiritualists have always made it a reproach against us that in the pantheistic view the distinction between good and evil is lost. But evil is in part merely an erroneous conception of the world by the spiritualists; and in part it is an actual product of their arrangement of mundane affairs. According to their view, matter is in itself something evil; yet this is surely nothing less than a calumny and fearful blasphemy against God. Matter becomes evil only when it is forced into secret conspiracy against the usurpation of the spirit, when it is stigmatised by the spirit and then degrades itself through loss of self-respect, or when with the hatred of despair it avenges itself on the spirit; and thus evil is a result of the arrangement of the world by the spiritualists.

The Latin language.

THE language of the Romans can never belie its origin. It is a language of command for generals; a language of decree for administrators; an attorney language for usurers; a lapidary

trines, and that the reproach of atheism, so often hurled at him, is a proof of the total ignorance in which even educated people are content to remain with regard to his prose writings. During the greater part of his life and as a result of his Jewish sympathies, which remained strong even to the last, he was an avowed deist, but his deism was strongly modified by the philosophical and religious doctrines of Spinoza and of Lessing. In his estimate of Spinoza he was far in advance of his time, and such was his reverence for Lessing that, in a letter from Berlin written in 1822, he declares that when he stands under the famous lindens, "he feels overcome with solemn awe as he thinks that on this spot Lessing may have stood."—Tr.

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speech for the stone-hard Roman people. It became the appropriate language of materialism; for although Christianity, with true Christian patience, tormented itself during more than a thousand years with the attempt to spiritualize this tongue, its efforts were fruitless.

Heine's relation to Protestantism.

PROTESTANTISM was for me more than a religion, it was a mission. For fourteen years I have been fighting in its interests against the machinations of the German Jesuits. My sympathy for dogma has, it is true, of late become extinguished, and I have frankly declared in my writings that my whole Protestantism consists in the fact that I was inscribed as an evangelical Christian in the church registers of the Lutheran communion. But a secret predilection for the cause in which we formerly fought and suffered always continues to nestle in our hearts, and my present religious convictions are still animated by the spirit of Protestantism.

German vindictiveness.

THE Germans are more vindictive than the peoples of Latin origin. The reason is that they are idealists even in their hatreds. We do not hate one another as you French do about mere trifles, because of wounded vanity, on account of an epigram, or of an unreturned visiting card: no, we hate in our enemies the deepest, most essential thing, namely, their

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thought. As in your love so in your hatred, you French are hasty, superficial. We Germans hate thoroughly, lastingly. Too honest, perhaps too unskilful, to revenge ourselves by speedy perfidy, we hate till our last breath.

Religion and Philosophy.

FROM the moment that a religion solicits the aid of philosophy its ruin is inevitable. In the attempt at defence it prates itself into destruction. Religion, like every other absolutism, must not seek to justify itself. Prometheus is bound to the rock by a silent force. Yea, Æschylus permits not personified power to utter a single word. It must remain mute. The moment that a religion ventures to print a catechism supported by arguments, the moment that a political absolutism publishes an official newspaper, both are near their end. But therein consists our triumph: we have brought our adversaries to speech, and they must reckon with us.

Moses Mendelssohn.

MOSES MENDELSSOHN* was the Reformer of the German Israelites, his co-religionists; he destroyed the authority of the Talmud; he re-established pure Mosaïsm. This man, whom his contemporaries

* 1729-1786. Moses Mendelssohn was the first man of note in that illustrious family which has given to the world a great philosopher, a famous musician, and a distinguished painter. Moses Mendelssohn is less remarkable as an author than for his life-long efforts on behalf of the educational elevation of his co-religionists, and for his endeavours to reform Jewish worship and ritual. So great was the veneration in which he was held by enlightened Jews that of him it was said that "from Moses to Moses there was none like Moses." He was the grandfather of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy the musician.—Tr.

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called "the German Socrates," and whom they reverently admired for his nobility of soul and force of intellect, was the son of a poor sacristan of the synagogue at Dessau. In addition to this inferiority of birth, Providence sent him into the world hunch-backed, as if to teach the rabble in a striking manner that men are to be judged, not by their external appearance, but by their intrinsic worth.

As Luther overthrew the Papacy, so Mendelssohn overthrew the Talmud; and he did so after the same fashion, namely, by rejecting tradition, by declaring the Bible to be the source of religion, and by translating the most important parts of it. By these means he shattered Judaic, as Luther had shattered Christian, Catholicism. For the Talmud is in fact the Catholicism of the Jews. It is a Gothic cathedral, overladen no doubt with childish and superfluous ornament, yet awakening our astonishment by its heaven-aspiring, gigantic proportions. It is a hierarchy of religious laws, often relating to the most fanciful and ridiculous subtleties, but everywhere so ingeniously superimposed and subordinated, each part sustaining and supporting another, and so terribly consistent, that it forms an awe-inspiring, colossal whole.

Lessing.

SINCE Luther, Germany has produced no greater, no better man than Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. These two men are our pride and our joy

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When, amid the gloom of this present time, we raise our eyes toward these consoling figures, they beckon to us with signs of glorious promise. Yea, the third man will also come, who will complete what Luther began, what Lessing carried forward, the man of whom the German Fatherland has such dire need, the third Emancipator. I see already the gleam of his golden armour shining through his imperial purple mantle, like the sun through the ruddy dawn of morning. Like Luther's, Lessing's work consisted not merely in positive achievement, but in rousing to its very depths the German nation, and in giving a beneficial impulse to intellectual movement by criticism, and by polemic. Lessing was the living criticism of his time and his whole life was a polemic. His criticism made itself felt throughout the whole range of thought and of feeling—in religion, in science, in art. His polemic overcame every adversary, and waxed stronger with every victory. As he himself avowed, conflict was necessary to his mental development. He resembled the legendary Norman who inherited the talents, the skill, and the vigour of the enemies slain by him in combat, and thus at last became endowed with every possible advantage and excellence. We may well suppose that such an unwearied champion caused no small stir in Germany, in that tranquil Germany where, in those days, an even greater Sabbath-stillness reigned than we know of in our time. The majority were struck

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dumb by such literary daring. But his hardihood stood Lessing in good stead; for *to dare* is the secret of success in literature, as well as in revolution and in love. Lessing's sword inspired terror in every breast. No head was secure from its strokes. Yea, he struck off many a head out of pure wantonness, and then was malicious enough to pick it up again and to shew the public that it was quite empty. Those whom he could not reach with the sword of his logic, he slew with the arrows of his wit. Friends admired the gay feathers with which these arrows were winged; enemies felt their sharp points rankling in their breasts. Lessing's wit had nothing in common with that playfulness, that gaiety, those bounding sallies which Frenchmen know so well. His wit was no little French spaniel chasing its own shadow; it was more like a great German tom-cat playing with a mouse before strangling it. It is remarkable that this man, the most redoubted wit in Germany, was also our most honest man. There is nothing comparable to his love of truth. He would not grant the slightest concession to a lie, even though by doing so after the manner of the wise men of the world, he might promote the ascendency of truth. He dared do everything for the truth except lie. The admirable saying of Buffon, "The style is the man himself," finds in Lessing its best exemplification. His manner of writing is like his character—truthful, firm, without ornament, beautiful and imposing by reason of inherent strength.

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His style is altogether like that of Roman architecture; it combines the greatest solidity with the greatest simplicity. His sentences rest one upon another, like blocks of square-hewn masonry; as for the latter the law of gravity, so in Lessing's writings logical sequence, is the invisible binding power. In his prose, therefore, there are but few of the redundancies and artificial turns of expression that we employ as mortar in the construction of our periods. Still less do we find in it any of those caryatides of thought, which you French call *la belle phrase.*

That such a man as Lessing could never be happy you will readily understand. Even though he had not so fondly loved truth, though he had not obstinately defended it on all occasions, he would still have been unhappy, for he was a genius. Men will forgive you everything, said a poet lately, with a sigh: they will forgive you wealth, they will forgive you noble birth, they will forgive you a handsome form, they will even admit that you are talented, but they are inexorable in their enmity toward genius. There was one misfortune about which Lessing never spoke to his friends: this was his terrible isolation —his intellectual solitariness. A few of his contemporaries loved him; none understood him. Moses Mendelssohn, his dearest friend, defended him with zeal against the reproach of Spinozaism. Defence and zeal were as ridiculous as they were superfluous. Rest in peace

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in thy grave, old Moses! Thy Lessing was indeed on the highroad toward the dreadful heresy, the pitiful misfortune, called Spinozaism, but the Almighty, the Father in Heaven, saved him through death at the right moment. Rest in peace! thy Lessing was no Spinozaist, as calumny asserted; he died a good deist like thyself, and Nicolai, and *The Universal German Library*. Lessing was the prophet who pointed out the way from the second to the third testament. Art was for Lessing also a tribune, and when thrust from the pulpit or driven from the philosopher's chair, he sprang upon the boards of the theatre and spoke thence in still plainer language, and gained a still more numerous audience.*

I say that Lessing continued the work of Luther. After Luther had emancipated us from the power of tradition and set up the Bible as the only source of Christianity, there arose a frigid literalism, and the letter of the Bible became as great a tyranny as tradition had formerly been. From this tyranny of the letter Lessing was our great liberator. The letter, says Lessing, is the last husk that envelops Christianity, and only after its destruction does the true spirit of Christianity stand revealed.

* When prohibited by the German Governments from writing on theological subjects Lessing, in his drama *Nathan the Wise*, did by means of the theatre what he dared not do by controversial writing—preached the doctrine of religious toleration. Heine is in this sentence merely quoting in another form Lessing's own words when he made known his intention of writing a didactic drama to promote the cause he had so deeply at heart.—Tr.

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Kant.

LESSING died at Brunswick in 1781, misunderstood, hated and decried. In the same year appeared at Koenigsberg Immanuel Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason.* With this book (which, through a singular delay, did not become generally known till after the close of the decade) there begins in Germany an intellectual revolution which offers the most striking analogies to the material revolution in France, and which must to the deeper thinkers appear of at least as great importance as the latter. It developed itself in the same phases, and between both revolutions there is a most remarkable parallelism. On each side of the Rhine we see the same breach with the past; all respect for tradition is withdrawn. As here, in France, every privilege, so there, in Germany, every thought must justify itself; as here, the monarchy, the key-stone of the old social edifice, so there, deism, the key-stone of the old intellectual *régime*, falls from its place. This catastrophe was the twenty-first of January * for deism.

Robespierre and Kant.

To speak frankly, you French have been tame and moderate compared with us Germans. At most you could but kill a king, and he had already lost his head before you guillotined him. For accompaniment to such deed, you must needs create such a drumming and shrieking and stamping of feet

* Louis XVI. was beheaded on the 21st of January 1793.

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that the universe trembled. To compare Maximilian Robespierre with Immanuel Kant is to confer too high an honour upon the former. Maximilian Robespierre, the great citizen of the Rue Saint Honoré, had, it is true, his sudden attacks of destructiveness when it was a question of the monarchy, and his frame was violently convulsed when the fit of regicidal epilepsy was on; but as soon as it came to be a question about the Supreme Being, he wiped the white froth from his lips, washed the blood from his hands, donned his blue Sunday coat with shining metal buttons, and stuck a nosegay in the bosom of his broad vest.

The history of Immanuel Kant's life is difficult to pourtray, for he had neither life nor history. He led a mechanical, regular, almost abstract bachelor existence, in a little retired street of Koenigsberg, an old town on the north-eastern frontier of Germany. I do not believe that the great clock of the cathedral performed in a more passionless and methodical manner its daily routine than did its townsman, Immanuel Kant. Rising in the morning, coffee-drinking, writing, reading lectures, dining, walking, everything had its appointed time, and the neighbours knew that it was exactly half-past three o'clock when Immanuel Kant stepped forth from his house in his grey, tight-fitting coat, with his Spanish cane in his hand, and betook himself to the little linden avenue called after him to this day the "Philosopher's

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Walk." Summer and winter he walked up and down it eight times, and when the weather was dull or heavy clouds prognosticated rain, the townspeople beheld his servant, old Lampe, trudging anxiously behind him with a big umbrella under his arm, like an image of Providence. What a strange contrast did this man's outward life present to his destructive, world-annihilating thoughts! In sooth, had the citizens of Koenigsberg formed the slightest presentiment of the full significance of his ideas, they would have felt a far more awful dread at the presence of this man than at the sight of an executioner, who can but kill the body. But the worthy folk saw in him nothing more than a Professor of Philosophy, and as he passed at his customary hour they greeted him in a friendly manner and set their watches by him. But though Immanuel Kant, the arch-destroyer in the realm of thought, far surpassed in terrorism Maximilian Robespierre, he had many similarities with the latter which induce a comparison between the two men. In the first place, we find in both the same inexorable, keen, prosaic, sober integrity. We likewise find in both the same talent of suspicion, only that in one it manifested itself in the direction of thought and was called criticism, whereas in the other it was directed against mankind and was styled republican virtue. But both presented in the highest degree the true type of the narrow-minded citizen. Nature had destined them for

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weighing coffee and sugar, but fate decided that they should weigh other things; and into the scales of the one it laid a king, into the scales of the other, a God. . . . And they both gave the correct weight!

Kant's style.

THE heavy, buckram style of Kant's chief work has been the source of much mischief; for his brainless imitators aped him in his external form, and hence arose among us the superstition that no one can be a philosopher who writes well.

Kant's philosophy.

WITH the appearance of Kant, former systems of philosophy, which had merely sniffed about the external aspect of things, assembling and classifying their characteristics, ceased to exist. Kant led investigation back to the human intellect, and inquired what the latter had to reveal. Not without reason, therefore, did he compare his philosophy to the method of Copernicus. Formerly, when men conceived of the world as standing still and the sun as revolving round it, astronomical calculations failed to agree accurately. But when Copernicus made the sun stand still and the earth revolve round it, behold! everything accorded admirably. So formerly, reason like the sun moved round the phenomena of the universe and sought to throw its light upon them. But Kant bade reason, the sun, stand still, and the universe of phenomena now

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turns round and is illuminated the moment it comes within the region of the intellectual orb.

Phenomena and Noumena.

THE distinction of objects into Phenomena and Noumena, that is, into things that for us exist, and into things that for us do not exist, was an Irish bull in philosophy.

God is all that is.

THE mere discussion by anyone of the existence of God causes me to feel a strange anxiety, an uneasy dread, such as I once experienced in visiting New Bedlam in London, when, for a moment losing sight of my guide, I found myself surrounded by madmen. "God is all that is," and doubt of His existence is doubt as to life itself, it is death.

Kant's theoretical and practical Reason.

I REFRAIN from all popular discussion of Kant's argument in disproof of the ontological evidence for the existence of God. Let it suffice to give an assurance that since Kant's time deism has vanished from the realm of speculative reason. It may perhaps be several centuries yet before this melancholy notice of decease gets universally bruited about; we Germans, however, have long since put on mourning. *De Profundis!* You fancy, then, that we may now go home. By my life, no! there is yet a piece to be played: after the tragedy comes the farce. Up to this point Im-

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manuel Kant has pursued the path of inexorable philosophy. He has stormed heaven, and put the whole garrison to the edge of the sword; the ontological, cosmological, and physico-theological body-guards lie there lifeless; Deity itself, deprived of demonstration, has succumbed; there is now no All-mercifullness, no Fatherly kindness, no other-world reward for renunciation in this world, the immortality of the soul lies in its last agonies—you can hear its groans and death-rattle; and old Lampe is standing by with his umbrella under his arm, an afflicted spectator of the scene, tears and sweat-drops of terror dropping from his countenance. Then Immanuel Kant relents, and shows that he is not merely a great philosopher, but also a good man; he reflects, and half good-naturedly, half-ironically he says: "Old Lampe must have a God, otherwise the poor fellow can never be happy. Now, man ought to be happy in this world; practical reason says so:—well, I am quite willing that practical reason should also guarantee the existence of God." As the result of this argument Kant distinguishes between the *theoretical reason* and the *practical reason*, and by means of the latter, as with a magician's wand, he revivifies deism, which theoretical reason had killed.

But is it not conceivable that Kant brought about this resurrection not merely for the sake of old Lampe, but through fear of the police? Or did he act from sincere

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conviction? Was not his object in destroying the evidence for the existence of God to shew us how embarrassing it might be to know nothing about God? In doing so, he acted almost as sagely as a Westphalian friend of mine, who smashed all the lanterns in the Grohnder Street in Goettingen, and then proceeded to deliver to us in the dark a long lecture on the practical necessity of lanterns, which he had theoretically broken in order to shew how, without them, we could see nothing.

Influence of Kant's philosophy on literature and art.

EVEN poetry did not escape the influence of Kant's philosophy. But for *belles-lettres* and the fine arts, this philosophy, on account of its dry, abstract character, was eminently hurtful. Fortunately, it did not interfere in the art of cookery.

Fichte's philosophy.

THE philosophy of Fichte presents the peculiar difficulty that it requires the mind to observe itself in the midst of its activity; the *Ego* is to investigate its own intellectual acts during the process of thinking; thought is to play the spy on itself while it thinks, growing warm and warmer, until at last it is thoroughly cooked. This operation reminds us of the monkey seated on the hearth before a copper kettle cooking its own tail; for, (it argues) the true art of cookery consists not merely in the objective act of

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cooking, but also in the subjective consciousness of the process of cooking.

Poverty of German great men

POVERTY sits by the cradle of all our great men, and rocks them up to manhood; and this meagre foster-mother remains their faithful companion throughout life.

Goethe's lyrics.

GOETHE'S songs have a coquettish charm that is indescribable. The harmonious verses entwine themselves about the heart like a tenderly loved one: the word embraces while the thought kisses thee.

Influence of Fichte's philosophy.

THE idealism of Fichte ranks as one of the most colossal errors ever hatched in the human brain. It is more godless and more worthy of condemnation than the coarsest materialism. What is called in France the atheism of the materialists, is, as I might easily shew, an edifying and devout doctrine when compared, as to its consequences, with Fichte's transcendental idealism. This I know, that both systems are repugnant to me. Both are also anti-poetic. The French materialists have made quite as bad verses as the German transcendental idealists. But the doctrine of Fichte was in no respect dangerous to the State, and still less merited being persecuted as such. In order to be capable of

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being led astray by this heresy, one must have been endowed with speculative acumen in a degree to be found among few men. The great mass, with its thousands of thick heads, was impervious to this erroneous doctrine. The Fichtean ideas about God should, therefore, have been attacked by the path of reason, and not through aid of the police. The accusation of atheism in philosophy was a thing so strange in Germany, that Fichte at first really did not understand what it meant. Quite justly did he remark that the question, whether a system of philosophy is atheistical or not, sounds to a philosopher as extraordinary as the question, whether a triangle is green or red, would sound to a mathematician.

Death-bed conversion.

So many free-thinkers, you say, have been converted on their death-beds! But do not make too much of this. Such stories of conversion belong at best to pathology, and are very doubtful evidence for your case. After all, they only prove that it was impossible to convert these free-thinkers so long as they went about under God's open sky, in the enjoyment of their healthy senses and in full possession of their reasoning faculty.

German philosophy.

GERMAN philosophy is an important fact; it concerns the whole human race, and only our latest descendants will be in a position to decide

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whether we are to be praised or blamed for having first worked out our philosophy, and afterwards our revolution. It seems to me that a methodical people, such as we are, must begin with the Reformation, must then occupy itself with systems of philosophy, and only after their completion could it pass to the political revolution. I find this sequence quite rational. The heads that have first served for philosophical speculation can afterwards be struck off by the revolution for whatever objects it may have in view; but philosophy would not have been able to utilise the heads struck off by a revolution that preceded it. But give yourselves no anxiety, ye dear fellow-countrymen; the German revolution will not prove any milder or gentler because it was preceded by the criticism of Kant, the transcendental idealism of Fichte, or even by the Philosophy of Nature. These doctrines have served to develop revolutionary forces that only await their time to break forth and fill the world with terror and with admiration. When ye hear the trampling of feet and the clashing of arms, ye neighbour children, ye French, be on your guard, and see that ye mingle not in the fray going on among us at home there in Germany: it might fare ill with you. See that ye take no hand in kindling the fire; see that ye attempt not to extinguish it. You might readily burn your fingers in the flame. Smile not at my counsel, at the counsel of a dreamer, who seeks to warn

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you against all such philosophies, whether Kantian, or Fichtean, or Philosophies of Nature. Smile not at the fancy of one who foresees in the region of reality the same outburst of revolution that has taken place in the region of intellect. The thought precedes the deed as the lightning the thunder. German thunder is of true German character: it is not very nimble, but rumbles along somewhat slowly. But come it will, and when ye hear a crashing such as never before has been heard in the world's history, then know that at last the German thunderbolt has fallen. At this commotion the eagles will drop dead from the skies, and the lions in the furthest wastes of Africa will bite their tails and creep into their royal lairs. There will then be played in Germany a tragedy compared to which the French Revolution will seem but an innocent idyl. At present, it is true, everything is tolerably quiet, and though here and there some few men create a little stir, do not imagine that these are to be the real actors in the piece. They are only little curs chasing one another round the empty arena, barking and snapping at one another till the appointed hour when the troop of gladiators appear, to fight for life and death. And the hour will come. As on the steps of an amphitheatre, the nations will group themselves around Germany to witness the terrible combat. I counsel you, ye French, keep very quiet, and above all see that ye do not applaud. We might readily misunderstand such applause,

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and in our rude fashion somewhat roughly put you to silence. For if formerly in our servile, listless mood, we could oftentimes overpower you, much easier were it for us to do so in the youthful arrogance of our new-born enthusiasm for liberty. Ye yourselves know what, in such a case, men can do; and ye are yourselves no longer in such a case. Take heed, then! I mean it well with you; therefore it is I tell you the bitter truth. Ye have more to fear from a free Germany than from the entire Holy Alliance, with all its Croats and Cossacks. For, in the first place, they do not love you in Germany, which indeed is almost incomprehensible, since ye are so amiable, and during your stay among us took great pains to please at least the better and fairer half of the German people. But even though this half still love you, it is precisely the half that does not bear arms, and its friendship would therefore be of little help to you. What you are really accused of I could never understand. Once in a beer-cellar at Goettingen, I heard a young Old-German assert that it was necessary to be revenged on France for Conradin of Hohenstaufen, whom you caused to be beheaded at Naples (1268). Doubtless ye have long since forgotten this: we, however, forget nothing. Ye see then, that whenever we have a mind to quarrel with you there will be no lack of valid grounds. In any case I advise you to be on your guard. Happen what may in Germany—though the Crown Prince or

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Doctor Wirth should attain supremacy, be ye ever armed; remain quietly at your posts, your weapons in your hands. I mean it well with you, and I was seized with dismay when I heard it said lately that your ministry proposed to disarm France. As ye are, despite your present romantic tendency, a true classical people, ye know Olympus. Among the joyous gods and goddesses quaffing and feasting of nectar and ambrosia, ye may behold one goddess who, amid such gaiety and pastime, wears ever a coat of mail, the helm on her head, and the spear in her hand. She is the goddess of Wisdom.

From "The Romantic School."

EVERY EPOCH is a sphinx that precipitates itself into the abyss as soon as men have solved its enigma.

ROME—the Hercules among the nations.

LYRICAL POETRY is much the same in every age, as the songs of the nightingales in every Spring-time.

The new classical era.

ART is but the mirror of life, and when catholicism became extinct in life it grew pale and faded away from art. At the time of the Reformation, Catholic poetry suddenly disappeared from

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Europe, and in its place we behold the resuscitation of the long-time deceased Greek poetry. But it was only an artificial rejuvenescence, the work of the gardener and not of the sun; the shrubs and flowers grew in little pots, and a sky of glass protected them from the cold and the north wind. In the history of the world, each event is not a direct result of some other event, rather do events modify one another. The love of Greek art and the passion for imitating it, which sprang up so universally among us, was in no sense the work of the Greek scholars who emigrated to the West after the fall of Byzantium; it was rather that in art and in life simultaneously, Protestantism became predominant. Leo X., the magnificent Medici, was as zealous a Protestant as Luther; while the one was protesting at Wittenberg in Latin prose, the other was protesting at Rome in stone, in colour, and in *ottava rima*. For, do not the powerful marble figures of Michael Angelo, the laughing nymphs of Giulio Romano, and the life-drunk joyousness of the verses of the Master Ludovico Ariosto, form a protesting contrast to the old, gloomy, languishing, Catholicism? The Italian painters produced arguments against priestcraft more effective than did the Saxon theologians. The glowing flesh in the pictures of Titian is all Protestantism. The limbs of his *Venus* are far profounder theses than those which the German monk nailed to the church door at Wittenberg. It was as if

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men had suddenly become conscious of release from the bondage of a thousand years; artists especially could once more breathe freely as they felt the Alp of Catholic Christianity rolled from their breasts; they plunged enthusiastically into the sea of Greek joyousness, out of whose foam the Goddess of Beauty again rose to greet them; painters painted once more tbe ambrosial joy of Olympus; sculptors once more chiselled out of marble blocks, with old fondness, the old heroic forms; poets sang once more of the house of Atreus and of Laïus: the period of the new classical poetry had begun.

Lessing.

LESSING was the literary Arminius who delivered our Theatre from foreign domination. He showed us the futility, the absurdity, the insipidity of our imitations of the French drama, which was itself imitated from the Greek. Not only by his criticism, but also by his original works, he became the founder of modern German literature. This man pursued every direction of the human intellect, he considered every aspect of human life with enthusiasm and with disinterestedness. Art, theology, archæology, poetry, criticism, the drama, history—he devoted himself to them all with the same zeal and with the same object. All his works are animated by the same great social idea, the same sentiment of human progress, the same religion of reason of which he was the Saint John

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the Baptist, and of which we still await the Messias. He never ceased preaching this religion, though, alas! he had often to preach alone and in the desert. Nor did he possess the art of changing stones into bread; he passed the greater part of his life in poverty and distress, a curse that has hung over almost all great men of genius in Germany, and will perhaps be removed only by the political emancipation of our country. In the whole history of literature Lessing is the author whom I most love.

The history of literature.

THE history of literature is the great *Morgue* wherein each one seeks the dead whom he loves or with whom he is spiritually related. When, amid so many insignificant corpses, I behold Lessing or Herder with their noble human countenances, my heart beats quickly. How can I pass without stooping hastily to kiss your pale lips!

The "War of Liberation."

WHEN God, the snow, and the Cossacks, had destroyed the best part of Napoleon's forces, we Germans experienced a mighty desire to free ourselves from foreign yoke. We began to flame with manly wrath against a tyranny too long endured; we sought inspiration in the fine melodies but bad verses of Koerner's songs, and we regained our freedom; for we are always ready to do what our princes command.

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Schiller and Goethe.

THE spirit of his age seized upon Schiller; he wrestled with it, and was constrained by it: he followed it into the combat and bore its banner, that banner under which the hosts on the other side of the Rhine were so enthusiastically fighting. Schiller wrote on the side of the great ideas of the Revolution; he stormed the intellectual Bastilles; he was a builder at the temple of freedom, at the great temple that will one day embrace within its walls all the nations in a common brotherhood: he was cosmopolite. He began with the hatred of the past that we see in his *Robbers*, where he resembles a young Titan escaped from school, who takes to smashing Jupiter's windows; he ended with that love for the future which blossoms like a meadow of flowers in *Don Carlos;* he is himself the *Marquis of Posa*, at once prophet and soldier, who fights for the object of his prophecies, and under a Spanish cloak wears the noblest heart that ever loved and suffered in German land. The poet, the pigmy imitator of Deity, resembles his Maker also herein that he creates his characters after his own image. If, then, *Carl Moor* and the *Marquis of Posa* represent Schiller himself, Goethe may be said to resemble his *Werther*, his *Wilhelm Meister*, and his *Faust*, in whom we may study the phases of his spirit. If Schiller throws himself wholly into history, is inspired for the cause of the social progress of humanity, and sings the history of

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the world, Goethe is more absorbed in individual feelings, or in art, or in nature. Natural history must in the end be the engrossing occupation of Goethe, the pantheist; and not in poetry only, but also in scientific works, he gives the results of his inquiries. His indifferentism was likewise a consequence of his pantheistic view of the universe. It is unfortunately the case, and we are forced to confess it, that Pantheism has often led men into indifferentism. They argue thus: if everything is God, then it is a matter of no consequence what is the subject of one's investigations—whether it is clouds or antique gems, national songs or the skeletons of apes, men, or comedians. But herein lies the error: everything is not God, but God is in all things; God does not manifest himself in an equal degree in everything; He manifests himself rather in different degrees in different things, and everything bears within itself the impulse toward a higher degree of divinity; and this is the great law of progress in nature. No! God does not manifest himself equally in all things, as Wolfgang Goethe supposed, whereby he drifted into indifferentism, and instead of occupying himself with the highest human interests, busied himself with theatrical affairs, anatomy, theory of colours, botany, observation of the clouds. God manifests himself in things in a greater or less degree, He has His being in this perpetual manifestation. God is in movement, in action, in time; His divine inspiration is wafted toward

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us from the pages of history, which is the true book of God. Frederick Schiller felt this as by instinct, and he became "a prophet casting backward glances," and wrote *The Revolt of the Netherlands*, *The Thirty Years' War*, *The Maid of Orleans*, and *William Tell*. Goethe no doubt sang also certain great stories of emancipation; but he sang them as an artist. As he thrust aside as odious to him Christian enthusiasm, and either did not or would not comprehend the philosophical enthusiasm of his time, fearing lest it should disturb the equanimity of his spirit, so he dealt with enthusiasm generally after the historical method, as something given, as material to be employed. Spirit became matter in his hands, and he gave it a fair and pleasing form. Thus did he become the greatest artist in our literature; everything he wrote is a fully rounded masterpiece of art.

The year 1832.

Les dieux s'en vont (The gods are leaving us). Goethe is dead. He died on the 22nd of March in the year 1832—that memorable year in which our earth lost its men of greatest renown.* It would seem as if death had suddenly become aristocratic in this year, and had specially marked out the notabilities of the world, to send them simultaneously to the grave. Perhaps he conceived the idea of founding an assembly

* Scott in this country; Cuvier in France; and Goethe in Germany, all died in 1832.—Tr.

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of peers in his shadowy realm: if so, his selection was a most happy one. Or, on the contrary, may it not have been a desire to favour democracy that led him to abolish authority, by removing the men of fame, and thus promote intellectual equality? Was it respect or insolence that made him spare the kings? In a moment of absent-mindedness he did indeed raise his scythe to cut down the King of Spain, but bethought himself in good time, and spared the royal life.* In the past year not a single king died. *Les dieux s'en vont* (The gods are leaving us) —but the kings remain with us.

Euripides and Racine.

WHETHER Euripides is a greater poet than Racine I do not know. But this I know, that the latter has been a living fountain of love and of the sense of honour, and that a whole nation has drawn enthusiasm, delight, and inspiration from this source. What more can ye seek of a poet? We are all mortal; we descend into the grave leaving behind us our utterance, and when this has fulfilled its mission it returns to the bosom of God, the meeting-place of all poet-voices, the abode of all harmony.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel.

THE propagation of elegance is the principal merit of Schlegel, and, thanks to him, a little civilization was introduced into the life of German

* Ferdinand VII. suffered in 1832 from a dangerous illness, and having fallen into a state of comma was reported to be dead, but ultimately recovered.—Tr.

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poets. Goethe had already afforded a most influential example how one may be a German poet and yet be able to preserve outward respectability. In earlier times German poets scorned all conventional forms, and the name "German poet," or even the words "poetical genius," possessed a most unpleasant significance. A German poet was formerly a person who wore a threadbare and ragged coat, who manufactured marriage and baptismal odes for a thaler a-piece, who, instead of enjoying "good society," which rejected him, enjoyed all the better that of the tavern, and who might be found at evening lying in a drunken condition in the gutter, tenderly caressed by Luna's sentimental beams. Such men, as they grew older, usually sank into still lower depths of misery. It is true it was a misery without care, or at least, the only care incidental to it was as to where the greatest quantity of *schnaps* was to be had for the least money. Thus, too, had I always represented to myself a German poet. How agreeable, therefore, was my surprise when, in the year 1819, I, quite a young man, having gone to study at the University of Bonn, had the honour of seeing there, face to face, poetical genius in the person of Herr August Wilhelm Schlegel. He was, with the exception of Napoleon, the first great man I had yet seen, and I shall never forget the sublime spectacle. Even to this day do I feel the holy awe that quivered through my soul as I stood before his chair and

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heard him speak. I wore in those days a frock coat of white drugget, a red cap, long fair hair, and no gloves. Professor August Schlegel Wilhelm, however, wore kid gloves and was dressed completely in accordance with the latest Parisian fashion. He was also odorous with the perfume of good society and of *eau de mille-fleurs*. He was gentility and elegance personified; and when he spoke of the Lord Chancellor of England he added "my friend." At his side, in baronial livery of the House of Schlegel, stood his servant, whose duty was to trim the wax lights that burned in silver candlesticks; while close at hand, in front of the marvellous man, stood a glass of sugar water. A lacquey in livery! wax lights! silver candlesticks! "My friend, the Lord Chancellor of England"! kid gloves! sugar water! What unheard-of things in the lecture room of a German professor! This splendour dazzled us young men not a little, myself especially, and I wrote at this time three odes to Herr Schlegel, each beginning—"Oh, thou who, etc." But only in poetry did I venture to call so distinguished a person "thou." His exterior conferred on him, indeed, a certain air of distinction: on his little narrow head still glittered a few silver hairs, and his body was so thin, so worn out, so transparent, that he seemed to be all spirit, so that he had almost the aspect of an image of spiritualism.

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Stars of literature and stars of the firmament.

ALAS! what a melancholy prospect meets us when we regard, from a nearer point of view, the stars of our literature. It may be that the stars of heaven appear to us fair and pure simply because we are at such a distance from them, and know nothing of their private life. Doubtless there are among them many stars that lie and fawn, hypocritical stars, stars that are compelled to every kind of baseness, stars that kiss and betray one another, stars that flatter their enemies, and (what is more grievous still) that flatter their friends, just as we do here below. The comets that we sometimes see whirling through the sky with flowing locks of fire—like Maenads of heaven—these are perhaps dissolute stars that at last, become repentant and devout, seek some obscure corner of the firmament, safe from the gaze of the sun, whom they detest.

Hoffmann and Novalis.

THE chief point of resemblance between Hoffmann and Novalis consists in this, that the poetry of both is in reality a disease. Hence it has been remarked that the estimate of their works is the business of the physician rather than of the critic. The rosy tint in the writings of Novalis is not the glow of health, but the hectic flush of consumption; and the purple gleam in Hoffmann's fantastic romances is not the flame of genius, but the burning fire of fever. But do such judgments quite become us who are ourselves not blessed

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with the most robust health, and especially at a time when literature resembles a great lazar-house? Or may not poetry itself be only a malady of mankind, as the pearl is but a diseased secretion of the poor, suffering oyster?

The Nibelungenlied.

It is difficult for a Frenchman to form any conception of the Nibelungen Lay. The language in which it is composed is still more incomprehensible to him. It is a granite tongue, and its verses are like square blocks of rhyme. Here and there out of crevices spring red flowers like drops of blood, or the long ivy trails, like green tear-drops. Of the Titanic passions that welter in the poem, you finical little people cannot have the faintest idea. Imagine a clear summer night, the stars, pale as silver but large as suns, shining out from a blue sky, and that on such a night all the Gothic cathedrals of Europe have given one another *rendezvous* on an immense plain. To this meeting-place calmly approach Strasburg Minster, Cologne Cathedral, the Bell tower of Florence, the Fane of Rouen, the Spire of Amiens, and the Church of Milan, and all pay gallant homage to the fair Notre-Dame de Paris. Their gait, it is true, is rather ungainly, and some of them behave in a childish manner, so that one is now and then tempted to laugh at their amorous raptures. But the laugh quickly disappears when one beholds them fall into a rage and attempt to throttle one another, until Notre-Dame de

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Paris raises despairingly both her arms to heaven, and, seizing a sword, severs the head from the trunk of the tallest among them. But no! not even then could you form to yourselves an idea of the principal characters of the Nibelungen Lay: no tower is so lofty and no stone so hard as the ferocious Hagen and the revengeful Crimhilde. Who composed this Lay? As little do we know the name of the author of the Nibelungen as the names of the poets who composed our folk-songs. Strange! we seldom know the creator of the most admirable books, poems, buildings, and other such monuments of art. What was the name of the architect who imagined the Cathedral of Cologne? Who painted under its roof the altar-piece, whereon the beautiful mother of God and the three holy kings are so vividly represented? Men forget only too readily the names of their benefactors; the names of the good and noble who have laboured for the welfare of their fellow-men are but seldom on the lips of the people, whose dull memory preserves only the names of their oppressors and of their cruel battle heroes. The tree of humanity forgets the modest gardener who tended it amidst the cold, watered it in time of drought, and shielded it from hurtful animals; but it preserves faithfully the names mercilessly cut into its bark by the sharp steel, and transmits them to latest generations in ever-enlarging characters.

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German gravity.

A LIVING German is truly a sufficiently serious being, but he is not to be compared to a dead German! You have no idea how grave we are after death. Our countenances are then even longer than when we are in life, and the worms that feed on us grow melancholy as they behold us at their repast.

Jean Paul Richter.

JEAN PAUL has been called "the Unique One." The epithet is admirable, and only now do I perceive how well chosen it is, after long fruitless consideration as to the niche to be assigned to him in the history of literature. His appearance was almost simultaneous with that of the "Romantic School," of which, however, he was in no sense an adherent. Just as little did he shew in later life any sympathy for the "Artistic School" of Goethe. He stands quite isolated in his time, simply because, in contradistinction to both schools, he abandoned himself to the spirit of his age, and his whole heart was filled with its influences. For his heart and his writings were one. This peculiarity, this unity, is to be found also in the "Young German" writers of our day. They too make no distinction between life and literature; they do not seek to divorce politics from science, or art from religion, and they are at the same time artists, tribunes, and apostles. Of Jean Paul's style, it is impossible for a clear, well-regulated French intellect to form any conception. The

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structure of his periods consists of a multitude of little chambers, often so narrow that when one idea encounters another, they knock their heads together. Suspended from the roof are numerous hooks, on which Jean Paul hangs all sorts of thoughts, and in the walls are innumerable secret drawers, in which he conceals his feelings. No other German author is so rich as he is in thought and feeling, but he never lets his thought and feeling come to maturity, so that we are more astonished than refreshed by the wealth of his intellect and of his heart. Ideas and sentiments that might grow to be gigantic trees did he permit them to take sufficient root, and spread forth their branches, blossoms, and leaves—these he plucks up when they are still tender plants, often mere seed-corns, and what might become whole forests of thoughts, are set before us on a platter as green herbs. Jean Paul is a great poet and philosopher, but no one could be more inartistic than he is in his manner of thinking and creating. Instead of thoughts, he offers us his own process of thinking. We are made spectators of the material activity of his brain; he gives us, so to speak, more brain than thought. He is the most humorous and the most sentimental of authors; indeed, his sentimentality always get the better of him, and his laughter is quickly changed to tears. He often disguises himself in the rags of a common beggar, then suddenly—like the *incognito* princes of the stage—

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unbuttons the coarse smock frock and reveals the glittering star at his breast. In this, Jean Paul resembles the great Irishman with whom he is often compared.* The author of *Tristram Shandy* had also the power, even when sunk in the lowest trivialities, of suddenly reminding us by a sublime transition of his princely rank, of his relationship to Shakespeare. Unjustly do some critics suppose that Jean Paul has more true feeling than Sterne, because the latter, whenever the circumstance with which he is dealing attains a tragic intensity, suddenly assumes a jesting, laughter-moving tone; while Jean Paul, as soon as the joke becomes in the least serious, gradually falls to weeping and lets his tears flow quietly, drop by drop. No! Sterne was perhaps capable of deeper feeling than Jean Paul, for he was a greater poet. He is, as I have said, of the same stock as Shakespeare, and, like him, was nurtured by the Muses on Parnassus. But in womanly fashion, they early spoiled him with their caresses. He was the favourite child of the pale goddess of tragedy. Once, in a paroxysm of cruel tenderness, she kissed his young heart so vehemently, with such passionate love and fervour, that his heart began to bleed, and suddenly comprehended all the sorrows of this earth, and was filled with infinite compassion. But the younger daughter of

* Laurence Sterne, though born in Ireland, was of English parentage.—Tr.

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Mnemosyne, the rosy goddess of gaiety, was quickly at hand, and took the suffering boy into her arms, and tried to comfort him with laughter and song, and gave him for playthings the mask of comedy and the fool's bells, and soothed him with kisses; and with her kisses bestowed upon him all her levity, all her thoughtless giddiness, all her witty coquettish arts. Ever after, there was perpetual contradiction between the thoughts of Sterne's heart and the words of his lips. Often when his heart is moved by tragic feeling, and he seeks to express the deep bleeding anguish of his soul, lo! even to his own amazement, from his lips flow smiling delightsome words.

More cruel to bear than any loss through death is the loss of the loved one in life.

From the "Elementary Spirits."

Silence—a condition of happiness.

It is truly vexatious when women ask too many questions. Use your lips for kissing and not for questioning, ye fair ones! Silence is the essential condition of happiness. When a man babbles too freely of the favours of fortune, or when a woman becomes inquisitive as to the mystery of her joy, the happiness of both is at an end.

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The power of love.

LOVE is the most powerful of spells; every other species of sorcery must yield to it. There is but one power against which it is helpless. What is that? It is not fire, it is not water, it is not air, it is not the earth with all its metals; it is Time.

The problems of Paganism and Christianity.

THE problem, the goal of Paganism, was the attainment of happiness. The Greek hero calls it the Golden Fleece, the German hero the treasure of the Nibelungen. The task of Christianity, on the contrary, was abnegation, and its heroes endured the sufferings of martyrdom, they loaded the cross on their own shoulders, and from their mightiest combat their only gain was a grave. We can by no means forget that the Golden Fleece and the treasure of the Nibelungen brought great sufferings upon their possessors. But the error of these heroes was just this; they mistook gold for happiness. As regards the thing of chief importance however, they were right. Man must be ever striving to acquire happiness on this earth, sweet happiness and not a cross. For the latter, alas! he has but to wait till he reaches the churchyard; then he will be sure to have placed over his grave—a cross!

The Legend of the Whispering Valley.

THIS is the Legend of the Whispering Valley, which lies near Lorch on the Rhine, and which takes its name from the whispering voices

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that sound in the wayfarer's ear as he passes through it. Through this valley came one day three young comrades in right gleeful mood, and deeply curious as to the meaning of the perpetual "hist! hist!" that greeted them at every step. The eldest and wisest of them, a sword-smith by trade, at last called out in a loud voice:—"These are the voices of women who, no doubt, are so hideous that they dare not show themselves!" He had scarce uttered this cunning challenge when suddenly there stood before him three maidens of wondrous beauty, who, in the most enticing manner, invited him and his two companions to refresh themselves in their castle from the fatigues of their journey, and to share its enjoyments. This castle, though quite at hand, had hitherto escaped the notice of the young fellows, possibly because it was not a building standing by itself, but was hewn in the side of a rock, so that nothing was visible from the outside except its narrow pointed windows and large doorway. When they had entered the castle they were not a little amazed at the splendour amid which they found themselves. The three maidens, who seemed to be its sole occupants, placed before them a dainty feast, and filled for them the wine cups with their own hands. The young comrades, whose bosoms now swelled with ever fuller rapture, had never before seen such fair, blooming, bewitching women, and they betrothed themselves to the maidens with many burning kisses. On the third day the maidens said:—

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If it is your desire to be always with us, dear bride-grooms, you must first return to the wood, and learn what the birds there sing and say; when you have listened to the sparrow, the magpie, and the owl, and have quite understood their sayings, then return to your brides. Thereupon the three comrades betook themselves to the wood, and after clearing a path through the briars and the furze, not without getting sadly scratched by thorns, and after many stumbles over gnarled roots, they reached a tree whereon sat a sparrow twittering in this wise :—

"Three silly young fellows once ventured
Into the Land of Cocagne,
Where roasted geese came flying
Straight toward their wide-open mouths.
Then said they: Oh! surely the folks
That dwell in this land right stupid must be,
These geese that are flying about
Are too big to get into our mouths."

"Ay! ay!" said the sword-smith, "your remark is quite correct. When roasted geese come flying toward the gaping mouths of fools, do not fear for the geese! The mouths are too small and the geese too big, and the fools have not wit enough to help themselves."

The three comrades continued their way; and after pushing further through the briars and the furze, getting sadly scratched by thorns, and after many stumbles over gnarled roots, they came to a tree on whose branches a

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magpie was hopping to and fro, and chattering in this wise: "My mother was a magpie, my grandmother was also a magpie, my great-grandmother was likewise a magpie, my great-great-grandmother too was a magpie, and if my great-great-grandmother were not dead, she would still be alive."

"Ay! ay" said the sword-smith, "I understand all that! It is merely the old story of the world. That is just the sum-total of all our knowledge, and much more than that men will never learn on this earth."

The three comrades continued their way; and after pushing further through the briars and the furze, getting sadly scratched by thorns, and after many stumbles over gnarled roots, they came to a tree in the hollow trunk of which perched an owl that screeched in this wise:—"He that talks to one woman will be deceived by one woman, he that talks to two women will be deceived by two women, and he that talks to three women will be deceived by three women."

"Hold there!" cried the enraged sword-smith, "thou hideous miserable bird, with thy hideous miserable words of wisdom, that anyone may buy for a farthing from the first hunchbacked beggar that he meets! That is the old, worn-out story! Thou would'st think very differently of women wert thou handsome and light-hearted as we are, or didst thou only know our brides, who are as fair as day and as true as gold."

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Upon this the three comrades began to retrace their steps, whistling and singing merrily as they went, until after long walking they came again within sight of the castle in the rock. Then giving full vent to their joy they began to sing the roguish roundelay :—

"Make open! make open!
My darling, what dost thou!
Sleep'st thou or wak'st thou?
Weep'st thou or laugh'st thou?"

While the young fellows thus gleefully sang before the castle door, three little windows above flew open and out of each looked a hook-nosed and blear-eyed old woman. These three old women nodded jauntily their grey heads and opened their toothless jaws and screeched: "See, there are our handsome bridegrooms returned! Wait a moment, dear bridegrooms, and we will open the door to you and welcome you with kisses, and henceforth ye shall enjoy the sweets of life in the arms of love!"

The three comrades, terrified to death, did not even wait till the door of the castle was opened and their brides with outstretched arms prepared to receive them, but took to their heels at once, and ran with such speed that they reached the town of Lorch that same day. As they sat together there in the tavern that evening they had need to empty many a flagon of wine ere they quite recovered from their terror. But the sword-smith, with deep and solemn curses, declared that the owl was

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of all the birds in the world the shrewdest, and was justly regarded as the symbol of wisdom.

From "The Citizen Monarchy in the year 1832."

Prussia.

It is true that quite lately many friends of the "Fatherland" wished the power of Prussia extended, and they encouraged the hope of some day seeing in the sovereigns of Prussia the rulers of a united Germany. These men succeeded in awakening a spirit of patriotism; we have again had a sort of Prussian Liberalism, and the friends of freedom were beginning to look with confidence toward the lindens of Berlin. As for myself, I have never had any desire to share this confidence. On the contrary, I regard this Prussian eagle with apprehension, and while others vaunt his daring glances toward the sun, I look the more attentively at his claws. I could not trust this Prussia, this tall pietistic hero in gaiters, this braggart with the capacious maw, carrying a corporal's staff, which he first dips in holy water before bringing it down on one's head. I had great misgivings about this philosophic-Christian-military despotism, this medley of beer, deceit, and sand. Repulsive, deeply repulsive to me was ever this Prussia, this pedantic, hypocritical, sanctimonious Prussia—this Tartuffe among the nations.*

* This extract is taken from the preface to the German edition of *The Citizen Monarchy ("Bürgerkönigthum") in the year 1832.*—Tr.

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Parisian Revolutions succeed best in fine weather.

"THEY will not come to-night, for it is raining," said Pétion, as he opened the window and calmly shut it again, while his friends the Girondists were in momentary expectation of an outbreak of the populace, incited by the party of the Mountain. This anecdote is recorded in histories of the Revolution to show the phlegmatic temperament of Pétion. But since I have had opportunity of studying with my own eyes the nature of revolts of the Parisian populace, I perceive how much these words have been misunderstood. To be successful, riots need fine weather, pleasant sunshine, a warm, agreeable day; and that is why they have always succeeded best in the months of June, July, and August. They must on no account take place in wet weather, for the Parisians fear nothing so much as rain, which is sure to scare away the hundred thousand men, women, and children, most of them dressed and in high glee, who press to the scene of the conflict, and by their numbers inspire courage in the breasts of the leaders. Nor must they take place in dull weather when it is impossible to read the big placards posted by order of the Government at the street corners; for the reading of these serves to direct the crowds to certain points where they have the greatest facility for assembling in numbers, jostling one another, and creating a disturbance.

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LOUIS PHILIPPE is a true Jesuit of the *bourgeoisie*—a citizen Jesuit.

THEIRS is an indifferentist of the intensest type—he is the Goethe of Politics.

CHATEAUBRIAND is the Don Quixote of Legitimacy: his sword is less sharp than brilliant, and he shoots with precious pearls instead of with good piercing bullets of lead.

The French incapable of supporting a Republic.

I WILL not gainsay the glittering illusion of the possibility of a French Republic. Royalist by inborn inclination, in France I have become more royalist still from conviction. I am convinced that the French cannot tolerate a Republic after the model of that of Athens or of Sparta, and least of all after the model of North America. The Athenians were the studious youths of humanity; the constitution of Athens was a kind of academical freedom, and it would be foolish to seek to introduce such a constitution in our adult epoch, for our aged Europe. And how could we endure a constitution like that of Sparta, that factory of grand but tiresome patriotism, that barrack of republican virtue, that sublime but detestable kitchen of equality, where the black soup was so badly cooked that Attic witlings maintained that it was no wonder the

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Lacedæmonians despised life and fought with such desperate heroism in battle! In truth, had Robespierre merely introduced Spartan cookery into France, the guillotine would have been superfluous; for the aristocrats would have died of horror to the last man, or speed ily emigrated. Poor Robespierre! Thou soughtest to introduce republican austerity into Paris—into a city wherein 150,000 milliners, hair-dressers, and essence-makers carry on their giddy, frizzing, scented trades. The monotony of American life, its colourlessness, its narrow-minded citizen notions, would be still more insupportable in the home of curiosity, vanity, fashion, and novelty.

Lafayette and Napoleon.

WHATEVER infatuated friends and hypocritical enemies may say, Lafayette is, next to Robespierre, the purest character of the French Revolution, and next to Napoleon, he is its most popular hero. Napoleon and Lafayette are the two names that now blossom fairest in France. Their fame, no doubt, is of diverse kind: the one fought more for peace than for conquest, the other fought for the laurel rather than for the oaken wreath. It would certainly be ridiculous did we seek to measure the greatness of the two heroes by the same standard, and to place the one on the pedestal of the other. It would be absurd to set the statue of Lafayette on the Vendôme Column, that column cast out of cannon, the booty of so

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many battlefields. On this bronze pillar place Napoleon, the man of bronze, here, as in life, supported by his cannon glory, in awful isolation towering to the clouds, so that every ambitious soldier as he looks up at him—him, the unattainable—may feel his heart humbled and cured of its vain thirst for glory. In this way, the colossal metal pillar serves as a lightning-conductor for conquest-seeking heroism, and is of the greatest value for the peace of Europe. Lafayette reared for himself a better monument than that of the Vendôme Place, and a better statue than one of metal or of marble. Where could be found marble pure as the heart, or metal strong as the constancy of old Lafayette? True, he was always a man of bias, but it was the bias of the magnetic needle, pointing ever to the north, and never to the south or the east for the sake of change. For forty years Lafayette has daily repeated the same thing, and constantly pointed to North America. It was he who inaugurated the Revolution with the Declaration of the Rights of Man. To this hour he has remained faithful to this declaration, without which no political salvation is to be expected—he, the invariable man, with his invariable cardinal point of liberty. Verily, he is no genius as Napoleon was, in whose brain the eagles of inspiration built their eyries while in his bosom writhed the serpents of calculation. But the eagles had no terror for Lafayette and the serpents no power to seduce. As a youth he

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had the wisdom of age; as an old man he preserved the fire of youth. A protector of the people against the cunning of the great, a protector of the great against the fury of the people, sympathising and combating, never presumptuous and never despondent, harmoniously strong and gentle—Lafayette remained always the same. And thus, in his partiality and his invariability, he has stood on the same spot, from the days of Marie Antoinette to this present hour: a faithful Eckhart of freedom, he still stands ever leaning on his sword and in warning attitude beside the entrance to the Tuileries, the enchanted Mountain of Venus whence come magical, enticing strains, and out of whose seductive toils the poor captive, once enthralled, can never free himself.

It is certainly the case that the dead Napoleon is even yet more loved by the French people than the living Lafayette. Perhaps he is so just because he is dead, which, as far as I am concerned, is what I like best about Napoleon; for were he still alive, I should have to aid in his overthrow. The name "Napoleon" is for the French a magical spell that electrifies and amazes them. The voices of a thousand cannon sleep in that name, as in the column of the Vendôme Place, and the Tuileries will tremble when one day the voices of these cannon shall awake. As the Jews uttered not lightly the name of their God, so here the name Napoleon is seldom heard; he is always "the man"—*l'homme.* But his por-

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trait is everywhere, in engraving and in plaster, in metal and in wood, and in all situations. On every Boulevard and at every street corner, are to be found orators who praise him—"the man"—and ballad singers who chant his deeds. On my way home last evening, as I was passing through a little obscure street, I saw a child of scarce three years standing beside a tallow candle fixed in the ground, lisping a song in praise of the great Emperor. As I was in the act of throwing a *sou* into the outstretched handkerchief, I heard something glide close up to me, which likewise begged for a *sou*. It was an old soldier, who assuredly could also sing a lay about the fame of the great Emperor, for this fame had cost him both legs. The poor maimed fellow begged for a *sou*, not in the name of God, but with the most confident fervour he besought it for the sake of Napoleon :—"*Au nom de Napoléon, donnez-moi un sou!*" His name serves the people as the most powerful of adjurations. Napoleon is their God, their worship, their religion—a religion which, like every other, will become hackneyed at last. Lafayette, on the other hand, is revered rather as a man, or as a guardian angel. He also lives in pictures and in songs, but less heroically; and, to speak frankly, the effect upon me was rather ludicrous than otherwise, when on the 28th of July last I heard the song, "*Lafayette en cheveux blancs*," from the *Parisienne*, while I beheld the man himself standing near me, wearing a brown wig.

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This was on the Bastille Place. The man was on the right spot, and yet I could not but inwardly smile. Perhaps such an admixture of the laughable brings him home more closely to our human hearts. His *bonhomie* is appreciated even by children, and they understand his grandeur better than do grown people. Of him too I can relate a little beggar anecdote, which also serves to distinguish the character of Lafayette's fame from that of Napoleon. As I was standing the other day at a street corner in view of the Pantheon, and, as usual with me when contemplating this beautiful building, lost in meditation, a little Auvergnat begged of me a *sou*. To be quickly rid of him, I gave him a ten-sou piece. But he then approached with greater familiarity and inquired: "Do you know General Lafayette?" "*Est-ce que vous connaissez le Général Lafayette?*" When I had replied in the affirmative to this strange question, a look of proud satisfaction overspread the dirty, artless countenance of the handsome boy, and with the queerest earnestness he said: "He is of my country":—"*Il est de mon pays.*" The little Auvergnat thought no doubt that a person who gave him ten *sous* must be also an admirer of Lafayette, and he then considered me worthy to make the acquaintance of a countryman of the old General.

Westminster Abbey.

THESE five years past George Canning has slept in Westminster by the side of Fox and

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Sheridan; and over the mouth that spoke in such grand and powerful strains, a spider has drawn, perhaps, its foolish, silent web. George IV. now sleeps here also in the ranks of his ancestors,* who lie stretched out in stone effigies upon their tombs, their stone heads resting on stone pillows, the globe and sceptre in their hands; and around them, each in his high sarcophagus, lies England's aristocracy, the noble dukes and bishops, the lords and barons, who in death, as in life, press close about their king. The curious who wish to see the tombs in Westminster may do so for the charge of eighteenpence. A shabby-looking little verger, whose occupation it is to exhibit the noble dead, receives the money and rattles off their names and deeds as if he were the showman of a waxwork. I am rather fond of such exhibitions, for they serve to convince me that the great ones of the earth are not immortal. I did not grudge my eighteenpence, and as I was leaving the Abbey I said to my conductor—"I am much pleased with your exhibition, and would willingly have paid you double the fee had the collection only been complete."

Louis Philippe.

LOUIS PHILIPPE still plays the part of citizen-king, and continues to wear the ap-

* Heine is in error here. George IV. was not buried in Westminster, but at Windsor. George II. was the last Sovereign interred in Westminster.—Tr.

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propriate citizen costume; but under his modest felt hat, he wears, as every one knows, a crown of the ordinary pattern, and in his umbrella he conceals a sceptre of the most absolute type.

Great men—the stars of the earth.

As the stars are the glory of the sky, so great men are the glory of their country, yea, of the whole earth. The hearts of great men are the stars of earth; and doubtless when one looks down from above upon our planet, these hearts are seen to send forth a silvery light just like the stars of heaven. From such an exalted standpoint, one might perhaps perceive how many radiant stars are scattered over the face of our earth, how many of them gladden the obscure desert places with their unacknowledged and lonely lights, how thickly strewn they are in the German Fatherland, how brilliant, how radiant with them is France, the "Milky Way" of great human hearts.

The earth's age.

CUVIER, by his discovery of the remains of so many huge animals that no longer exist, proved in the most ungallant fashion that our mother Earth was many thousand years older than she had hitherto represented herself to be.

Mr. Joseph Hume.

I SHALL never forget the appearance of one man whom I saw sitting on the left of the

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Speaker in the English House of Commons, for no man ever made such an unfavourable impression on me. He has an under-sized, thick-set figure, with large angular head, covered with unpleasant-looking, bristling, reddish hair. His broad-cheeked, fiery-red face is common looking, of ignoble regularity; his eyes are unimpassioned, mean-looking; his nose is stumpy; there is a broad space between nose and mouth, and the latter can scarce articulate three words without mentioning figures or at least saying something about money. In the whole man there is something niggardly, sordid, shabby: in short, he is a true son of Scotland, this Mr. Joseph Hume. An engraved portrait of him should be prefixed to all account books. He has always been a member of the Opposition. English Ministers are especially afraid of him when the debate is upon a vote of money. Even when Canning became Minister, Hume remained on the Opposition benches; and when the former had occasion in his speeches to mention a sum, he would always ask Huskisson, who sat beside him, in an undertone, "How much?" When he had received the whispered reply, he would repeat it aloud, looking at the same time in the direction of Joseph Hume, almost with a smile. But when King William broke his pledge, then Joseph Hume drew himself up to the full height of his stature, and, heroically as a god of freedom, spoke in language that sounded as powerfully and as solemnly as the bell of St. Paul's;

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and again his talk was of money, as he declared that "the nation should refuse to pay taxes;" and Parliament assented to the proposition of the great citizen.

IN POLITICS, as in life, we must above all things wish only for the attainable.

THE PEOPLE once belonged to the kings: now the kings belong to the people.

From "Lutetia: Letters on Politics, Art, and Social Life in France."

Louis Phlippe, Guizot, and Thiers. 1840.*

LOUIS PHILIPPE has learned in the school of the men of the Revolution those principles of modern expediency, that political Jesuitism, in which the Jacobins often surpassed the disciples of Loyola. To the acquisition of such principles is added a large fund of hereditary dissimulation, the tradition of his ancestors the French kings, those eldest sons of the Church, who, far more than other princes, have always been rendered pliant by the anointing oil of Rheims; who have always possessed more of the nature of the fox than of the lion, and who have invariably exhibited characters more or less sacerdotal. To this acquired and

* In the passages taken from "Lutetia" where dates are of importance for rightly understanding the context they are added to the marginal heading.—Tr.

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inherited simulation and dissimulation, Louis Philippe joins a natural disposition that renders it almost impossible to penetrate to his secret thoughts through the dense though well-meaning exterior, and the smiling flesh, that envelops them. But even did we succeed in obtaining a glimpse into the depths of the royal heart we should not thereby gain much, for, after all, it is never antipathy or sympathy toward such and such persons that determines the actions of Louis Philippe: he only yields to the force of circumstances—to necessity. He puts aside with almost cruel impartiality every personal incitation, he is stern toward himself, and if he is not autocratic as regards others, he is at least absolute master over himself. It is therefore of little political moment whether he is more or less attached to Guizot than to Thiers. He will avail himself of the services of the one or of the other according as the necessity arises, but not sooner and not later. I really cannot, therefore, say with certainty which of the two men is the more agreeable or the more disagreeable to the King. I believe they are both displeasing to him, and this from jealousy of their functions as Statesmen; for the King is himself a minister, who sees in them his constant rivals, and who fears that in the end they may come to be regarded as possessing greater political ability than himself. It is said that Guizot suits him better than Thiers, because the former is regarded with

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a certain unpopularity that rather pleases the King. But the puritanical manner, the lurking pride, the mingled tone of *doctrinaire* and pedagogue, the severe Calvinistic exterior of Guizot can possess but little attraction for him. In Thiers he encounters the very opposite qualities—an unrestrained levity, a capricious yet frank temperament that contrast almost insultingly with his own tortuous and hermetically sealed character, and must be equally little to his liking. Add to this that the King is fond of talking; so much so, that he willingly loses himself in an interminable prattle, which is very remarkable, since natures prone to dissimulation are usually taciturn. He must, therefore, experience a special dislike to Guizot, who never discusses, but always discourses, and who, after he has demonstrated his thesis, will listen with severe attention to the reply of the King, and even nod approval to his royal collocutor as if he had before him a scholar who is repeating a lesson to his satisfaction. The King fares even worse with Thiers, who, lost in the flow of his own eloquence, never allows him an opportunity for speaking. M. Thiers' language trickles forth continuously like wine from a cask of which the spigot has been left out; but the wine is always exquisite. When M. Thiers speaks, no one else can put in a single word. Only when he is in the act of shaving can any one hope to find in him an attentive auditor; only so long as the

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razor is at his throat is he silent and ready to listen to another's talk.

A Republic or a Monarchy? To what extent the sympathy awakened by Republicanism is perpetually repressed by pecuniary interests, became very apparent to me during a conversation which I had lately with a highly enlightened banker, who said to me with the greatest ardour :—"Who is there that denies the advantages of a Republican form of government? I myself am at times an out-and-out Republican. For, look you, when I thrust my hand into my right trousers pocket, where I carry my money, the mere contact with the cold metal causes me to shudder, I become anxious about my property, and feel strongly Monarchical; but if, on the contrary, I thrust my hand into the left trousers pocket, which is empty, all anxiety instantly disappears, I begin merrily to whistle the 'Marseillaise,' and am ready to vote for the Republic!"

Fashionable piety, 1840. LIKE the Republicans, the Legitimists are busily taking advantage of the present time of peace for disseminating their principles, and especially in the quiet soil of the provinces they are scattering broadcast the seed from which they expect their salvation to spring up. They anticipate the greatest results from a propagandism for re-establishing the authority of the Church

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by means of establishments for instruction, and from the subjugation of the intellect of the rural population. With the restoration of the faith of their ancestors, the privileges of their ancestors are to be restored. Thus, we see women of the highest birth making parade, as lady patronesses of religion, of their devout sentiments, endeavouring everywhere to win souls for heaven, and by their elegant example attracting the whole fashionable world to the churches. Indeed, the churches were never better filled than during last Easter. Devotion, in elegant costume, thronged especially to Saint Roche and Notre-Dame de Lorrette; here, a grand display of saintly magnificent toilets, there, the pious dandy with white kid gloves presenting the holy water to fair devotees, and here again, the graces kneeling in prayer. Will this be of long duration? Will not this religiosity, after having been the reigning *mode*, also speedily submit to a change of fashion? Is this flush on the cheeks of religion a sign of health? "God has many visitors to-day," said I to a friend last Sunday, as I beheld the crowd thronging toward the churches. "They are paying farewell visits," replied my incredulous friend.

Monsieur Thiers understands everything. It is a pity he has not made a study of German philosophy; this also he would have been able to elucidate.

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Voltaire's influence.

THE spiritual corrosion of Voltaire's criticism has exercised its dissolving influence in the Synagogue of the Jews, as well as in the Church of the Christians.

M. Thiers and the Eastern Question. 1840.

THE question of the Jews of Damascus* has served to place in a most miserable light the ignorance of the President of the Council [Thiers] with regard to Eastern affairs, a brilliant ignorance that may one day lead him to commit the gravest mistakes, when it is not a question of a petty Syrian massacre, but the great blood-stained question of the world, the fatal and inevitable problem that we call the "Eastern Question," which demands solution or the preparation for its solution. M. Thiers' conclusions are usually sound, but his premises are often false and unsubstantial as air. With regard to Eastern affairs his ideas are mere chimeras hatched under the burning sun of the fanatical convents of Lebanon, or such like refuges of superstition. It is the Ultramontane party that furnishes his emissaries, and these report to him marvellous things of the power of the Roman Catholic Christians in the East, while in reality, a general rising of these miserable Latin Christians would not disturb the slumber of a dog on a single Mussulman cemetery.

* The Jews of Damascus were accused by a too credulous French Consul of a massacre of Christians, and of having drunk the blood of their victims, and torture was inflicted to obtain a confession of the crime.—Tr.

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They are as powerless as they are despised. M. Thiers probably imagines that France, the traditionary guardian of these Latins, may one day acquire through them supremacy in the East. But on this matter the English are much better informed: they know that this pitiable rear-guard of the Middle Ages has lagged several centuries behind in the progress of civilization; that these Latins have sunk even lower than their masters, the Turks; and that on the fall of the Ottoman Empire, or even before that event, it will much rather be the followers of the Greek symbol who will determine the issue. The head of the Greek Christians is not that miserable fellow who bears the title "Patriarch of Constantinople," and whose predecessor was so ignominiously hanged between two dogs:—no! their head is the all-powerful Czar of Russia, Emperor and Pope over all the adherents of the only holy orthodox Greek faith: he is their mailed Messias who shall deliver them from the yoke of the infidels—their cannon-thunder God who shall one day plant their triumphal banner on the tower of the Great Mosque of Byzance. Yes! this is their political, as it is their religious, faith. Their dream is of a Russian-Greek Orthodox Universal Empire that shall stretch forth its arms from the Bosphorus over Europe, Asia, and Africa. And what is most terrible about the matter is, that their dream is no soap bubble to be dissipated by a breath of air; there lurks within it a possibility that

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stares at us with a petrifying glare like the head of Medusa. The words of Napoleon at St. Helena, that in the early future the world would belong either to the Republicans or to the Cossacks, form a most discouraging prophecy. What a prospect! to be doomed in the most favourable event to die of the monotony of an American Republic! Alas for our poor descendants!

The First Empire.

THE Napoleonic Empire was a neutral territory for men of the most heterogeneous opinions; it was a convenient bridge for those who by its means saved themselves from the torrent of the Revolution, and who during twenty years ran hither and thither upon it, undecided whether to settle on the right or the left bank of the tendencies of the time. The Napoleonic Empire was little more than an adventurous interregnum void of intellectual notabilities, and all its ideal glory is summed up in a single man, who, after all, was himself nothing but a brilliant event, whose significance is even yet half shrouded in mystery. This material interregnum accorded well with the necessities of the time. How easy it was for French *sansculottists* to don the gaily braided breeches of the Empire! With what facility did they afterwards hang up their plummed hats and gilt laced coats of fame upon a nail, to snatch up again the old red caps and the "Rights of Man!" And the half-famished emigrants, the proud no-

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bles of the royalist party, had no need to renounce their inborn courtly manners in exchanging the service of Louis XVI. for that of Napoleon I.; or again, after turning their backs upon the latter, in doing homage to the legitimate sovereign, Louis XVIII.

The *Thousand and One Nights.* 1840.

"HAVE you read the Book of Baruch?" With this question on his lips ran La Fontaine one day through the streets of Paris, stopping each of his acquaintances to inform him of the great news that the Book of Baruch was exceedingly fine—indeed, one of the best things that had ever been written. People stared at him in amazement and laughed, probably much in the same fashion as I fancy I can see you laugh on receiving by to-day's post the important announcement which I now make, that the *Thousand and One Nights* is one of the best of books, and especially useful and instructive at the present time. For from this book one comes to know the East better than from all the descriptions of Lamartine, Poujoulat and Company; and though this knowledge may not be sufficient to enable one to solve the Eastern Question, it serves, at least, to gladden us a little in the midst of our Western misery! One feels in such a happy mood as he reads this book! Its mere framing is more precious than the best pictures of the Occident.

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Louis Blanc's doctrine of equality.

LOUIS BLANC is of a sober temperament; he seems to deny all enjoyment to his own little body, and therefore wishes to introduce into the State a general equality of cookery by which the same Spartan black soup will be prepared for us all. What is still more dreadful, he would have the giant receive the same small portion that the dwarf enjoys. No! I thank thee, oh modern Lycurgus! It is true, we are all brothers, but I am the big brother and you are the little brother, and it is but proper that I should have the larger share.*

Louis Philippe on exhibition.

I WELL remember that immediately after my arrival in Paris I hastened to the Palais Royal, in order to see Louis Philippe. A friend who accompanied me informed me that the king now appeared on the terrace only at certain hours, but that formerly, and until a few weeks previously, one could see him at any time for the sum of five francs. "For five francs?" I exclaimed in astonishment. "Does he exhibit himself for money?" "No; but he *is* exhibited for money, and in this way: there is a society of *claqueurs*, sellers of theatre tickets and other rascals of that sort, who offer to show the king to any stranger for the sum of five francs; for

* In the French edition the following is substituted for this last sentence:—"It is true that men are born equal, but their organs of digestion are not equal, and there are some that have aristocratic nerves of taste, and prefer truffles to the most virtuous potatoes."—Tr.

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ten francs, one may see him raising his eyes to heaven and laying his hand on his heart with protestations of sincerity; while for twenty francs one may hear him sing the 'Marseillaise.' Now, should any one give these fellows five francs, they set up shouts of 'Long live the King' beneath the windows of the royal apartments, whereupon His Majesty appears upon the terrace, bows, and retires again. But should you give the scoundrels ten francs, they shout much louder and conduct themselves as if possessed, whereupon the king appears as before, and in token of his deep emotion raises his eyes toward heaven and lays his hand protestingly upon his heart. Englishmen, however, often go the length of twenty francs, upon which the enthusiasm rises to the highest pitch; and the moment that the king steps forth upon the terrace, the fellows begin to sing the 'Marseillaise' and bellow so unmercifully that Louis Philippe, probably to put an end to the concert, bows, raises his eyes to heaven, lays his hand upon his heart, and joins in singing the 'Marseillaise.'" Whether he also beats time with his foot, as is asserted, I cannot say. Nor can I altogether guarantee the truth of this anecdote. The friend that related it to me has been dead seven years; for seven years, therefore, he has told no untruths.

The position of Germany.

BETWEEN England and the wrath of the French lies the sea; between France and

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Russia lies Germany: and we poor Germans, through the accident of situation, are obliged to fight for things that do not concern us—for nothing at all, even for the Emperor's beard. Ah! were it even only for the beard of an Emperor!

The Eastern Question.

THE Russians give themselves but little concern whether England swallows up the whole of India by degrees, or even whether she becomes mistress of China itself. The day will come when England will be compelled to resign her booty to the Russians, who are fortifying themselves in the Crimea, have made themselves masters of the Black Sea, and never lose sight of their ultimate goal—the possession of the Bosphorus and of Constantinople. The covetous glances of the Muscovites are directed toward ancient Byzance. The capture of this city is for them not only a political, but also a religious, mission. On the banks of the Bosphorus shall their Emperor bring all the nations of the earth under subjection to his sceptre of thongs—that sceptre suppler and stronger than steel, which is called the *knout*. Can it be possible that Constantinople is of such paramount importance, and that the possession of this city may decide the fate of the world? A friend said to me the other day:—"In Rome are kept the keys of the kingdom of heaven, but in Constantinople are the keys of the kingdom of earth: whoever obtains posses-

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sion of it will be master of the whole world."* Alas! how terrible is this Eastern Question! It rises before us, at the least commotion, like a mocking spectre! If we try to anticipate and to obviate the dangers that threaten us, we find ourselves involved in war; if, on the other hand, we are content to sit patiently watching the progress of the evil, the certain result is slavery. It is a fearful dilemma. Pursue what course she may, this poor maiden Europa—whether with wisdom she remains ever watching by her lamp, or like a foolish virgin falls asleep and lets it go out, for her there is no day of joy.

Napoleon—the last of the old heroes.

THE Emperor is dead and buried. Let us praise him and sing of his deeds, but let us, at the same time, thank God that he is dead. In him died the last hero after the old fashion, and modern Philistinism breathes freely, as if released from a brilliant nightmare. Over his tomb springs up the era of Industrialism—an era that admires quite other heroes, as, for example, the virtuous Lafayette or James Watt.

French characteristics.

THE French attack every problem in its essential point, and do not let it rest until they have either solved it or set it aside as insolvable.

* The first portion of this extract is taken from the French version, and was probably written shortly before the outbreak of the Crimean War. It does not appear in the German version. The remainder of the extract is given in both French and German texts, and is to be found in a letter dated 31st January, 1841.—Tr.

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Such is the character of French intellect, and thus it comes that their history develops itself like a judicial process. What a systematic, logical sequence runs through all the events of the French Revolution There was really a method in their revolutionary madness; and historians of the school of Mignet, who attribute but little importance to chance and human passions, represent even the most frantic outbursts that have taken place since 1789 as the result of absolute necessity. This so-called fatalistic school is on its appropriate soil in France, and its books are as truthful as they are easily intelligible. Were the views and methods of thought common to the writers of this school adopted with reference to Germany, the result would be the production of very erroneous and useless historical works. For the Germans, in their dread of every species of innovation the consequences of which cannot be distinctly foreseen, either avoid as long as possible the discussion of every important political question, or endeavour to effect a temporary adjustment of such questions until they accumulate and complicate themselves into such a tangled coil that, like the Gordian knot, they can be finally loosed only by the sword. Heaven forbid that I should seek to make this a reproach against the great German people, for do I not know that this perplexity of affairs springs from a virtue in which the French are deficient? The more ignorant a nation is, the more

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rashly does it plunge into the stream of action : the more learned and reflective a people is, the longer does it continue to sound the depths and shoals which it fords with prudent steps, or even remains trembling on the bank because unable to fathom the flood, or because terrified at the prospect of a national cold in the head from the effects of a wetting. In the end it matters little that our progress is slow, or that we lose a few short centuries by standing still, for the future belongs to the German race—a long and mighty future. The French act with such rapidity, and seize the present opportunity with such haste, perhaps because they have a presentiment that for them the twilight has begun to fall : they finish in haste their day's labour. But the part they play is still a beautiful one, and the other nations form the worshipful public that witnesses as a spectator the French political and social comedy. This public is occasionally seized with a desire to express somewhat loudly its approval or its disapproval, or even to mount the stage and take part in the piece. But the French always continue to be the principal actors in the great world drama, whether they are saluted with laurel wreaths or with rotten apples. No! France has not yet done with her drama, but, like all nations, like humanity itself, she is not eternal; she has already, perhaps, passed the zenith of her splendour, and a change has come over her to which we cannot be blind. Wrinkles are beginning to appear on her smooth

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forehead, grey hairs are to be seen on that head once so full of frivolity, which now droops in careworn fashion; for she is no longer occupied exclusively with the things of to day—she is concerned about the morrow.

The possession of the Dardanelles. 1841.

THE so-called question of the Dardanelles is of the highest importance, not only for the great European powers, but for us all, for the least as well as for the greatest, for Reuss-Schleiz-Greiz as well as for all-powerful Austria, for the humblest cobbler as well as for the richest currier; for the fate of the world itself depends upon it, and this question must be settled in one way or another on the shores of the Dardanelles. So long as it remains unsolved, Europe will continue to suffer from a secret disease, which will leave her no rest, and which will terminate in a catastrophe the more terrible the longer it is delayed. The question of the Dardanelles is only one symptom of the whole Eastern Question, of the question of the Turkish inheritance, the deep-seated disease with which we are smitten, the poisonous matter which is festering in the body politic of Europe, and which unfortunately can be extirpated only by the surgery of the sword. Even when they are discussing quite other subjects, all the great rulers of Europe are casting anxious glances toward the Sublime Porte, toward the old Byzance, Stamboul, Constantinople—for the plague-spot has many names. Had the

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principle of the sovereignty of the people already received the sanction of public law in Europe, the breaking up of the Ottoman Empire would be less dangerous for the rest of the world, since, in that case, the individual races of the dissolved empire would speedily themselves elect their particular rulers, and continue to let themselves be governed as well as might be. But throughout the greater part of Europe the doctrine of Absolutism still prevails; people and country are regarded as the property of the prince, and this property can be acquired only by the law of the strongest, by the *ultima ratio regis*—the law of the cannon. What wonder then that none of the high potentates of Europe is willing to permit the great inheritance to be absorbed by Russia, and that each is eager to have his share of the Oriental cake! The appetite of each will be whetted as he beholds the barbarians of the North gorging themselves, and the pettiest duodecimo German prince will at least put in a claim for beer-money. Such are the motives of human nature that necessarily render the fall of Turkey pernicious for the world at large. As for the political considerations that render it impossible for England, France, and Austria in particular, to allow Russia to establish herself at Constantinople, they are apparent to every schoolboy.

Rothschild.

M. DE ROTHSCHILD is in reality the best political thermometer. I might say that in

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this respect he possesses, as a prophet of good or bad weather, a talent as natural and as infallible as that of the frog; but such a comparison might be regarded as want ing in respect. And assuredly one cannot help feeling respect for this man, were it only on account of the respect that he inspires in the minds of the majority of his fellow-men. I like best to visit him in the offices of his bank, where, as a philosopher, I have an opportunity of observing how people—and not the people of God only, but all other people—bow and beck before him. Such a bending and twisting of the spinal column as the cleverest acrobats could hardly surpass! I have seen people, who, when they approached the great Baron, quivered as if experiencing a shock from a voltaic battery. Even before the threshold of his private room many are seized with a shudder of veneration, such as Moses felt on the Mount of Horeb when he perceived that he was standing upon holy ground. M. de Rothschild's private room is indeed a wonderful place; it awakens elevated thoughts and sublime feelings, like the prospect of the wide expanse of ocean, or of the starry sky, or of great mountains or vast forests: we see here how little is man, and how great is God! For money is the god of our time, and Rothschild is his prophet.

The Vendôme Column. December, 1841.

DOES the Vendôme Column stand quite securely? I cannot tell; but it stands

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on the right spot, in harmony with its surroundings. It has a firm foundation in the national soil, and whatever attaches itself to that, has a strong support. But, a perfectly secure one? No, for here in France no thing is quite secure. Once already did the storm overthrow from the top of the Vendôme Column its capital—the iron man that crowns the pillar, and should the Communists succeed to power, the same thing may happen yet again. Nay, it is even possible that the radical fury of equality may overthrow the Column itself, in order that this memorial and symbol of military glory should be razed from the face of the earth.* No man, and no work of man, shall be permitted to tower above a certain communistic standard, and architecture, as well as epic poetry, is threatened with destruction. "Wherefore a monument to ambitious murderers of nations?"—thus did I hear some one exclaim on the occasion of the exhibition of models for the mausoleum of the Emperor. "Why take the money of the famishing people, since we shall certainly destroy even this when the time comes?" Yea, the dead hero should have remained at St. Helena, and I would not guarantee that his tomb may not one day be broken to fragments, and his ashes cast into the fair river on whose bank he desired to repose so sentimentally—the Seine!

* What a striking fulfilment of this prophecy took place on the 16th of May 1871, during the shortlived supremacy of the Communists!—Tr.

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The future of humanity.

THE FUTURE smells strongly of Russia leather and of blood, of godlessness, and of a vast deal of flogging. I recommend our descendants to come into the world with very thick skins upon their backs.

Heine's opinion of Englishmen.

THE English in general, thorough-bred Englishmen—(may God forgive me the sin!)—I detest with my whole soul, and sometimes I cannot even consider them as my fellow men, but look upon them as tiresome automata, as machines whose internal main-spring is egotism. It then seems to me as if I could hear the sound of the mechanism by which they think, feel, calculate, digest, and pray. Their prayers, their mechanical Anglican devotion, their church-going with gilded prayer-book under their arms, their absurd and wearisome Sunday observances, their awkward piety is especially repugnant to me. I am firmly persuaded that a blaspheming Frenchman is a more agreeable spectacle in the sight of God, than a praying Englishman! *

* This is one of Heine's bitterest attacks on the English character. His only visit to this country was of too short a duration to enable him to overcome prejudices, that are to this day very strong on the Continent, particularly in France. In his later years, after he had formed the intimate acquaintance of refined English men and women, he often expressed regret that his judgments of the English had been so severe and unjust. The passage would have been omitted from this volume—like others of a similar nature—were it not that it is often quoted, and frequently misquoted against us as a nation, and it is well in such a case to know the precise language made use of by Heine.—Tr.

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Chartists and Communists.

IN Chartism we see revealed the hypocrisy and the practical sense of the English as contrasted with the French. The Chartists conceal their terrorism under legal forms, whereas the Communists declare it frankly and openly. But the latter modestly hesitate to give its real name to the ultimate consequences of their principle, and one finds in discussing with their leaders that they repudiate all intention of seeking to abolish property, and maintain, on the contrary, that their desire is to establish property on a broader basis—to bestow upon it a more comprehensive organisation. But I fear that through the zeal of such organisers property will shrink so much that at last nothing will be left but the "broad basis." "I will confess the truth to you," said a Communistic friend to me lately; "property will in no wise be abolished, but it will receive a new definition."

New Year wishes.

I AM writing these lines during the last hours of the wicked dying year [1842]. The New Year is standing at the door. May it be less cruel than its predecessor! I send my most sorrowful good wishes for the New Year across the Rhine. I wish for the foolish a little wisdom, and for the wise a little leaven of poesy. For the women I wish the prettiest of dresses, and for the men much patience. For the rich I wish a heart to feel, and for the poor a morsel of bread.

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But above all, I wish that in this New Year we may speak as little evil of one another as possible.

The great camel question.

"How are you?" inquired a German poet one day of the Baron Rothschild. "I have lost my reason," replied the latter. "I will not believe it," said the poet, "until I have seen you throwing your money out of the window." But the baron interrupted him with a sigh;—"Alas! it is precisely the nature of my madness, that I do not sometimes throw my money out of the window." How miserable are the rich in this life; and after death they may not enter heaven. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." This saying of the divine Communist is a terrible anathema, and testifies to his bitter hatred against the *bourse* and *haute finance* of Jerusalem. The world swarms with philanthropists, there are societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and very much is done to alleviate the miseries of the poor; but for the rich, who are even more to be pitied, nothing is done. Instead of prizes for essays on the culture of the silk-worm, stall-feeding and the philosophy of Kant, our learned societies should announce a prize of considerable value for the solution of the problem—How to get a camel through the eye of a needle? Until this great camel question is settled and the rich obtain some prospect of

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entering the kingdom of heaven, no effectual remedy for the poor can be devised. The rich would become less stony-hearted if they had a better hope than that of mere earthly happiness, and were not so much tempted to envy the poor who can look forward to an eternal life *in floribus.* The rich say—"How can we be expected to do anything for the beggarly rabble on earth, since they will one day be better off than we are, and since there is certainly no chance of our meeting them after death?" The poor say—"Did the rich know that up above they should be our fellow house-mates through eternity, they would surely give themselves some concern about us here below, and would take heed not to ill-treat us too much." Before all things, therefore, let us solve the great camel question!

The "Rights of Man."

I REMEMBER that when I visited the old Lafayette, about twelve years ago, and was in the act of taking leave, he pressed into my hand a paper, and as he did so he had all the confident air of a miracle doctor handing me the elixir of life. It was the well-known "Declaration of the Rights of Man," which the old General had brought with him from America sixty years before, and which he still continued to regard as the panacea destined to effect a radical cure for the whole world. But no! the sick man is not made well by a mere prescription, however indispensable to

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the cure that may be; he needs the apothecary's skill in preparing the mixture and the nurse's zealous care; he needs rest and time.

"Here lies a German poet."

WHEN I think of the so-called French lyrical poetry, then do I begin fully to recognise the splendour of German poetry, and I can then pride myself a little in having won my laurels within its domain. We German poets need yield no single leaf from our wreaths; and the stone-mason who has to decorate our last resting place with an inscription, will find none to gainsay him when he inscribes thereon the words: "Here lies a German Poet."

ONLY through some manifestation of PASSION can men earn fame on earth. A single action, a single word, is sufficient; but the action and the word must bear the impress of passion. Even accidental contact with great passionate events confers immortal renown.

Rome and Christianity.

HAD it been my lot to live as a simple Roman citizen in the time of Nero, and to have been correspondent for the *Post* of Bœotia or for the unofficial *Chronicle* of Abdera, my colleagues would doubtless have had frequent occasion for witty comment on the facts, that I could furnish no information about the State intrigues of the Queen mother, that I was always silent about the brilliant banquets at which the Jewish

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King Agrippa entertained the diplomatic corps of Rome every Saturday; and that, on the contrary, I was continually talking about certain Galileans, an obscure handful of people, consisting mostly of slaves and of old women whose witless lives were passed under persecution and in foolish visions, and who were disavowed even by the Jews. My well-informed colleagues would certainly have indulged in much ironical laughter if, in referring by chance to the Court entertainment of Cæsar, at which his august Majesty himself played the fiddle, I had nothing more important to relate than that certain of these Galileans, after being covered with pitch, were set on fire in order to illumine the gardens of the Golden Palace. It was, however, a very significant illumination, and it was an awful, a truly Roman piece of wit, to utilise the so-called obscurantists as lights at these antique scenes of festival. But the witticism is turned to shame. These human torches scattered sparks of fire, whereby the Roman world, with all its rotten grandeur, was consumed in flame. The number of that obscure handful of people became legion; and in the conflict with them the legions of Cæsar were compelled to lay down their arms, and the whole empire, the sovereignty by land and by sea, now belongs to the Galileans.

TARTUFE—the pious man, canonised by Molière.

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Poverty of the great Socialists.

PIERRE LEROUX is poor, as were also Saint Simon and Fourier, and the providential poverty of these great Socialists has enriched the earth—enriched it with treasures of thought, opening up for us new worlds of pleasure and of happiness. The wretched poverty of the last years of Saint Simon's life, is universally known. While he was occupied with his great patient, suffering humanity, devising alleviations for its eighteen century-old malady, he himself at times fell sick of sheer misery, and only prolonged his life by begging. Fourier too was obliged to have recourse to the charity of friends, and many a time have I seen him in his thread-bare grey coat stalking hastily along by the columns of the Palais Royal, with both pockets heavily laden; from the one projecting the neck of a bottle, from the other a big loaf of bread. A friend, who first pointed him out to me, drew my attention to the indigence of this man which obliged him to fetch his wine himself from the wine merchant, and his bread from the baker. "How comes it," said I, "that such men, such benefactors of the human race, famish in France?" "In truth," replied my friend with a sarcastic smile, "it does little credit to the much vaunted land of intelligence, and such a thing would certainly not happen with us in Germany; for our Government would lose no time in taking people holding such principles under its special protection, and would provide for their board and lodging during

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the remainder of their lives, in the fortress of Spandau, or in that of Spielberg."

The first king and the first banker.

A POET has said that "the first king was a fortunate soldier."* With regard to the founders of modern financial dynasties, we may perhaps assert more prosaically, that the first banker was a fortunate scoundrel.

The coachmen of China and the philosophers of Europe.

IN China the very coachmen are polite. When in a narrow street their coaches come into collision, and shafts and wheels get entangled, they do not fall to abusing and cursing one another as our cabmen do. Instead of this they descend quietly from their places on the box, bob and bow to each other, exchange various compliments, and then set themselves mutually to extricate their vehicles; after everything is put to rights, they again bob and bow, bid each other adieu, and go on their way. Not our cabmen merely, but also our men of learning might take a lesson from this. When these gentlemen come into collision with one another they do not indulge in much compliment, nor do they make the slightest attempt to understand

* "Le premier qui fut roi, fut un soldat hereux."
Voltaire.—Merope, Act I., Sc. III.

"What can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier?"
Scott.—Woodstock, Vol. II., chap. 37.—Tr.

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one another, but curse and swear just like the cabmen of Europe. And this miserable exhibition is most frequently presented by theologians and philosophers, although to the former are especially commanded the doctrines of humility and forbearance; while the first lessons that ought to be learned by the latter, in the school of reason, are patience and moderation.

Ritualism.

I have certainly no special favour for the Ultramontanes, but I must candidly confess that, in spite of their gloomy and relentless fanaticism, they are less hateful to me than those tolerant amphibians of faith and science, those ritualistic believers* whose delight it is to have their drowsy souls tickled by ecclesiastical music and pictures of saints; or, than those *dilettanti* of religion who talk so sentimentally about the Church, without shewing any desire to conform rigidly to its dogmas, who merely flirt with the sacred symbols, but shrink from any serious communion with them, and whom the French call *Catholiques marrons* ("Catholic interlopers.") These last are at present crowding the fashionable churches, such as the Madeleine and Notre Dame de Lorette—those holy boudoirs furnished in the daintiest rococo style, where the censers give forth the perfume of lavender, where the confessionals are luxuri-

* The word in the original is *Kunstgläubigen*, or "artistic believers;" but the word and the thing called Ritualism are precisely what Heine had in view.—Tr.

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ously upholstered, where everything is pervaded by rose-coloured light and languishing music, everywhere flowers and wanton angels, a coquettish devotion fanning itself with Boucher and Watteau fans—a Pompadour Christianity.

The physician's last resort.

WHEN the son of Æsculapius has exhausted his skill upon his patient, he sends him to a Spa with a long prescription of treatment, which is nothing else than an open letter of introduction to chance!

From "Art Notes from Paris: French Painters."

Ary Scheffer.

ARY SCHEFFER'S enemies insinuate that he paints with nothing but snuff and green soap. I cannot say how far this opinion is unjust. His brown shades are often very affected, and miss the Rembrandtesque light effects which he intends to produce. His faces have nearly all that unfortunate hue which our own countenances have so often presented when, sleepy and out of humour, we have looked at ourselves in the green mirror invariably to be found in old hostelries, where the mail coach stops in the morning. But if we examine Scheffer's pictures more attentively and more leisurely we become accustomed to this peculiarity, we find the

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ensemble of his work to be full of poetry, and we observe a warmth of sentiment struggling through the sombre colouring, like the sun's rays through clouds of mist.

Robespierre.

ROBESPIERRE'S external appearance was always trim and polished like the blade of the guillotine; inwardly, too, his heart was disinterested, incorruptible, and consistent as the blade of the guillotine. This inexorable severity was not insensibility, but virtue—the virtue of Junius Brutus, whom our heart condemns, but whom our reason admires with a feeling of horror. Robespierre had even a special fondness for Camille Desmoulins, his school companion, whom he caused to be executed when this *Fanfaron de la liberté* took to preaching an unseasonable moderation, and began to develop weaknesses dangerous to the State. While Camille's blood was flowing on the Place de Grève, the tears of Maximilian may also have flowed in his lonely chamber. This is no mere hackneyed figure of speech. I was told lately by a friend that Bourdon de l'Oise related to him that one day on entering the room where the Committee of Public Safety held its sittings, he found Robespierre quite alone, lost in reflection, in front of his writing table, and weeping bitterly.*

* Heine's *Notes on Art* are scarcely in keeping with their title. They are interspersed with vignettes of the characters of the persons, and reflections suggested by the scenes, represented in the works of the artist he is criticising. These incidental passages are often of greater value than his art criticisms.—Tr.

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The Goddess of Liberty.

"PAPA!" exclaimed a little Carlist girl, [as father and child were standing before Delacroix's picture, *The Revolution of July*,] "Papa! who is the dirty woman with the red cap?" "Well, really," replied the noble papa, with a softly derisive smile, "really, my dear child, she has nothing to do with the purity of the lilies: she is the Goddess of Liberty." "But, papa, she does not wear even a chemise!" "A true Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, seldom possesses a chemise, and is on that account very bitter against all who wear clean linen.

The function of reason in art and in life.

REASON exercises merely the function of preserving order—is, so to say, the police in the region of art. In life, it is mostly a cold arithmetician summing up our follies. Alas! it is too often the accountant in bankruptcy of the broken heart calmly reckoning the deficit.

Delaroche's *Cromwell regarding the body of King Charles.*

DELAROCHE'S picture represents a scene from that awful tragedy which has also been translated into French; which has cost so many tears on this as well as on the other side of the channel; and which has likewise deeply moved German spectators. In the picture we see both heroes of the piece, the one as a corpse in his coffin, the other in the vigour of life in the act of raising the pall in order to gaze on his dead

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enemy. Or have we perhaps before us not the heroes themselves, but merely tragedians playing the part appointed for them by the Director of the Universe, and representing, it may be unconsciously to themselves, two hostile principles? The dead wear on their countenances an aspect that makes the living, when they appear beside them, seem of less significance; for the dead have always an air of cold and passionless distinction. Men cannot but feel this, and out of respect for the higher rank of the dead the guard is called out to present arms when a corpse is being borne past, be it only the corpse of the meanest cobbler. We can readily understand, therefore, how unfavourable is the position of Cromwell in any comparison with the dead king. For, the latter, glorified by his recent martyrdom, sanctified by the majesty of misfortune, his neck encircled by the purple stain of his precious blood, the kiss of Melpomene on his lips, forms an overwhelming contrast to the grossly robust figure of the living Puritan. The costume, too, of Cromwell, contrasts strikingly with the last signs of splendour that surround fallen majesty, the rich silken cushions in the coffin, the elegance of the dazzlingly white shroud with its ornamentation of Brabant lace. What a mighty world-agony has the artist here pourtrayed by a few touches of his brush! There lies miserably bleeding all the splendour of that royalty, once the consolation and the ornament of humanity. The life of England has since

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that day become pale and sad, and affrighted poesy fled from the land which she was formerly wont to adorn with her gayest colours. How deeply did I feel this as once at midnight I passed the fatal window of Whitehall, and felt the humid chilly prose of England's modern life freezing my veins! How came it that my soul did not experience the like feelings as I crossed but lately, and for the first time, that terrible square on which Louis XVI. was put to death? I fancy it must have been because the latter when he died was no longer a king, because ere his head fell he had already lost his crown. But King Charles lost his crown only with his head. He believed in this crown, and in the absolute right for which he fought as a brave and handsome cavalier. He died in the pride of nobility, protesting against the legality of the tribunal that condemned him—a true martyr of royalty by the grace of God. The poor Bourbon had not this glory: his head had before his death been decrowned by a Jacobin cap; he had ceased to believe in himself, he believed firmly in the competency of his judges; he could but protest his innocence. He was, it is true, a man of citizen virtue, a good and rather portly father of a family. His death has a sentimental rather than a tragic character. He reminds one too strongly of August Lafontaine's family romances.*—A tear for Louis Capet, a laurel for Charles Stuart.

* August Lafontaine, a German novelist, wrote more than one hundred and thirty volumes of maudlin fiction, which enjoyed considerable popularity in the beginning of the present century.—Tr.

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Cromwell and Napoleon.

To institute a parallel between Cromwell and Napoleon would be unjust to both: for Napoleon remained free from the highest of crimes: (the execution of the Duke d' Enghien was only an assassination). Cromwell, on the other hand, never sank so low as to let himself be anointed Emperor by a priest, nor as a recreant son of the Revolution did he gallant with the crowned relatives of the Cæsars. In the life of the one there is a stain of blood, in the life of the other a stain of oil. Yet each felt deeply his secret guilt. Buonaparte, who might have become the Washington of Europe, and only became its Napoleon, never felt at ease in his imperial mantle of purple; the spectre of freedom haunted him like the ghost of a murdered mother; her voice was always ringing in his ears; at night she drove him in terror from his couch and from the embraces of the espoused legitimacy: then might he be seen stalking through the empty, re-sounding chambers of the Tuileries, raging and storming, and when in the morning, pale and exhausted, he took his place in the Council of State, he would complain of ideology, and always of ideology, and of most dangerous ideology, and Corvisart would shake his head. When Cromwell, likewise unable to sleep peaceably, strode anxiously through the rooms of Whitehall, it was not, as devout cavaliers supposed, a bleeding royal spectre that pursued him, but the fear of corporeal avengers of his

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guilt; he dreaded the material daggers of his enemies, and so wore under his doublet an iron corslet, and became more and more distrustful, until at last appeared the pamphlet, "Killing, no Murder." From that moment Oliver Cromwell ceased to smile.

HE who fears to venture as far as his heart urges and his reason permits, is a COWARD: he who ventures further than he intended to go, is a SLAVE.

From "Confidential Letters to August Lewald on the French Stage."

Heine and the sun.

I CAN dispense with everybody in this world except, possibly, the sun and myself; for without these two personages, I can imagine no spring, nor any zephyrs of springtime, no *grisettes*, and no German literature! The whole world would else be nothing but a yawning void, the shadow of a cipher, the dream of a flea, a poem by Carl Streckfuss!

Mental and physical pain.

ALAS! mental torture is easier to be endured than physical pain; and were I offered the alternative between a bad conscience and an aching tooth, I should choose the former.

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The old French drama.

I AM very far from rejecting absolutely the earlier French tragedy. I respect Corneille and I love Racine: they have left masterpieces that will remain on eternal pedestals in the Temple of Art. But for the theatre their time is past. They have fulfilled their mission before an audience of gentlemen, who loved to regard themselves as the heirs of ancient heroism, or who, at least, did not discard this heroism with *bourgeois* pettiness. Even under the Empire, the heroes of Corneille and of Racine might count upon the fullest sympathy when they appeared before the box of the great Emperor, and played their parts before a pit-full of kings. These days are past; the old aristocracy is dead; Napoleon also is dead, and the throne is nothing but an ordinary wooden chair covered with red velvet; and now the *bourgeoisie* is sovereign and the heroes are those of Paul de Kock and of Eugène Scribe.

Victor Hugo.

VICTOR HUGO has imagination and spirit, combined with a want of taste never found among the French, but only among us Germans. There is a total absence of harmony in his genius, and he abounds in inelegant excrescences like Grabbe and Jean Paul. He is wanting in that beautiful sense of moderation which we admire in the classical authors.

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His muse in spite of its majesty, is embarrassed by a kind of German helplessness. I might say the same of his muse that we say of a beautiful Englishwoman: she has two left hands.

FRANCE—the Gascony of Europe.

Originality.

NOTHING is more foolish than the reproach of plagiarism. There is no sixth commandment in art. The poet is entitled to lay his hands upon whatever material he finds necessary for his work; he may even appropriate whole pillars with their sculptured capitals, if only the temple is magnificent for which he employs them as supports. Goethe well knew this; aye, and Shakespeare before him. Nothing can be more absurd than to declare that a poet should find all his materials within himself, and that this alone is originality. I recollect a fable in which the spider conversing with the bee makes it a reproach against the latter that she has to collect from a thousand flowers the materials for the construction of her honeycomb, and the preparation of her honey; "Whereas I," says the spider triumphantly, "draw the original threads of my whole web out of my own body."

French actors.

FRENCH actors surpass the actors of every other country, and they do so for the natural

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reason that all Frenchmen are born comedians. They have such a talent for readily assuming every character in life, and of lending such grace to it, as is a pleasure to behold. The whole of French history sometimes appears to me like a great comedy played for the benefit of humanity. In life, as in literature and in the plastic arts, the theatrical is the predominant characteristic of the French.

Convictions and opinions.

As I was standing lately before the cathedral of Amiens, in company with a friend who was regarding with mingled feelings of awe and pity this monument, whose colossal proportions testify to the strength of giants, and its sculptured ornamentation to the unwearied patience of dwarfs, my friend at last inquired of me how it came that now-a-days we are incapable of rearing such edifices. I replied: "My dear Alphonse, men in those olden days had convictions, we moderns have only opinions; and something more than a mere opinion is necessary to the erection of such a Gothic cathedral."

The world and the artist.

THE Artist is the fabled child of popular legend, whose tears are all pearls. Alas! his wicked step-mother, the World, beats the poor child the more unmercifully in order that he may weep plenty of pearls.

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Instruction dearly bought.

INSTRUCTION is always dearly bought, and the little Bianca is right. This eight-year-old daughter of Meyerbeer envies the careless idleness of other little boys and girls whom she sees playing in the street, and the other day expressed herself in this wise: "What a misfortune it is that I have such well-educated parents! From morning till night I have to learn all sorts of things by heart, and to sit still and be good, whereas uneducated children are allowed to run about outside there, and amuse themselves happily all the day long."

VICTO HUGO is an Egoist, or, to use a stronger term, he is a Hugoist.

From "Musical Notes from Paris."

FRANZ LISZT'S playing often seems to me like a melodious agony of the spirit-world.

CHOPIN—the Raphael of the piano.

MATRIMONY—the high sea for which no compass has yet been invented.

From "Ludwig Boerne: a Memoir."

Prose writing.

FOR the writing of perfect prose there is requisite, among other things, a great mastery

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over metrical forms. Without such mastery a prose writer will be deficient in a certain tact, he will permit word combinations, expressions, *cæsuræ*, and phrases, that are only admissible in poetry, to escape him, and the result will be a secret discordance, which may offend a few, but these very delicate, ears.

Heine's longing for rest.*

I AM weary and yearn for rest. I shall certainly procure for myself a German night-cap and pull it over my ears. If I only knew where, at this present time, to lay my head. In Germany? That is impossible. Every instant I should be disturbed by a policeman giving me a shake to ascertain whether I was really asleep: the very idea of this destroys all my peace of mind. But whither indeed shall I betake myself? Back again to the South? To the land where the citron and the orange blooms? Alas! before every citron tree stands an Austrian sentinel, and thunders forth his terrible "Who goes there?" Or shall I go Northwards? Or toward the North-east? Alas! the polar bears, the Russians, are more dangerous than ever, since they have become civilised, and have begun to wear kid gloves. Or shall I return to England, where I would

* This extract is taken from a letter (one of a series to Börne from the Island of Heligoland) dated 1st July, 1830. These letters, included in the volume on Börne in the German edition, are more appropriately placed at the beginning of the second volume entitled, *De l'Allemagne*, in the French version of Heine's works.—Tr.

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not choose to be hanged in effigy, much less to live in person? One ought to be paid for living in England, but, instead of that, the expense of sojourning there is double what it is elsewhere. No! never let me return to that abominable country, where the machines conduct themselves like men, and the men like machines. The noise of the former and the silence of the latter are equally distressing. When I was presented to the Governor of Heligoland, after this typical Englishman had stood before me for several minutes motionless and silent, I felt unconsciously tempted to get behind him in order to see whether they had not forgotten to wind up this machine. Or shall I betake myself to America, to that huge prison of freedom, where the invisible fetters would be more galling to me than the visible ones at home, and where the most odious of all tyrants, the mob, exercises its brutal authority? Thou knowest what I think of this accursed land, which I used to love before I understood it. And yet my trade of liberator compels me publicly to praise and extol this country! Oh! you good German peasants, go to America! You will there find neither princes nor nobles, all men are alike there—all are equally churls—except, indeed, a few millions whose skins are black or brown, and who are treated like dogs!

The Bible and the Jews.

ALTHOUGH at heart a Hellenist, I have derived not only entertainment, but also

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solid edification from the Bible. What a book it is! Vast as the universe, striking its roots into the very depths of creation, and towering aloft into the mysterious blue of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death—the whole drama of humanity is to be found in this book. It is the book of Books, *Biblia*. The Jews might easily console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem and the Temple and the Ark of the Covenant, the sacred jewels of the High Priest and the golden vases of Solomon. Such a loss is but trifling compared with the Bible, the indestructible treasure that they saved. If I mistake not, it was Mohammed who called the Jews "The People of the Book"—a name that still clings to them in Eastern countries and is of profound significance. A book is their fatherland, their possession, their ruler, their happiness, and their misfortune. They live within the fenced enclosure of this book, where they exercise their inalienable right of citizenship; they cannot be driven from this sacred domain nor made to suffer contumely within it; here, they are strong and admirable. Immersed in the perusal of this book, they gave but little heed to the changes that took place around them in the actual world. Nations rose and fell, States flourished and became extinct, the storms of revolution swept across the earth, but they, the Jews, prostrate over their book, noticed not the wild chase of time pursuing its mad career above their heads! As the Prophet

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of the Orient called them "The People of the Book," so the Prophet of the Occident, Hegel, has styled them "The People of the Spirit." Even in the remotest times of their origin, as the Pentateuch shows, the Jews manifested their predilection for the abstract, and their whole religion is nothing but an incessant dialectic, whereby matter is separated from spirit, and the absolute is acknowledged only in the oneness of the Spirit. In what terrible isolation were they compelled to remain in the midst of the nations of antiquity which, devoted to the most joyous worship of nature, could comprehend the spirit only in the phenomena of matter, in forms and symbols! What a terrible opposition did they present to the gaudy-coloured hieroglyphic idolatries of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of the great pleasure temple of Astarte, or of the beautiful sinner, voluptuous, perfumed Babylon, and finally to Greece, the radiant home of art! It is a remarkable spectacle to behold how "The People of the Spirit" gradually emancipate themselves entirely from the influence of matter, gradually become wholly spiritualised. Moses provided, as it were, material bulwarks for the Spirit against the encroaching luxury of neighbouring peoples. Round about the field wherein he had sown the Spirit, he planted, as a protecting hedge, the inflexible ceremonial law and an egotistical nationalism. But when the plant, the Holy Spirit, had struck its roots so deeply and had sprung up to such a heaven-

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reaching height that it could never be uprooted, then came Jesus Christ, who tore down the barrier of the ceremonial law that had henceforth no useful purpose to serve, and who even pronounced the doom of Jewish nationalism. He summoned all the nations of the earth to their heritage in the kingdom of God, which had formerly been the exclusive possession of a chosen people; he bestowed on the whole of humanity the citizenship of Israel.

Morality not a product of religion.

THE moral sentiment that manifested itself in the life of the Jewish patriarchs was not the result of a positive religion, or of a political legislation. No, for among the early Jews there existed neither a religious doctrine nor a political law: both were called into existence in a later age. I think it may therefore be asserted that morality is independent alike of dogma and of legislation, that it is a pure product of the healthy human instinct, and that true morality, the reason of the heart, will always continue to exist though Church and State should perish.

Christ and Greek mythology.

WHAT a benign figure is the God-man! How insignificant in comparison with him does the hero of the Old Testament appear! Moses loves his people with a pathetic intensity; as a mother, he cares for the future of Israel. Christ loves humanity; he is the sun that sheds the warm rays of his love over

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the whole earth. What a soothing balm for all wounds of this life are his words! What a healing fountain for all suffering was the blood that flowed on Calvary! The white marble gods of the Greeks were bespattered with this blood; they grew sick from inward awe, and for them there was no recovery! Most of them, it is true, had long borne within them the germs of a wasting malady, and terror only hastened their death. Pan died first. Do you know the legend as Plutarch tells it? It is as follows:—In the time of Tiberius a ship was sailing toward evening past the Islands of Pharae, whch lie off the coast of Ætolia. The voyagers had not yet gone to sleep, and many were still sitting at wine after supper, when suddenly they heard a voice from the coast calling so loudly the name of Thamus (so was the helmsman named), that they all were thrown into the greatest amazement. At the first and the second calling of his name, Thamus remained silent, but at the third time he made answer; upon which the voice in still louder tones called out to him these words: "When thou comest as far as Palodes give tidings that great Pan is dead!" When Thamus had reached this point he did as he had been bidden, and shouted from the poop of the ship toward the land: "Great Pan is dead!" At this shout there arose on the shore the strangest sounds of grief, a mingling of sighs and cries of amazement, which seemed to proceed from many voices at once. Those who were

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witnesses of the occurrence related it in Rome, where it gave rise to the most extraordinary opinions. Tiberius ordered more careful inquiry into the matter, and did not doubt as to its truth.

Heine's ambition to be an orator.

THOU thinkest perhaps, dear reader, that the highest ambition of my life has always been to become a great poet, to be crowned perhaps on the Capitol, as was the late Messer Francesco Petrarca. No, it is rather the great popular orators that I have always envied. I would that I had had, on the public market-place, to defend my life before a motley assemblage, by mighty words, which excite or soothe the passions, and of which the effect is always instantaneous. Yes, between ourselves, I will fain confess to thee that in my inexperienced youth, at that period when we are possessed by a passion for acting, I often imagined myself filling such a part. I was determined, at whatever cost, to become a great orator, and like Demosthenes I used often to declaim on the deserted sea shore, while wind and waves roared and howled. Thus does one exercise his lungs, and accustom himself to speak in the midst of the greatest tumult of a popular assembly. In a word, I did everything that was necessary to qualify myself, in the event of a revolution breaking out among us, for appearing as a German popular orator. But alas! even at the first rehearsal I perceived that in such a

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drama I could never support my favourite character. And were they still alive, not Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor Mirabeau, could appear as orators at a German revolution; for at a German revolution, smoking is indulged in. Imagine my horror when I was present at a popular assembly in Paris, to find all the liberators of the Fatherland with tobacco pipes in their mouths, and the hall so filled with the smoke of vile canaster, that it almost suffocated me, and rendered it absolutely impossible for me to have uttered a single word.

A REVOLUTION is a misfortune, but a still greater misfortune is an abortive revolution.

PROVIDENCE sometimes entrusts the torch to the most careless hands, in order that a beneficial conflagration may take place in the world.

IN REVOLUTIONARY TIMES our only alternative is between killing and being killed.

The funeral of an enemy.

I WAS not present at the funeral of Börne. This gave rise to invidious comment. But nothing can be more absurd than to see in this circumstance, which might have been purely accidental, an act of hard-hearted animosity. Foolish people! they do not know that there is no more agreeable occupation than to take part in the funeral solemnities of an enemy!

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Heine in exile.

MORE than six moons have waned since any German voice fell upon my ear, and all my thoughts clothe themselves laboriously in foreign phrase. You may perhaps have some notion of bodily exile, but of spiritual exile none but a German poet is capable of forming any conception—one, also, who is forced to speak French all day, to write it, and at night even to sigh in French in the arms of his beloved! My very thoughts are exiled, exiled in a foreign tongue. Happy are those who, in a foreign land, have to combat only poverty, hunger, and cold—mere natural evils! Through the skylights of their garret roof heaven smiles on them with all its stars. O gilded misery with white kid gloves, how infinitely more torturesome art thou! The despairing head must be frizzed, even perfumed perhaps, and the wrathful lips that would fain curse heaven and earth, must smile and smile again. Happy are those who, through their great sorrow, have at length lost their last tiny spark of reason, and have found a secure shelter in Charenton or in Bicêtre. Their madhouse cell seems to them a dear home, and in their strait-waistcoats they imagine themselves victors over every depotism, and fancy themselves proud citizens of a free State. But all this they could have had quite as well in the Fatherland! Happiest of all are the dead who lie in their graves in Père Lachaise, as thou dost, poor Börne! Yes, happy are those who are in the prisons of

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their own country! Happy are those who inhabit the garrets of bodily misery! Happy are the insane in their madhouses! Happiest of all are the dead! For myself, the writer of these pages, I believe I have indeed no cause to make too loud a lament, for do I not in some sort share the happiness of all these, my fellow-countrymen, in virtue of that marvellous sensibility, that involuntary sympathy, that malady of the soul which I have in common with all poets, and for which we have no true name? Believe me, although I stroll all the day well conditioned and smiling through the radiant streets of Babylon, as soon as evening begins to fall, melancholy strains of harps resound in my heart, and in the night time I hear the rattle and clang of the kettle drums and the cymbals of grief, the whole Janizary music of human suffering, and there arises before me a horrible procession of shrieking masqueraders. O what dreams! Dreams of prison, of misery, of madness, of death—a shrill discord of folly and wisdom, a poisoned soup with the taste of *sauerkraut*, and the perfume of orange blossom! What a horrible feeling when the dreams of the night mock the deeds of the day time, and from the garish flower of the poppy look forth masks that hiss at us their irony, when the laurel trees are transformed into grey thistles, and the voice of the nightingale becomes a mocking laughter!

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Our journey's end.

AFTER all it comes to the same thing in what fashion we make the grand tour, on foot, on horseback, or on ship-board. We all reach at last the same hostelry, the same poor tavern, where the door is opened with a spade, where our appointed chamber is so narrow, so cold, so dark, but where one sleeps well, almost too well.

The people and its prophets.

THE people is much given to stoning its prophets that it may worship their relics with the greater fervency: dogs that bark at us to-day, lick our bones to-morrow with true canine fidelity.

From "Letters from Berlin."

The merchant's religion.

THE merchant, all the world over, believes in the same religion. His office is his church, his desk is his confessional, his ledger is his Bible, his warehouse is his holy of holies, the exchange bell is his summons to prayer, his gold is his god, and credit is his creed.

National egotism.

I LOVE Germany and the Germans; but I love none the less the inhabitants of the other parts of the earth, whose number is forty times that of the Germans. It is love that gives to a human being his worth. Heaven be thanked, then, I am of forty times more value

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than those who cannot drag themselves out of the slough of national egotism, and who love only Germany and the Germans.

German fiction.

THE character of German fiction can be best understood by comparing it with that of other nations—with that of France, or of England. We may thus perceive how the external circumstances of authors impress certain characteristics on the romances of a nation. The English author travels, whether with the equipage of a lord or of an apostle; whether already enriched by the rewards of his labour or still poor, it matters not, he is always a traveller. Silent and self-contained, he observes the customs, the passions, the actions of men, and in his works of fiction are reflected the actual world and real life. Sometimes it is a joyous picture (Goldsmith), sometimes a gloomy one (Smollet), but always accurate and truthful (Fielding). The French author, be he ever so needy or untitled, lives constantly in the midst of society, and of high society. Princes and princesses flutter round the musical copyist Jean Jacques, and in a Parisian drawing-room the Minister of State is called "Monsieur," and the duchess "Madame." Hence we find in French novels that airy society tone, that mobility, that politeness and urbanity which can be attained only through intercourse with men. Hence, too, the family resemblance running through all French

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novels, the language of which seems to be always the same, just because it is the language of society. But the poor German author, since he is in general badly paid, and seldom possesses private fortune, has not the means of travelling, or, at least, does not travel till late in life, after his style is already formed. Rarely, also, is he endowed either with rank or title to open for him the doors of distinguished society (which is not always with us the best society), nay, frequently he has not even a black coat to enable him to appear in middle-class society. The poor German author therefore shuts himself up in his lonely garret, where he collects together the fragments of a world, and writes his romances in a language strangely elaborated out of his own consciousness—romances, wherein are revealed forms and images, splendid, divine, intensely poetical, but having nowhere a real existence. The whole of German fiction, good as well as bad, from the earliest Spiess, Cramer, and Vulpius epoch down to the time of Arnim, Fouqué, Horn, Hoffmann, bears this fantastic impress, and the character of this literature has had great influence on the character of our people; so that we Germans are conspicuous among all nations for our mysticism, secret societies, philosophy of nature, ghost-lore, love, folly and—Poetry!

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From the fragment "On Poland."

The Polish peasant—personified obedience.

WHOEVER wishes to see personified obedience has but to observe a Polish peasant in presence of his noble master. Nothing is wanting except the dog's wagging tail. At such a spectacle, I involuntarily think—"And God created man in his own image!" An infinite sorrow takes hold upon me when I see one man so deeply humiliate himself in the presence of another. Only before the king should one bow oneself. With the addition of this last article of faith, I fully acknowledge the political creed of North America. I will not deny that I prefer the trees of the field to genealogical trees, that I esteem the Rights of Man more highly than the canon law, and that I set a greater value on the commands of reason than on the abstractions of short-sighted historians.

The word "Freedom."

IF "Fatherland" is the first word with the Poles, "Freedom" is the second. A beautiful word! Next to love, it is certainly the most beautiful of words; but it is also, next to love, the word that is most misunderstood, and that is employed to denote things the most contradictory.

ALL special charters of FREEDOM must be abrogated where the universal law of freedom is to flourish.

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Women and character.

I will not say that women have no character; far from it! they have every day a different character. Nor do I wish to blame them for this perpetual change of character. It is, in fact, an excellence. Character is the result of a system of stereotyped principles. Should these be erroneous, the whole life of the person in whom they are systematically carried out is nothing but one long, gigantic error. When a man acts according to fixed principles, we praise him and say that he "has character," overlooking altogether the fact that in such a man the freedom of the will is entirely destroyed, that his spiritual nature is incapable of progress, and that he is the blind slave of his own antiquated ideas. In like manner, we call it "consistency" when anyone continues firmly to adhere to what he has definitely made up his mind about and has strongly asserted, and we often show ourselves tolerant enough by our admiration for fools, and by our excuses for rascals, when all that can be said of them is, that they have acted "consistently." But this self-imposed moral tyranny is to be found almost exclusively among men. The element of freedom remains always living and active in the minds of women. Every day they alter their views of the world, generally without being themselves conscious of the change. They rise in the morning as free from prepossessions as children; towards mid-day they build up a system of

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thought which, like a house of cards, falls to pieces again in the evening. Are their principles wrong to-day? then I wager that to-morrow they will be most proper. They change their opinions as often as they change their gowns. When their minds chance to be unoccupied by any dominant thought, then are they in their most delightful mood, enjoying an interregnum of feeling. This interregnum is always the time of greatest purity and strength with women, and it affords them a surer guidance than the will-o'-the-wisps of abstract reason that so often lead men astray.

A life companion.

IN a sunny valley of flowers, I would choose a Polish woman for my companion; in a moonlit grove of lindens, I should choose a German. In a journey through Spain, France, and Italy, I should prefer a Polish woman for my companion; for the journey of life, I should prefer a German.

NOVELS—the dessert of literature.

HISTORY shows that the majority of men who have done anything great have passed their youth in seclusion.

From the "Introduction to Kahldorf on the Nobility."

The French Revolution.

THE character of the French Revolution was, during its whole course, determined by

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the moral condition of the people, and especially by their political education. Prior to the first revolutionary outbreak in France, there existed, no doubt, in that country an already developed civilization, though only among the upper classes, and here and there among the middle classes; the lower classes were intellectually destitute, and were restrained from every noble aspiration by the most narrow-souled despotism. As regarded political culture, it was totally absent not only from the lower, but also from the upper classes. Men were conversant only with petty manœuvres between rival corporations, with certain systems of reciprocal exhaustion, with traditions of routine, with the art of equivocal formulas, with the influence of mistresses, and such like State miseries. Montesquieu awakened but a comparatively small number of intellects. From the fact that he always reasoned from an historical position, he obtained little influence over the mass of a people naturally enthusiastic, a people intensely susceptible to ideas that originate in and spring from the heart, as those in the writings of Rousseau. But when Rousseau, the *Hamlet* of France, perceives the angry ghost, and discerns the evil purpose of royal poisoners, when he sees the sleek hypocrisy of parasites, the paltry lies of court etiquette, and the general corruption of the State, when he bitterly exclaims—

> "The time is out of joint; O, cursed spite!
> That ever I was born to set it right!"

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when Jean Jacques Rousseau, in the half-feigned, half-real madness of despair, raised his great complaint and impeachment;—when Voltaire, the *Lucian* of Christianity, laughed to scorn the huge deceit of Romish priestcraft and the divine right of despotism founded upon it;—when Lafayette, the hero of two worlds and of two centuries, returned from America with the Argonauts of freedom and with his golden fleece, the idea of a free constitution;—when Necker calculated, and Sieyès defined, and Mirabeau declaimed, and the thunders of the Constituent Assembly rolled over the head of decaying Monarchy with its flourishing deficit, and new economic and political doctrines, like sudden lightning flashes, shot from the skies—then, I say, the French were compelled to take their elementary lesson in the great science of freedom—Politics; and they had to pay dearly in order to acquire its first rudiments, and it cost them their best blood.

From the Preface to the "Salon of 1833."

Love of country.

THERE is something peculiar about patriotism and true love of the Fatherland. One may love one's country and withal grow to be eighty years old, and yet be quite unconscious of such love; but then one must always have remained at home. We come to understand the nature of Spring only in Winter,

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and the best May songs are composed by the fireside. The love of freedom is a prison flower, and within the walls of a prison one feels for the first time the worth of liberty. In like manner, German love of the Fatherland first makes itself felt when we are about to cross the German frontier, and deepest of all is it felt at the sight of German misery in a foreign land.

From "The Denunciator."

Heine forbidden to write.

YOU know the decree of the German Diet of December 1835, which completely interdicted me from literary activity. I wept like a child! I had taken so much trouble with the German language, with the accusative and dative cases; I had learned to string the words together so beautifully, like pearls to pearls; I was beginning to find pleasure in this occupation, which shortened the long winter evenings of my exile; yea, when I wrote in German, I almost fancied myself at home again beside my mother. And now, all writing is positively forbidden me!

German eagerness for fighting.

I SPENT nearly seven years at German Universities for purposes of study, and during that time German eagerness for fighting was so constantly before my eyes that I almost ceased to believe in the existence of cowardice.

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WHAT IS TRUTH? "Bring me the wash hand basin," would be the reply of Pontius Pilate.

From the "Preface to an Illustrated Edition of Don Quixote."

Society—a Republic.

SOCIETY is a Republic. When an individual endeavours to lift himself above his fellows, he is dragged down by the mass, either by means of ridicule or of calumny. No one shall be more virtuous or more intellectually gifted than others. Whoever, by the irresistible force of genius, rises above the common herd is certain to be ostracised by society, which will pursue him with such merciless derision and detraction that, at last, he will be compelled to retreat into the solitude of his thoughts.

Poetic tourney of the nations.

AT present, the nations are too busily occupied with political affairs; but when these are once thoroughly settled, we shall all—Germans, Britons, Spaniards, French, Italians—go out into the greenwood and sing, and the nightingale shall be umpire. I am convinced that at this poetic tourney the song of Wolfgang Goethe will win the prize.

IT is always a pleasure to me when two of MY FRIENDS like one another, just as I am always glad when two of MY ENEMIES take to fighting one another.

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From "Ludwig Marcus: a Reminiscence."

The *will* to do.

IT is not merely what we have done, not merely the posthumous fruit of our activity, that entitles us to honourable recognition after death, but also our striving itself, and especially our unsuccessful striving—the shipwrecked, fruitless, but great-souled *Will* to do.

Scepticism and the Book of Job.

WHEREFORE is it that the righteous must endure so much suffering on earth? The book of Job does not solve this perplexing question. On the contrary, this same book of Job is the Song of Songs of scepticism, and in it the loathsome snakes of doubt writhe and hiss forth their eternal—Wherefore? How came it that, at the return from Babylon, the pious Commission of the Temple Archives (of which Ezra was president) admitted this book into the canon of the Holy Scriptures? I have often asked myself this question. My belief is that these divinely enlightened men did not do so from any want of intelligence, but because, in their sublime wisdom, they well knew that doubt is deeply rooted and grounded in human nature, that it is not to be suppressed by any silly device, but must undergo its appropriate cure. They adopted the homœopathic method of applying like to like, but it was no small homœopathic dose they administered; on the contrary, they

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increased the dose in the most terrible manner, and such an excessive dose of scepticism is this book of Job. This poison could not be spared from the Bible, from the great family medicine-chest of humanity. Yea, just as man when he suffers must weep out his suffering, so must he also think out his doubts when he feels himself cruelly disappointed in his claims to earthly happiness; and as by the bitterest flood of tears, so also by the intensest form of doubt, which the Germans so appropriately call "despair," * the crisis of moral salvation is reached. But well for him that is whole, and needs no physician!

From the "Confessions."†

Heine always a romantic poet.

A *spirituel* Frenchman (a few years ago these words would have formed a pleonasm) once styled me *un romantique défroqué*—an unfrocked Romanticist. I have a weakness for anything that shows *esprit*, and however malicious the title, I was highly amused by it. It is appropriate. In spite of my exterminating campaigns against Romanticism, I myself always remained a Romanticist, and I was so in a higher degree than I was myself conscious of. After

* *Zweifel* in German means *doubt*, and *Verzweiflung* (which is merely a stronger form of the word *Zweifel)* signifies *despair*.—Tr.

† These *Confessions* were written in the winter of 1853-1854, and were published almost simultaneously in German and in French.—Tr.

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having dealt the most fatal blows at the enthusiasm for Romantic poetry in Germany, an infinite yearning toward the blue flower in the dreamland of Romanticism slid unawares into my soul, and I seized the magic lute and sang a lay wherein I gave myself up to every fond exaggeration, to all the moonlight ecstasy, all the florid nightingale frenzy of the once dear old fashion. I know that it was "the last free woodland song of the Romantic," and that I am its last poet. With me closed the old German lyrical school; whilst with me, also, began the new school—modern German lyrical poetry.

No man truthful about himself.

EVEN with the most honest intention no man can tell the truth about himself. None has ever yet succeeded in doing so, neither the holy Augustin, the pious Bishop of Hippo, nor the Genevese Jean Jacques Rousseau, and least of all the latter, who called himself the man of truth and of nature, but who was in reality far more untruthful and unnatural than his contemporaries. He was too proud falsely to attribute to himself good qualities or worthy actions; he set himself rather to invent the most detestable things to the injury of his own reputation.

Madame de Staël.

As Madame de Staël is an author of genius, who once expressed the opinion that genius has no sex, in referring to her I need

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not consider myself bound by any of those gallant restraints which we are wont to obey in speaking of women, and which are in reality nothing but a sympathetic acknowledgment of their weakness. When the worthy woman found that, with all her pertinacity, she could make nothing of the Emperor, she did what women are accustomed to do in such cases, declared herself his enemy, protested against his brutal and ungallant domination, and continued to protest until the police ordered her to leave France. She then fled to us in Germany, where she collected material for the celebrated book that was to exalt German spiritualism as the ideal of all excellence, in opposition to the materialism of the French Empire. Immediately on her appearance among us, she made a great discovery, in the person of a man of learning called August Wilhelm Schlegel. Here was genius without sex. He became her attached cicerone, and accompanied her on her journey through all the garrets of German literature. She decorated herself with a prodigiously large turban, and assumed the style of Sultana of the Intellect. She then caused our men of letters to pass before her in intellectual review, and parodied the great Sultan of matter. As Napoleon used to ask bluntly: "How old are you? how many children have you? how many years have you served?" so Madame de Staël asked our men of learning:—"How old are you? What have you written? Are you a follower

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of Kant or of Fichte?" and such like questions, to which she hardly waited the answers, while her faithful Mameluke, August Wilhelm Schlegel, her Rustan, hastily noted them in his memorandum book. As Napoleon declared that woman to be the greatest who had been the mother of the greatest number of children, so Madame de Staël declared him to be the greatest man who had written the greatest number of books. This blue-stocking was a worse scourge than war. She pursued our men of learning even into the sanctuary of their thought, and more than one of them, who would have held his ground against Napoleon, fled at the approach of the dreaded Madame de Staël. It was an intellectual billeting that our men of learning had to endure. Those with whom the excellent woman was particularly well satisfied, or those whose cast of features or the colour of whose eyes pleased her, might expect honourable mention, or even the Cross of the Legion of Honour, in her book, *De l' Allemagne.* This book always makes on me an impression that is as ludicrous as it is irritating. In its pages I behold the passionate woman in all her turbulence, a veritable hurricane in petticoats, sweeping through our peaceful Germany, and everywhere rapturously exclaiming:—"What a refreshing stillness breathes over this land! How delightfully cool it is in your woods! What reviving perfume of violets! How peacefully the green-

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finches warble in their German nests! You are a good, a virtuous people, and can have no idea what corruption of morals prevails among us in the Rue du Bac." The good woman saw in Germany only what she wished to see: a misty cloud-land, where the men are without livers, mere animated pieces of virtue wandering over snowfields, and discoursing of naught but morals and philosophy! She saw only what she wished to see, and heard only what she wished to hear and to repeat. And after all she heard but little, and never the truth, partly because she talked so incessantly herself, and partly because, when she discussed with our modest men of letters, it was only to confuse and stupify them with her rude questions. Hatred toward the Emperor is the soul of Madame de Staël's book *De l' Allemagne*, and although Napoleon's name is nowhere mentioned in it, one readily perceives in every line that its authoress is darting glances toward the Tuileries. I have no doubt that the book irritated the Emperor much more acutely than the most direct charge could have done: for nothing wounds a man so keenly as a woman's little pin-pricks. We are prepared for slashing swordstrokes, and are tickled in the most ticklish parts. Oh the women! We must needs forgive them much for they love much, and also many! Their hatred is really a species of love that has become apostate. They often try to do us an injury, because in doing so they

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think to please some other man. After the overthrow of the Emperor, Madame de Staël made a triumphal entry into Paris with her book "On Germany," and she was accompanied by several hundred thousand Germans, whom she brought with her as magnificent illustrations to her book. Thus illustrated by living figures the work could not fail to be regarded as authentic, for here was ocular testimony that its author had faithfully pourtrayed us Germans and the virtues of the Fatherland.

Fouqué. FRIEDRICH DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ was a Don Quixote from the crown of his head to his great toe: when one reads his works, one cannot but admire—Cervantes!

Heine goes into exile. I HAD done and suffered much, and as the sun of the Revolution of July [1830] rose above the horizon in France, I had become sorely wearied, and was in need of relaxation. The air too of my native country was growing daily more unhealthy for me, and obliged me to think seriously of a change of climate. I was haunted by visions; the aspect of the clouds troubled me; they seemed to be making all sorts of grimaces. I sometimes fancied the sun to be a Prussian cockade. At nights I dreamt of a hideous black vulture that gnawed at my liver, and I was altogether most melancholy. Besides all this, I had made the acquaint-

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ance of an old Berlin councillor of justice, who had passed many years in the fortress of Spandau, and who assured me that it was very uncomfortable to be compelled to wear cold iron in winter. I certainly considered it most unchristian in our authorities not to warm up a little the chains of these poor people. If our fetters were slightly warmed, they would not have such a disagreeable feeling, and even chilly natures might then support them very well; they should also be perfumed with essence of roses and of laurel, as is done here in France. I inquired at my friend, the Councillor, whether he often had oysters to eat at Spandau. He said, No! Spandau was too far from the sea. Meat, too, was rarely to be got, and the only sort of fowls to be had were the flies that dropped into one's soup. At this time I happened also to make the acquaintance of a French commercial traveller, who represented a wine-merchant's firm. He was never done telling me how happy life at present was in Paris, how one lived there as in the Land of Cocagne, and how folk sang from morning till night the *Marseillaise*, and "*En avant, marchons!*" and "*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs*," and that "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" was written up at all the street corners! Nor did he fail to extol the champagne of his firm, of whose cards he gave me a large number, and promised me letters of introduction to the best restaurants, in the event of my wishing to visit the capital for my recreation. As I

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really had need of some recreation, as Spandau was too far from the sea to permit of eating oysters there, as the Spandau fly-soup was not very enticing, and as, besides all this, Prussian fetters are very cold in winter and the wearing of them not likely to be beneficial to my health, I determined to journey to Paris, and in the fatherland of champagne and of the *Marseillaise* to drink the former and to hear the latter sung, along with "*En avant marchons!*" and "*Lafayette aux cheveux blancs.*" I crossed the Rhine on the first of May 1831. The old river-god, Father Rhine, was not visible, and I contented myself with throwing my visiting-card for him into the water. I was told that he was sitting in the depths of the stream re-studying Meidinger's French Grammar, for since Prussian rule was established he had fallen back very greatly in his knowledge of French, and was now practising it anew in order to be prepared for contingencies. I fancied I could hear him down in the river-bed conjugating:—*J'aime, tu aimes, il aime, nous aimons!* But what does he love? Certainly not the Prussians. At Saint Denis I awoke out of a pleasant morning slumber and heard for the first time the call of the *coucou**-drivers, "Paris! Paris!" and the tinkling bell of the cocoa-sellers. Here one breathes already the atmosphere of the capital, now

* The *coucou* was a small, light, one-horse carriage peculiar to Paris, now superseded by the *fiacre*.—Tr.

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visible on the horizon. An old rascal of a guide tried to persuade me to visit the graves of the kings, but I had not come to France in order to see dead kings. I contented myself with bidding the cicerone relate the legend of the locality, which tells how the wicked heathen king ordered the holy St. Denis to be beheaded, and how the latter ran all the way from Paris to Saint Denis, carrying his head in his hand, that he might be buried there and bestow his name upon the place. "When one thinks of the distance," said my narrator, one must be filled with amazement that anybody could travel so far on foot in a headless condition; still," he added, with a peculiar smile on his face: "*dans des cas pareils il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*" ("In such cases it is only the first step that is the difficulty.") This old *bon mot* was worth the two francs which I gave him for the love of Voltaire, whose satirical smile I had thus early encountered. In twenty minutes I was in Paris, making my entry under the triumphal arch of the Boulevard Saint Denis, originally erected in honour of Louis XIV., but serving on that day to glorify the entry of a German poet into Paris. I was vastly astonished at the great number of finely attired people, all dressed in the most tasteful costumes, like pictures in a journal of fashion. I was much impressed too by the fact that they all spoke French, which with us is a distinctive mark of the nobility. But here

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everybody has the distinguished air that with us is to be found only among the nobles. The men are all so polite, the women all so smiling. If anyone accidentally pushed against me and did not make instant apology, I might safely wager that he was a fellow countryman; and if one of the fair sex looked rather sour-visaged, I was certain that she had eaten *Sauer-kraut*, or could read Klopstock in the original. I found everything so amusing, the sky was so blue, and the air so laden with amiability, so generous, while here and there still shimmered the rays of the sun of July. The cheeks of the fair Lutetia still glowed with the fervent kisses of that revolutionary sun, and on her bosom the bridal bouquet was not yet quite faded. At the street corners, it is true, the words "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," had here and there been obliterated. The honeymoon passes so quickly!

French manners and language.

In the manners, as well as in the language of the French, there is much of that sweet flattery which costs little, and yet is so beneficent and refreshing. God has given us tongues in order that we may say pleasant things to our fellow-men.

Heine in Paris.

How many amusing things did I behold on my arrival in Paris! I visited all the chief resorts of public pleasure, and saw all the notable caricatures

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of the Capital. The serious and grave Frenchmen were the most amusing. I saw Arnal, Bouffé, Déjazet, Debureau, Odry, Mademoiselle Georges, the big pot on the Palace of the Invalides, the exhibition of the dead in the Morgue, and the French Academy. The latter, that is, the Academy, is a nursery for aged men of letters in their second childhood—a truly philanthropic institution, the idea of which is taken from the Hindoos, who provide hospitals for aged and decrepit apes. The roof of the building, which protects the venerable heads of the members of the Institution—I speak of the French Academy and not of the Indian hospitals—consists of a great dome resembling an enormous marble periwig. I can never behold this poor old periwig without recalling the witticisms of the many men of genius who have made merry at the expense of the Academy, which, however, has not on that account ceased to exist. It is not correct therefore to say that in France ridicule kills. Of course I did not fail to visit the necropolis of the Luxembourg, where there is a complete collection of the mummies of perjury, so carefully embalmed that one may still read on their countenances the false oaths they swore to all the dynasties of French Pharaohs. In the Jardin des Plantes I saw the palace of the real apes, the three-legged goat, and the giraffe, with which last I was specially entertained. I did not go to hear the grand opera, because I had come to Paris for amusement. To my

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great regret I did not see Monsieur de Chateaubriand, who would certainly have afforded me entertainment. Nor did I see Monsieur Villemain,* his housekeeper informing me that he was not visible, as it was Thursday, on which day he washed himself. On descending the stairs, I noticed a board with the inscription, "Inquire at the Concierge;" and I hastened to address a few civil words to this worthy person. I complimented him on the cleanliness of his illustrious tenant, who washed himself every Thursday. "For, look you," I remarked, "cleanliness is very rare among learned men; the celebrated Casaubon, for example, washed himself but once a year, on Shrove Tuesday, probably in order to disguise himself." The porter made me a profound bow and replied with a sigh:—"You are a very honest gentleman, but I must undeceive you. The illustrious person whom I have the honour to number as one of my tenants does not consume too much Seine water; the Auvergnats are not enriched by him; and as regards cleanliness he may be called a second Casaubon." At this, he burst into a fit of laughter, and I went away, laughing likewise, without knowing why I laughed.

*1790-1869. Abel-François Villemain, rhetorician, politician, and man of letters. Under Louis Philippe he was Minister of Public Instruction. His fame rests chiefly on his lectures on literature as Professor of Eloquence at the Sorbonne, and on his studies in ancient and modern literature. He was elected Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, and from 1844 till his death he discharged the duties of this office.—Tr.

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The Pantheon.

In order to assume a French appearance, I sauntered leisurely along humming the air—

"Où allez-vous, monsieur l'abbé?
Vous allez vous casser le nez."

until I perceived rising in front of me a large building, which I was informed was the Pantheon. It, also, bore an inscription, but in marble, and instead of, "Inquire at the porter," the words were, "A grateful country to her great men." On entering, I could see nothing but a colossal edifice full of emptiness, a kind of stone balloon, in the middle of which a tall dry Englishman was walking quite alone, carrying his "Guide to Paris" between his teeth, and having the thumbs of his crooked hands in the arm-holes of his waistcoat. I went toward him and, with all the politeness in my power, made the remark—"a very fine exhibition;" I even added, "very fine indeed," with the expectation that in the effort to reply he might let the "Guide" drop from his mouth, as the crow in the fable lets the cheese fall from his bill. But the "Guide," of which I wished to gain possession for the purpose of obtaining certain information, did not fall; the English crow held his teeth firmly pressed together, and without paying the slightest attention to me, left the building. I did likewise, and followed close upon his heels to the door. There, before the peri-

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style, I beheld the chubby countenance of a stout person, a woman with large breasts, as the Goddess of Liberty was in those days represented. She was probably the porteress of the Pantheon. It seemed as if the sight of the son of Albion had put her into very good humour. Making me a sign of intelligence with her little eyes, that sparkled in her fat face like glowworms, she indulged in the greatest merriment over the poor Englishman; and I heard for the first time that loud Gallic laugh, which is unknown among us, but which is both as good-natured and as mocking as the generous wine of France, or as a chapter of Rabelais. Nothing is more contagious than such hilarity, and I too began to laugh more heartily than I had ever laughed at home. In order to open a conversation with this jovial and amusing person the idea occurred to me to inquire where were the great men toward whom the inscription upon the building proclaimed the national gratitude. At this question the genial woman broke forth into still more boisterous laughter, so that tears filled her eyes and she had to hold her sides to prevent suffocation; then, fetching breath at every word, she replied:—"Ah, how unfortunate you are to have come hither at such a moment! At present there is a great scarcity of such men among us; the last harvest was without result, but we trust that the next will be more productive; our prospective great men are thriving admirably and promise wonderful things. If

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you desire to see these future great men, who are still, however, very little fellows, you have only to betake yourself to an establishment that is close at hand, on the *Boulevard Mont-Parnasse*, and that is called the *Grande-Chaumière*. That is the nursery of culture and the dance for these little great men, these mannikins of fame, who will one day be the pride of France and the joy of the human race: you are fortunate, for to-day is Thursday." The crazy, jovial soul could say no more, and long after I had bade her adieu in order to find my way to the establishment she had indicated, I could hear the echo of her gaiety.

A woman's modesty.

THE modesty of a woman is a protection to her virtue more secure than all the robes in the world, however little they may be cut down at the neck.

The secret of German philosophy.

AS regards German philosophy I had divulged* in the plainest language the school secret, wrapped up in scholastic formulas, known only to the initiated in the highest class. My revelations excited the greatest astonishment in France; and I recollect that very eminent French thinkers artlessly

* In the *Contribution to the History of Religion and Philosophy in Germany*, included, with other works on Germany, under the title *De l'Allemagne*, in the French version of Heine's works.—Tr.

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confessed to me, that they had always imagined German philosophy to be a sort of mystical dreamland in which Deity concealed itself as in a sanctuary of clouds, and that German philosophers were ecstatic seers, living in an atmosphere of piety and Godly reverence. I am not to blame that this never has been the real state of the case, that German philosophy is precisely the opposite of what has hitherto been called piety and Godly reverence, and that our newest philosophers proclaim the most thoroughgoing atheism as the last word of German metaphysics. They have mercilessly, and in the Bacchanalian pride of life, torn aside the blue curtains that veiled the German heaven, shouting aloud:—"Behold! all the deities are fled, and up there sits only an old maid with leaden hands and sorrowful heart: Necessity." Alas! what formerly sounded so strange is now preached from every house-top beyond the Rhine, and the fanatical zeal of many of these preachers is terrible! We have now monks of atheism, grand inquisitors of unbelief who would have condemned M. Arouet de Voltaire to the stake, because in his inmost soul he was a bigoted deist. So long as such doctrines remained the private property of an aristocracy of wealthy intellects, and were discussed in the dialect of a learned coterie, unintelligible to the attendants who waited upon us while we committed blasphemies at our philosophical *petits soupers*—so long

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did I continue to associate with these frivolous *esprits forts*, most of whom resembled the liberal *grands seigneurs* who, just before the Revolution, sought to relieve the tedium of their idle court life with the new subversive ideas. But when I perceived that the vulgar herd, the rabble, were beginning to discuss precisely the same themes in their foul symposia, where tallow dips and train-oil lamps took the place of wax lights and candelabra; when I perceived that filthy cobblers, and low-lived journeymen tailors, had the audacity to deny, in their vile public-house jargon, the existence of God—whenever atheism began to smell very strongly of cheese, of brandy, and of tobacco, the scales suddenly fell from my eyes, and what I had failed to comprehend by the intellect I now comprehended by the sense of smell, through the nausea of disgust, and there was an end, thank God! to my atheism. To confess the truth, it was not merely disgust that sickened me with the principles of the godless, and caused my defection from their ranks. There was also present an element of worldly fear, which I could not overcome; for I saw that atheism had concluded an alliance, more or less secret, with the nakedest, altogether fig leafless, and vulgarest Communism. My aversion from the latter had certainly nothing in common with the terror of the wealthy upstart who trembles for his fortune, or with the anxiety of well-to-do tradespeople who fear lest their profits should be diminished. No: I was haunted

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by the secret dread that pursues the artist and the man of letters, when he sees our whole modern civilization, the arduous acquisition of so many centuries, the fruit of the noblest labours of our predecessors, threatened with destruction through the victory of Communism. Carried along by the stream of generous impulse, we were always ready to sacrifice the interests of art and of learning, indeed, all special interests whatever, for the common good of the suffering and oppressed people; but we could not conceal from ourselves what we should have to expect, as soon as the great ignorant mass, (by some styled the "People," by others the "Rabble"), whose legitimate sovereignty had long since been proclaimed, should gain absolute mastery. The poet especially feels an uncomfortable shudder when he sees this blundering monarch assume the reins of government. We would willingly offer up ourselves for the good of the people, for self-sacrifice is one of our most exquisite pleasures, the emancipation of the people has been the great aim of our lives, and for this cause we have striven and have endured unutterable suffering at home and in exile; but the pure, sensitive nature of the poet instinctively shuns all close personal contact with the people, and still more does the poet start back affrighted at the thought of its caresses, from which, may God preserve us! A fierce democrat*

* In another passage Heine attributes this declaration to Ludwig Börne.—Tr.

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once declared that, were a king to grasp his hand, he would immediately thrust it into the fire to purify it. In the same manner, I might say that, were His Majesty the People to honour me with such a recognition, I would wash my hand.

His Majesty—the People!

Oh, but the People! the poor king in rags! has found sycophants more shameless than the courtiers of Byzance or of Versailles, ready to scatter their incense of flattery about its path. These court lackeys of the People are incessantly praising its perfections and its virtues, and shouting enthusiastically: "How beautiful is the People! how good is the People! how intelligent is the People!" No, it is a lie. The poor sovereign People is not beautiful; on the contrary, it is very ugly. But this ugliness arises from its dirty condition, and it will disappear as soon as we have erected public baths, wherein His Majesty the People may wash himself gratuitously. The People, whose goodness is so much vaunted, is not at all good—is often just as wicked as are certain other potentates. But its wickedness springs from hunger; we must see to it that the sovereign People has always something to eat. As soon as His Majesty is properly fed, and his appetite is satisfied, he also will smile upon us condescendingly and graciously, just like other sovereigns. The People is certainly not very intelligent; it is perhaps even more stupid

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than other monarchs; it is almost as brutally stupid as its minions. Its favour and confidence are bestowed only on those who declaim and shout in the jargon of its passions, while it despises every honest man who tries to enlighten and ennoble it in the language of reason. So is it in Paris; so was it in Jerusalem. Leave it to the People to choose between the most righteous of the righteous and the veriest highway robber, and be sure that the cry will be: "Let us have Barabbas! Long live Barabbas!" The cause of this perversity is ignorance: we must endeavour to eradicate this national evil by instituting public schools for the People, where instruction, and with it the indispensable bread and butter and other nourishment, may be gratuitously provided. Then, when every unit of the People has been placed in a position to avail himself of all wished-for knowledge, you will soon see an intelligent People. Perhaps, at last, it will become as cultivated, as intelligent, and as witty as you and I, my dear reader.

Hegel's philosophy.

THE merit of having long ago foretold in my book "On Germany" what dreadful phenomena would by-and-by reveal themselves, deserves no great praise. It was easy for me to prophesy what songs would one day be piped and warbled in Germany, for I was present at the brooding of the birds that were afterwards to sing the new songs. I saw Hegel sitting

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with comically earnest face as brood-hen on the fatal eggs, and I heard his cackling. To speak frankly, I seldom understood him, and only by subsequent meditation did I succeed in unriddling his words. I believe that he really did not wish to be understood, and hence his involved discourse; hence, too, perhaps his predilection for persons by whom he was sure that he could not be understood, and to whom therefore he might very readily accord the honour of his intimate acquaintance.

Hegel and Heine.

ONE beautiful starlit evening, as we were standing together at a window, I, a youth of two-and-twenty, who had just well dined and had drunk my coffee, began to speak sentimentally of the stars, which I called the abode of the blessed. The Master, however, only muttered, "The stars, hum! hum! the stars are merely a brilliant leprosy on the face of the heavens." "In God's name," cried I, "is there then no happy place above where the virtuous after death may find reward?" But Hegel, staring for a moment at me with his leaden eyes, said sharply, "You think then that you should have a gratuity for tending your sick mother, or for not poisoning your elder brother?" After saying this, he looked round with anxiety, but seemed quickly reassured when he saw that no one was near except Henry Beer, who had come to ask him to take a hand at whist.

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Hegel's teaching.

I WAS young and proud, and it still further raised my vanity to learn from Hegel that, not as my grandmother supposed, God who lived in heaven, but I myself here on earth, was the real God.

Deism.

DEISM lives, lives its most living life; it is not dead, and least of all has it been killed by the newest German philosophy.

Moses.

I THINK I may flatter myself that I have formed an enlightened conception of the character of Moses as revealed in the first portion of the Holy Scriptures. This sublime figure has made a profound impression upon me. What a giant form he is! I cannot conceive that Og, King of Bashan, was mightier. How insignificant Sinai appears when Moses stands on its summit! This mountain is but a pedestal whereon rest the feet of the man, whose head reaches to the clouds, where he speaks with God. God forgive me the sin! yet I often feel as if the Mosaic God were but a reflected image of Moses himself, whom he so closely resembles alike in his wrath and in his love. It were indeed a great sin, it would be anthropomorphism, to suppose such an identification of God with his prophet—but the resemblance is striking. Formerly, I had no special admiration for Moses, probably because the spirit of Hellenism was dominant within me, and

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I could not pardon in the law-giver of the Jews, his intolerance of all types and plastic representations. I failed to perceive that Moses, in spite of his enmity toward art, was yet himself a great artist, and possessed the true artistic genius. But this artistic genius was with him, as with his countrymen the Egyptians, directed only toward the colossal and the indestructible. He did not however, like the Egyptians, fashion his works of art of bricks and granite. He erected human pyramids, he carved out human obelisks, he took a poor shepherd tribe and created therefrom a people fit to defy the centuries, a great, a holy, an eternal people, a People of God, that should serve all other peoples as an example, yea, that should be the prototype of all humanity: he created Israel! More justly than the Roman poet, might this artist, the son of Amram and of Jochebed, boast that he had erected a monument that should outlive all the creations of brass. As of the master-builder, so of his work—the Hebrew People—I had never spoken with sufficient reverence, and this too was a consequence of my natural inclination toward Hellenism, to which the asceticism of Judaism is abhorrent. But since then my predilection for Hellas has diminished. I see now that the Greeks were only handsome youths, while the Jews were always men, powerful, indomitable men, not only formerly, but that they are so even to this day, in spite of eighteen centuries of persecution and misery.

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I have now learned to esteem them more worthily, and were not all pride of birth an absurd contradiction in the mouth of a champion of the Revolution and of its democratic principles, the writer of these "Confessions" might well be proud that his ancestors were of the noble house of Israel, that he is a descendant of those martyrs who have given to the world a God and an eternal code of morals, and who have fought and suffered on every battlefield of thought. You see how I, who used formerly to quote Homer, now quote the Bible, just like Uncle Tom. And in truth I owe much to the Bible. It reawakened within me religious feeling; and this new birth of religious feeling suffices for the poet, who can perhaps more easily than any other mortal dispense with positive dogmas of faith. He possesses the gift of grace; to his spirit the portals of divine and secular symbolism open of their own accord, and to gain admission he needs no church key.

Protestantism.

FORMERLY, when Philosophy had still a preponderating interest for me, I valued Protestantism only for the services it had rendered in the conquest of liberty of thought, thereby providing a basis for the subsequent labours of Lebnitz, Kant, and Hegel. Luther, the strong man with the axe, must necessarily precede these champions of thought, in order to clear the way for them. In this respect also, I

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honoured the Reformation as the starting point of German philosophy, and justified my martial partisanship for Protestantism. But now, in my later and maturer days, when the religious sentiment again swells within me like the billows of the sea, and the shipwrecked metaphysician clings firmly to his Bible—now I specially value Protestantism on account of the services it has rendered through the discovery and the spreading abroad of the Sacred Book. I say, the discovery; for the Jews, who rescued it from the great burning of the Second Temple, and who bore it about with them as a portable Fatherland through the long period of the Middle Ages—the Jews, I say, kept this treasure carefully concealed in their *ghetto*, whither German learned men, pioneers and initiators of the Reformation, crept down stealthily in order to acquire the Hebrew language, and to possess themselves of the key to unlock the casket that contained this treasure.

The world's obligations to the Jews.

THE Jews, excluded from the possession of land and the acquisition of property by handicraft, had as their only resources commerce and money-dealing, both of which the Church prohibited to the faithful. Thus the Jews were legally condemned to become rich and despised, and to be murdered. Such murders were, it is true, covered in those early days with a cloak of religion, and it was declared to be

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a duty to kill those who had killed our Saviour. What a strange delusion! The very people who had given to the world a God, and whose whole lives were one long aspiration of the fear of God, was now decried as a nation of deicides! We saw a bloody parody of this madness at the outbreak of the revolution in Saint Domingo, where a band of negroes devastated the plantations with fire and sword, under the leadership of a black fanatic, who carried a huge crucifix and shouted with blood-thirsty frenzy: "The whites killed Christ, let us kill all the whites!" Yes, to the Jews to whom the world owes its God, it is indebted also for His Divine Word, the Bible. As they had saved it at the sack of Jerusalem, so they saved it from the bankruptcy of the Roman Empire, and through all the tumultuous times of the migration of the peoples they preserved the cherished Book, until Protestantism sought it out among them and translated it into the languages of all countries, and spread it throughout the whole world. This spreading abroad of the Word has produced the most blessed fruit, and it continues even to our time in which the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel is fulfilling a providential mission more important, and likely to have quite other results than were anticipated by the pious gentlemen of this British Christian Exportation Society. They think by such means to establish a narrow and petty religious dogmatism, and as they

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have monopolised the sea, so would they monopolise Heaven itself by making it a domain of the Anglican Church. But lo! they are unwittingly hastening the downfall of all Protestant sects, which depend for their very existence upon the Bible, but are destined to become absorbed in a universal Bible autocracy. They are advancing the great democracy wherein every man shall be, not only king, but also bishop within his own house. In distributing the Bible over the whole earth, in foisting it upon the whole human race, whether by commercial artifice, by smuggling, or by barter, and in handing over its exegesis to the individual reason, they are founding the great Empire of the Spirit, the empire of religious sentiment, of the love of our neighbour, of purity, and of true morality—in fine, the empire of whatever cannot be taught by means of dogmatic formulas, but only by types and examples such as are contained in that beautiful and sacred book of instruction for young and old children, which we call the Bible.

It is for an observant thinker a marvellous spectacle to regard those countries in which the Bible has since the Reformation been exercising its moulding influence, by impressing on the morals, modes of thought, and sentiments of their inhabitants, the stamp of the life of Palestine as it manifests itself in the Old and New Testaments. In the north of Europe and in America, but especially in Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon, in

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general throughout Teutonic, and in a less degree throughout Celtic, countries, this influence of the life of Palestine has become so predominant that one might fancy oneself to be in the midst of a nation of Jews. The Scotch Protestants, for example, are they not Hebrews, whose very names are biblical, whose *cant* even has a kind of Jerusalemitic-pharisaic ring, and whose religion is merely a Judaism without prohibition of swine's flesh? The same is the case in many portions of North Germany and of Denmark. I will not speak of the recently-established religious communities of the United States, which are a pedantic imitation of Old Testament life. The life of Palestine appears among these sects as if daguerreotyped, the contours are scrupulously accurate, but the whole presents a dull grey aspect, and there is a total absence of the warm and rich colour of the Promised Land. But some day the caricature will disappear, and the genuine, the true, the imperishable, that is to say, the morality of the old Judaism, will then flourish with as divine a beauty in these lands as it once did on the banks of Jordan and on the slopes of Lebanon: for palms and camels are not necessary to goodness. Perhaps it is not merely the capacity for receiving such an influence that has enabled these nations so readily to adapt their morality, and their modes of thought, to Judaic life. The cause of this phenomenon is probably to be found in the character of the Jewish people, which

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always had a very strong affinity with the character of the Teutonic, and to a certain extent also with that of the Celtic, races. Judea has always seemed to me like a fragment of the Occident that had lost itself in the midst of the Orient. With its spiritualistic faith, its severe, chaste, almost ascetic morality, in a word, with its abstract inward life, this country and its people always formed a most striking contrast to the countries and the peoples that surrounded it, devoted as these were to the most intense and the most luxuriously coloured idolatry of nature, and consuming their existence in the riotous intoxication of the senses. Israel sat piously under its fig-tree, chanting the praises of the invisible God, and practising virtue and righteousness, while in the neighbouring temples of Babylon, of Nineveh, of Tyre, and of Sidon, were being celebrated those bloody and infamous rites the mere description of which still causes us to shudder with horror! When we think of such surroundings, we cannot sufficiently admire the early grandeur of Israel. Or the love of liberty so strong amid the Jews, while not only round about them but among all the nations of antiquity, even among the philosophical Greeks, slavery was justified and flourished—of this Jewish love of freedom, I will say nothing, lest I should compromise the Bible in the eyes of the present rulers of the earth. Never has the world beheld a Socialist more audacious than our Lord and Saviour. Even Moses, in

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an earlier age, was such a Socialist, though as a practical statesman he endeavoured rather to remodel existing institutions, especially those relating to property. Instead of striving for the impossible, instead of a hot-headed attempt to abolish property, Moses strove to effect the *moralisation* of property; he sought to bring it into harmony with equity, with the true law of reason. This he did by establishing the "Year of Jubilee," when every alienated heritage (which, among an agricultural people, always consists of land) was restored to the possession of its original proprietor, no matter by what means it had passed into alien hands. This institution of the Year of Jubilee forms a most striking contrast to the "prescription" of the Romans, according to which, after the lapse of a certain period, the actual possessor of a piece of land could not be compelled to restore it to its legitimate owner, so long as the latter was unable to shew that he had during that period demanded restitution in due form. The last condition left ample scope for chicanery, especially in a State in which despotism and jurisprudence flourished, and where an unlawful possessor had at his disposition every means of intimidation, particularly against the poor, for whom it was impossible to obtain the necessary expenses of litigation. The Roman was both soldier and lawyer, and the conquests that he made by the sword he knew how to defend by legal chicanery. None but a people of robbers

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and casuists could be capable of inventing "prescription," and of consecrating it in that most iniquitous of books, which may well be called the Bible of Satan—the Code of the Roman Civil Law. Moses did not desire to abolish property; he wished rather that every man should possess property, in order that no one should be reduced by poverty to the condition of a slave, with servile disposition. Freedom was always the fundamental idea with this great Liberator, and it is this idea that inspires and flames forth in all his laws concerning pauperism. Slavery itself he hated with a perfect and intense hatred, but he could not completely annihilate this inhumanity; it was too deeply rooted in the life of that primitive age, and he was obliged to limit his efforts to alleviating by legal remedies the condition of the slave, to facilitating his emancipation, and to restricting the period of service. But should a slave, duly emancipated by the law, absolutely refuse to quit the house of his master, then Moses ordained that this incorrigible mass of servility should be nailed by the ear to the door-post of the master's habitation, and after such exhibition be condemned to remain in slavery during the rest of his life. O Moses, our teacher, reach me hammer and nails, that I may nail our sentimental slaves in black-red-and-gold* livery, by their long ears to the Brandenburg Gate!

* *Black-red-and-gold* were the colours adopted by the German Liberals of 1815. In 1848 they were used as the symbol of a united Germany. They were alternately prohibited and permitted, according as the party of progress or the party of reaction, was in the ascendant. *Black-white-and-red* are now the official colours of the German Empire.—Tr.

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Zeal of the Catholics.

WHATEVER we may say against the zealots of the Roman Catholic Church, one thing is certain: they are no egotists, they concern themselves about their brother-men; unfortunately, often rather too much.

Heine and Catholicism.

No one need accuse me of fanatical hatred of the Romish Church, for I have always been wanting in the narrowness of spirit necessary for such animosity. I am too well acquainted with my intellectual stature to suppose that I could do much harm, by the fiercest of assaults, to such a colossal structure as the Church of St. Peter. I could at most be but a humble labourer at the slow work of demolition, a work that may yet last for many centuries. I was too well versed in history not to recognise the gigantic proportions of that edifice of granite; let us always call it the Bastille of the Spirit, let us always maintain that it is now guarded only by disabled soldiers. Yet it is not the less certain that this Bastille will not be easily stormed, and many a young assailant will break his head against its walls. As a thinker, as a metaphysician, I could never withhold my tribute of admiration for the splendid consistency of Roman Catholic doctrine. Nor can I flatter myself with having gained any victory by my wit and satire over its dogmas or its creed, and men have done me both too much honour and too much dishonour

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in calling me an intellectual kinsman of Voltaire. I was always a poet, and for this reason the poetry that blossoms and glows under the symbolism of Catholic dogma and worship could not but reveal itself more profoundly to me than to others. So much was this the case, that in my youth I was often overpowered by the infinite sweetness, the mysterious and blessed effluence, the delirious death-ecstasy, of Catholicism.

The Jesuits: their genius for teaching.

WHATEVER opinion we may hold about the Jesuits in other respects, it must be admitted that in everything relating to the art of instruction they gave abundant proof of sound practical sense. And though the effect of their method of teaching was to present a sadly mutilated idea of ancient culture, they at least succeeded in popularising the knowledge of antiquity; they, so to speak, democratized it; they caused it to spread among the masses of the people. On the other hand, by our present system, the individual man of learning, the aristocrat of the intellect, does no doubt attain to a more intimate acquaintance with antiquity and with the ancients, but the great mass of the people seldom retains any scrap of classical lore, any fragment of Herodotus, any fable of Æsop, any verse of Horace, in a corner of its brain; whereas formerly poor folks always had some crust of early school learning left at which they could keep munching during the rest of their days. "What an ornament

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is a little scrap of Latin to the whole man!" once said to me an old cobbler, who still preserved in his memory not a few fine passages from Cicero's speech against Catiline, learnt in his young days when he wore the little black gown of the College of the Jesuits—passages that he would still often quote with high glee against the demagogues of the day. Teaching was the speciality of the Jesuits, and although they sought to direct it wholly in the interest of their Order, the mere passion for teaching, the only human passion that remained to them, often gained the upperhand, so that they forgot their aim—the suppression of reason in the interest of belief—and instead of making children of men, as they intended, they, against their intention, by the instruction they imparted, made men of children. The greatest heroes of the Revolution were sent forth from the schools of the Jesuits, and without such discipline as was there to be acquired, that great upheaval of the human spirit might have been delayed for a century. Poor Fathers of the Society of Jesus! you are become the bugbear and the scapegoat of the Liberal party; men have comprehended only what is dangerous in you, they have not understood the services you have rendered.

Only a poet!

I HAVE brought it, as folk say, to no good on this fair earth. I have not become anything but—a poet! Yet I will not, by affecting a hypocritical humility, depreciate this name of poet. One

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is much when one is a poet, and especially when one is a great German lyrical poet, a poet of the race that has surpassed all other nations in two things: in philosophy and in song. I will not, with the false modesty invented by begging knaves, gainsay my poetic fame. None of my countrymen gained the laurel wreath at such an early age as I did, and if my colleague Wolfgang Goethe can sing complacently how "the Chinese with trembling hand paints Charlotte and Werther on glass," I can, if it comes to boasting, oppose to the Chinese fame of Goethe one more fabulous still, namely, a Japanese fame.* At the present moment my Japanese is as indifferent to me as my Finlandish fame. Alas! all fame, the bauble once so highly prized, once sweet as ananas and flattery, has long since become mingled with disgust; its taste is now as bitter to me as wormwood. Like Romeo I can say: "O I am fortune's fool!" I stand before the great soup-pot, but I have no spoon. What boots it to me that at festivals of mirth my health is drunk from golden cups brimming with rarest wine, when I, a stranger to all earth's joys, can but moisten my lips with insipid tisane! What boots it though all the roses of Sharon so tenderly bloom and give forth sweetest fragrance for me! Alas! Sharon is two thousand leagues from the Rue d'Amsterdam, where, in the peevish solitude of my

* A translation of the *Book of Songs* into Japanese was published at Nagasaki. The translation was criticised in the *Calcutta Review* for 1838.—Tr.

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sick-room, the only perfume that greets my senses is the smell of heated napkins! Ah! but the mockery of God presses heavily upon me. The great Author of the Universe, the Aristophanes of Heaven, seeks to prove with awful severity to me, the little earthly so-called German Aristophanes, how my wittiest sarcasms are but miserable jests compared with his, and how pitifully my humour falls short of his colossal irony.

From the *Chronicle of Limburg.*

The *Chronicle of Limburg* is very interesting reading for those who desire information regarding German manners and customs during the Middle Ages. It describes, like a journal of fashion, the costumes both male and female, that were in fashion during the various periods. It takes account also of the new ballads that were piped and sung each year, and gives us the opening lines of many favourite songs of the time. Thus it relates how, in the year 1480, there was throughout all Germany, a piping and singing of certain songs, sweeter and more delightful than any melodies ever before heard in German countries, and how young and old, and women especially, were so captivated by them, that one heard them sung from morning till night. Yet these songs, adds the *Chronicle*, were composed by a young clerk smitten with leprosy, who lived in a desert place, separated from all his fellowmen. Thou art doubtless aware, dear reader, what a

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terrible disease was this leprosy of the Middle Ages, and how the poor creatures afflicted with the incurable malady were thrust forth from every citizen community, and were compelled to hold themselves aloof from all human intercourse. Dead-alive, they wandered about enveloped from head to foot in a grey cloak, the hood of which was drawn over their faces, carrying in their hands a rattle, called the Lazarus rattle, wherewith they announced their approach, in order to give to every one timely warning to avoid their path. Now the poor clerk, of whose fame as a song-writer the *Limburg Chronicle* takes note, was such a leper, sitting melancholy in the solitude of his misery, while with joy and mirth all Germany was piping and singing his songs. Alas! this fame was the mockery of God, which we know so well, the cruel irony that is ever the same, though it thus appeared in the romantic costume of the Middle Ages. The satiated King of Israel and Juda said with truth, "There is nothing new under the sun." Perhaps the sun itself is but an old warmed-up piece of pleasantry, decked out with new rays, and now glittering with imposing splendour! Often in my sombre night visions, I fancy that I see standing before me the poor clerk of the *Limburg Chronicle*, my brother in Apollo, and that his suffering eyes peer wistfully at me from under his grey hood; but in an instant he is gone again, and, gradually

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dying away in the distance like the echo of a dream, I hear the creaking sounds of the Lazarus rattle.

From the Preface to Poems.

How we undervalue Nature's gifts.

IT is one of the most hapless errors of mankind that it childishly undervalues the gifts placed by Nature most conveniently within its reach, while it esteems as the most precious of possessions whatever is most difficult to obtain. Man reckons as the highest of treasures the jewel locked up in the bosom of the earth, or the pearl hid in the sands of ocean; but he would place little store on these, did Nature lay them at his feet like pebbles or mussel shells. We are indifferent toward our advantages; we try to deceive ourselves so long about our faults that at last we regard them as excellencies. Once, after listening to a concert by Paganini, as I was addressing to the master impassioned eulogies on his violin-playing, he interrupted me with the words: "But how were you pleased to-day with my compliments and reverences?"

Heine's wishes for his old age.

O YE gods! I do not beseech ye to spare me my youth, but to leave me the virtues of youth—disinterested wrath, disinterested tears! Let me not become a scolding old man, enviously growling at the younger race of spirits, or a wearisome

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grumbler perpetually mourning over the good old times. Let me become greyhaired without losing the love of youth, and in spite of the infirmities of age let me still share youth's pastimes and dangers! I heed not though my voice grow faint and tremulous, if only the sense of my words remain fearless and fresh!

The poet a Sunday-child.

A WONDERFUL Sunday-child* is the poet: he sees the oak forests that still slumber in the acorn, and he holds converse with generations yet unborn. They whisper to him their secrets, and he prattles of them in the market-place. But his voice dies away unheard amid the loud strife of daily passions: few hear him, no one understands him. Frederick Schlegel called the historian a prophet who looks back into the past; with greater reason we may say of the poet that he is an historian whose eye discerns the future.

Heine on his mattress-grave.

Do I still exist? My body is so shrunken that almost nothing save a voice remains, and my bed makes me think of the sounding grave of the wizard Merlin, which is in the forest of Broceliand, in Brittany, under tall oak trees, whose tops quiver up toward the sky, like green flames. Ah! how I envy

* It is an old German superstition that children born on Sunday are destined to be fortunate; hence gifted or prosperous people are called, *Sunday-children*. —Tr.

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thee, my colleague Merlin, these green trees with their fresh waving, for over my mattress-grave in Paris rustles no green leaf, and early and late I hear nothing but the rattle of carriages, an incessant hammering, scolding, and jingling of pianos. It is a pitiful condition; a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the dead, who need spend no money, nor write any letters, nor, worse still, books. The measure for my coffin was taken long ago, as also for my necrology; but I am so long about dying, that it is beginning to get tiresome for me as well as for my friends. But have patience; everything comes to an end. Some morning ye will find the show-booth closed where ye used so often to take delight in the puppet-play of my wit.

Heine's last visit.

I MUST expressly contradict the rumour that the return to a personal God has brought me to the threshold of any Church, much less led me into its fold. No; my religious convictions and opinions have remained free from all sectarianism; I have been enticed by no church bell, I have been dazzled by no altar lights. I have coquetted with no symbolism, and I have not utterly renounced my reason. I have abjured nothing, not even my old heathen gods, from whom I have, it is true, turned aside, though parting from them in love and friendship. It was in May 1848, on the last occasion on which I went out-of-doors, that I bade fare-

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well to the lovely idols that I had worshipped in the days of my prosperity. Painfully did I drag my limbs to the Louvre, and I almost fell into a swoon as I entered the splendid hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear Lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. Long time did I lie at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone must have had pity on me. And the goddess looked down on me with compassion, yet it was a compassion without comfort, as though she would say: "See'st thou not that I have no arms, and so cannot give thee help?"

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From "Thoughts and Fancies."*

PERSONAL.

ROUND my cradle shimmered the last moonbeams of the eighteenth century and the first morning rays of the nineteenth.

I AM of a most peaceful disposition. My wishes are: a modest cottage with roof of thatch, but a good bed, good food, milk and butter of the freshest, before my window flowers, by the side of my door a few fair trees; and if God were pleased to render me perfectly happy, he would permit me the satisfaction of seeing about six or seven of my enemies hanged on those trees. From the depth of my heart I would forgive them all the wrong they had inflicted upon me during their lives. Yes; we must forgive our enemies—but not until they are hanged!

THAT I became a Christian was the fault of those Saxons who suddenly changed their minds† at the

* These fragments were collected by Dr. Strodtmann from Heine's papers after the poet's death.—Tr.

† *Umsattelten*, in the original: here, it is equivalent to "deserted." The Saxon troops went over to the Allies when the defeat of the French army became imminent.—Tr.

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battle of Leipzig; or of Napoleon who had no need to go to Russia; or of his teacher at Brienne who instructed him in geography, but did not tell him that at Moscow it was very cold in winter.*

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE earth is the great rock to which humanity, the real Prometheus, is chained, while its flesh is lacerated by the vulture of Doubt. Humanity stole the light, and now suffers torture for the theft.

THOUGHT is unseen Nature, as Nature is unseen Thought.

AMONG the ancients there existed no belief in ghosts. The body was burned, the human form disappeared as smoke in the air, it was dissolved in the purest, most spiritual of the elements—fire. Among Christians the body (is it in derision or from contempt?) is restored to earth; it is like a seed-corn, and springs up again as a ghost—("it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body")—it retains the horror of corruption.

* After the defeat of Napoleon at the Battle of Leipzig, the German Governments reimposed the old tyrannical restraints that made it impossible for a Jew to obtain any official appointment, or even to take a degree at a German university: hence one motive for Heine's becoming a Christian.—Tr.

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God has made no revelation pointing to a life beyond the grave; even Moses tells us nothing about it. God is perhaps not quite pleased that the pious feel so firmly persuaded of a future life. In his Fatherly kindness he wishes perhaps to give us a surprise.

By no race was belief in immortality more strongly held than by the Celts; one might obtain the loan of money from them to be repaid in the next world. Pious Christian usurers should take an example from them!

The desperate condition of mankind in the age of the Cæsars explains the success of Christianity. Suicide was of the most frequent occurrence among the proud Romans, who thus at once gave up the world. Whoever had not courage to bid the world an instantaneous farewell adopted the slow suicide of the religion of renunciation. Slaves and unfortunate folk were the first Christians. By their numbers and by the new fanaticism that inspired them, they became a power understood by Constantine: Roman lust for universal dominion specially made itself master of this power, and disciplined it by dogma and ritual.

Judaism—an Aristocracy: one God has created and rules the world; all men are his children, but the Jews

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are his favourites and their country is his chosen Dominion. He is a monarch, the Jews are his nobles, and Palestine is the Exarchate of God.

CHRISTIANITY—a Democracy: one God has created and rules the universe; but He loves all men alike, and protects alike all His dominions. He is no longer a national, but a universal, God.

IN Christianity man reaches self-consciousness of the spirit through suffering: disease spiritualizes even the lower animals.

THE Romish Church is dying of that disease from which no one recovers: exhaustion through the power of Time. With her usual wisdom, she declines the aid of all physicians; in her long experience she has seen many an aged person die sooner than need was, because an energetic physician undertook the cure. But her agony will be of long duration. She will outlive us all, the writer of this, the printer who sets it up, even the young apprentice who fetches the "copy."

THE Jews were the only people that maintained freedom of religious belief during the Christianization of Europe.

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JUDEA—a Protestant Egypt.

THE Teutonic races comprehended Christianity by reason of their spiritual affinity with the Jewish moral principle, with Judaism in general. The Jews were the Germans of the East, and in our day Protestants in Teutonic countries, (in Scotland, America, Germany, Holland) are nothing else than old Oriental Jews.

JEWISH history is beautiful; but latter-day Jews reflect discredit on their ancestors, who would otherwise be placed far above the Greeks and Romans. I believe that if the Jewish race were extinct, but it were known that a single survivor of that people still existed somewhere, men would journey a hundred leagues to grasp his hand: but now, we are despised!

MODERN Jewish history is tragical; and yet if one were to write about this tragedy, he would be laughed at.—This is the most tragical thing of all.

A CERTIFICATE of baptism is the card of admission to European culture.

I LOVE the Jews personally.

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A. WERE I of the race from which our Saviour sprang, I should be proud rather than ashamed of my lineage.

B. So should I, were our Saviour the only one that came of this race; but so many rascals have also sprung from it, that the acknowledgment of the relationship excites much suspicion.

JEWS when they are good are better, when bad they are worse, than Christians. < there is no middle ground

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THE grandeur of the Universe is always adequate to the grandeur of the soul that surveys it. The good find here their Paradise, and the wicked are already on earth amid the torments of Hell.

HOLY men like the Stylite are now an impossibility; for philanthropy would speedily shut them up in a mad-house.

I SEE clearly the wonder of the past. A veil is spread over the future, but it is a rose-coloured one, and through it gleam golden columns and glittering gems, and sweet strains are heard.

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ART AND LITERATURE.

A BOOK, like a child, must have its time. All books hastily composed in a few weeks arouse in me a certain prejudice against their authors. An honest woman does not bring her child into the world before the ninth month.

AMONG the Greeks life and poetry were identical. They produced therefore no poets as great as ours, in whom the life often contradicts the poetry. Shakespeare had more poetry in his great toe than was possessed by all the Greek poets, with the exception of Aristophanes. The Greeks were great artists, not poets; they had more artistic sensibility than poetic feeling. Their monuments of plastic art are important, because in these works they had but to copy reality, which was poetry, and which afforded them the best models.

THE visible work is the harmonious expression of the invisible thought: the Art of Life therefore consists in a harmony between doing and thinking.

IN Art, form is everything, the material is of no consequence. Staub, the tailor, charges no more for the coat

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that he supplies without having received the cloth for it than if the cloth had been furnished to him. He asks payment merely for the fashion; he makes a present of the material.

THE daguerreotype is a testimony against the false view that art is an imitation of nature. Nature here gives evidence how little she understands about Art, how miserable is the result when she attempts to interfere with Art.

A SCULPTOR engaged at the same time on statues of Napoleon and of Wellington, seems to me like a priest who should read mass at ten o'clock and sing in the synagogue at twelve. Why should he not? He may do it; but where this happens men will soon cease to be present either at mass or in the synagogue. For poets it is still more difficult to speak two languages. Alas! most of them can hardly speak one language.

THE Theatre is not favourable for poets.

GOETHE'S aversion from giving way to enthusiasm is as perverse as it is childish. Such self-reserve is more or less suicidal; it is like a flame that will not burn for

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fear of consuming itself. The generous flame, the soul of SCHILLER, glows with self-sacrifice; the brighter it burns, the nearer it approaches annihilation, extinction. I envy not the quiet night-light meekly consuming away its existence.

WE sought material India and found America; now we seek intellectual India: what shall we find?

IT is to be desired that Genius should master the knowledge of Sanscrit; if this is left to the mere man of learning, we shall get nothing but a good compendium.

THE Mahabaratas, Ramayanas, and such like colossal fragments, are spiritual mammoth-skeletons left on the Himalayas.

IN the age of Romanticism men loved in the flower only its perfume; in our time their liking is for the productive fruit. Hence the tendency toward the practical, toward prose, toward homeliness.

THE chief characteristic of present-day poets is healthiness — Westphalian, Austrian, even Hungarian healthiness.

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DEMOCRACY is hastening the destruction of literature: freedom and equality of style. Each is to be permitted to write according to his fancy, that is, as badly as he may; and no one is to be allowed to excel in style, or to write better than another.

DEMOCRATIC hatred toward poetry: Parnassus shall be thrown down, made level, macadamised, and where once the loitering poet climbed and listened to the nightingales, there will soon be a flat turnpike road, or a railway with its neighing iron horse hurrying busy men along.

DEMOCRATIC wrath against the celebration of love in song:—why sing of the rose, Aristocrat? Sing rather of the democratic potato that nourishes the people!

A PURE work of art is seldom brought forth in an age in which politics are predominant. The poet in such an epoch resembles the sailor on a stormy sea, who beholds on the distant shore a cloister standing on a tall cliff; the white nuns stand there singing, but the storm outroars their voices.

THE works of certain favourite authors of our time are a libel on nature, not a description of it.

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SAVIGNY a Roman? No; only a lackey of the Roman intellect—*un valet du romanisme.*

GERVINUS' *History of Literature*:—The problem was, to give in a big book destitute of genius what Heinrich Heine had given in a little book full of genius. The problem has been admirably solved.

THE German language is rich in itself, but in German conversation we employ only the tenth part of this wealth; in reality therefore, our language is poor. The French language is poor in itself, but the French possess the talent of bringing forth all its resources in conversation, and so their language is in fact rich. It is only in literature that the Germans display all the treasures of their language, and the French, dazzled by this display, think: "Bless us, how brilliant these Germans must be at home!" They have no idea how few thoughts are in circulation among us at home. With the French the opposite is the case: they develop more ideas in society than in books, and their men of greatest intellect either do not write at all, or write only incidentally.

IN French literature there prevails at present a widespread system of plagiarism. One genius puts his hand into the pocket of another, and this gives them a kind of

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solidarity. By means of this art of stealing thoughts, by which one appropriates the thought of another before it is fully formed, intellect becomes common property. In the Republic of Letters there is community of intellectual possessions.

CAN it be true that France wishes to return to Christianity? Is France so sick? She is occupying herself with pious legends. Is she preparing for death-bed conversion? Does she desire the sacraments? Frailty, thy name is Man!

BUFFON says "the style is the man himself." Villemain* is a living refutation of this maxim: his style is beautiful, robust, and cleanly.

WHEN a man has been guillotined several times in his youth, like Charles Nodier,† it is quite natural that in his old age he should have no head.

MEYERBEER is the musical *maître de plaisir* of the aristocracy.

* See *supra*, page 246.—Tr.

† 1780-1844. Charles Nodier, journalist, entomologist, and poet, was repeatedly arrested on account of his protest against the assumption of sovereignty by Napoleon. After the fall of the First Empire he lived in Paris and was joint editor of the *Journal des Debats*.—Tr.

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LESSING says: "Though Raphael's hands had been cut off, he would still have been a painter." In the same way, we may assert that, even though ——'s head were cut off, he would still be a painter: he would go on painting without a head, and without any one observing that he was headless.

JUNIUS is the champion of liberty who fights with closed visor.

THE STATE AND SOCIETY.

AMONG the ancients, patriots were continually sounding their own praises—for example, Cicero. The moderns also do the same in times of greatest freedom—for example, Robespierre and Camille Desmoulins. When such an epoch occurs among us, we also will do likewise. The fameless ones are certainly right in preaching modesty. It is so easy for them to practise this virtue; it costs them no self-conquest, and on account of its universality one fails to remark its barrenness of deeds.

ONE must know Germany as a whole; to know a part only is dangerous. It is the story of the tree whose leaves and fruit are bane and antidote.

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LUTHER shook Germany to its foundations; but Francis Drake pacified it again: he gave us the potato.

DOES the oil that is poured on the head of kings still the tempests of their minds?

PRUSSIAN Nobility is an abstract expression; it refers solely to the idea of birth, not to that of possessions. The Prussian squires have no money.

THE Hanoverian squires are asses, who can talk of nothing but horses.

SERVANTS that are without a master are not on that account free men: servility is in their soul.

THE German is like a slave who obeys his lord without chains or the lash, at mere command, aye, even at a sign. Slavery is in the man himself, in his soul. Spiritual is worse than material slavery. The Germans must be freed from within; from without there is no help for them.

THE Germans are now working at the development of their nationality, but they have begun too late. When they have finished, nationalism will have ceased to exist

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in the world, and they will speedily be obliged again to give up their nationality without having derived benefit therefrom, as the French and the British have done.

I USED always to consider a cathedral as a plaything: I thought that a giant child, like the German people, needed such a colossal plaything as the Cathedral of Cologne. But now I think differently. I no longer look upon the German people as a giant child. Certainly it is no longer a child, but a sturdy youth, with many natural abilities, which, however, will not avail him anything if he does not earnestly take advantage of the present, and does not keep an eye steadily fixed on the future. We have no longer time for play, or for carrying out the dreams of the past.

POLITICAL weathercocks conjure up storms and rely on their own movableness. They forget that this will avail them nothing should the stormwind some day overthrow the tower on which they stand.

DEMAGOGY—the Holy Alliance of the People.

WHEN I speak of the rabble, I except first, all whose names are in the Directory, and secondly, all whose names are not in it.

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THE new civic society will drain, in the tumult of enjoyment, the last flagon, just as the old aristocracy did before 1789; it already hears in the corridor the marble footfall of the new gods, who will anon enter the hall of festival without knocking, and overthrow the tables.

ROTHSCHILD, too, might build a Walhalla—a Pantheon for all the princes who have raised loans from him.

THE main army of Rothschild's enemies consists of all who possess nothing: they all think, what we have not, Rothschild has. These again are joined by the mass of such as have lost their means; instead of ascribing the loss to their own stupidity, they imagine that it is due to the cunning of those who have preserved their fortunes. As soon as anyone finds himself without money, he becomes the enemy of Rothschild.

A COMMUNIST proposes that he should share in Rothschild's three hundred millions of francs. Rothschild sends him his share, *nine sous:* "Now let me have peace."

THE Communists nourish a shoulder-shrugging antipathy to patriotism, fame, and war.

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An association of ideas in the sense in which we speak of industrial association, for example, an alliance between philosophic and politico-economic conceptions, would produce the most astounding results.

THE Place de la Concorde. I should like to know whether corn would grow if it were sown there.

WHEN a king has lost his head there is no further help for him.

THE nearer people found themselves to Napoleon the more they admired him: with other heroes the contrary is the case.

NAPOLEON was not of the wood of which kings are made: he was of that marble of which gods are formed.

NAPOLEON detested the shopkeepers and the advocates; he shot down the former and drove the latter out of the temple. They submitted, but they hated him. They fancied they had created the Revolution for themselves, and Napoleon used it for himself and for the people. They looked forward with delight to the Restoration.

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THE Emperor's enemies scoff at him, but always with a certain feeling of respect. While with the right hand they bespatter him with mud, they hold their hats in their left hand.

IT was fortunate that the framers of the Code Napoleon lived in times of revolution, when they learned to sympathise with human passions and the deepest problems of life.

A NATION cannot be regenerated unless its government exhibits high moral power. This power regenerates. The fifteen years of the government of Napoleon was therefore a necessity. He healed through fire and iron* the sick nation; his government was a period of cure. He was the Moses of the French: as the latter led his people about in the desert to afford it a period of cure, so Napoleon led the French through Europe.

PEOPLE cannot understand why our German princes live to such great ages: they are afraid to die, they fear lest they should meet Napoleon again in the other world.

* "Fire and iron." *Feuer und Eisen* was the motto of the *Sturm und Drang* School. Schiller prefixed to his *Robbers* this Latin version of an aphorism of Hippocrates:—Quae medicamenta non sanant, *ferrum* sanat, quae ferrum non sanat, *ignis* sanat.—Tr.

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As in Homer the heroes exchange armour on the battlefield, so the nations took to exchanging skins: the French put on our bear skin, and we put on their ape skin. The French became grave, we began to climb trees. They commenced to scold our Voltairians. Keep your minds easy; it is only your skins we wear, we are still bears at heart.

THE people of Paris emancipated the world, and did not accept so much as a gratuity for doing so.

LAFAYETTE.—The world is surprised that there once was an honest man: the situation remains vacant.

THE Englishman who follows Van Amburgh about in order to be present at all his performances, persuaded that the lion will some day tear its master to pieces and determined to witness the spectacle, resembles the historian who is waiting in Paris till the French people at last tear Louis Philippe to pieces, and who is in the meantime daily observing this lion.

THE French have more assurance of manner than the Germans, because they are a literal people, not given to dreaming: the dreaming German makes a scowling face at you some morning, because he has dreamt that you have insulted him, or that his grandfather once received a kick from your grandfather.

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THE French have so little to do with dreaming, that even other people never dream about them, but only about Germans.

GERMANS abroad are no better than exported beer.

AMONG the minor prophets residing in Paris there are but few Germans: the majority of Germans come to France in order to shew that they are no prophets even out of their own country.

A YOUNG girl said: "The gentleman must be very rich, for he is very ugly." The public judges in a similar manner: "The man must be very learned, for he is very tiresome." Hence the success of so many Germans in Paris.

THE mission of the Germans in Paris seems to be to prevent me feeling home-sickness.

DANGEROUS Germans! They suddenly produce a poem from their pockets, or begin a conversation on philosophy.

IN Russia the Revolution wears a crown, and is as inexorable toward itself as the Committee of Public Safety could ever have been.

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NICHOLAS is, so to say, a hereditary Dictator. He shows the most complete indifference toward the customary, the prescriptive, the historical.

BY all means let us now lean for support upon Russia —on the stick with which we have been beaten!

WOMEN, LOVE, AND MARRIAGE.

WHERE the woman stops, the bad man begins.

WHEN I read history, and am impressed by any deed or occurrence, I often feel as if I should like to see the woman concealed behind it, as the secret spring. Women govern, although the *Moniteur* makes mention only of men: they make history, although historians know only the names of men.

THAT Xanthippe's husband should have become so great a philosopher, is remarkable. Amid all the scolding, to be able to think! But he could not write: that was impossible. Socrates has not left to us a single book.

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How much higher woman stands with Moses than with other Orientals, or than with the Mohammedans even down to our own day! The latter declare that woman shall not enter Paradise; Mohammed excluded her from it. Did he suppose that Paradise would no longer be Paradise if every man were again to meet his wife there?

EVERY man who marries is like the Doge who weds the Adriatic Sea: he knows not what he may find therein—treasures, pearls, monsters, unknown storms.

THE music at a marriage procession always reminds me of the music of soldiers entering on a battle.

GERMAN women are dangerous on account of their diaries, which their husbands may find.

GERMAN marriage is no true marriage. The husband has not a spouse, but a serving-woman, and he continues to lead his isolated bachelor existence of the intellect, even in the bosom of his family. I will not say that he is on that account the master; on the contrary, he is often the servant of his serving-woman, and his servility does not belie itself even in his own house.

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MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

WISE men think out new thoughts, and fools proclaim them.

WE do not comprehend ruins, until we are ourselves in ruins.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum—of the living speak nothing but evil.

"RENDER therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's; and unto God the things that are God's." But this applies only to giving, not to taking.

AS sensible people are often very stupid, so stupid people are often very shrewd.

THE young and beautiful Miss—— married old A——. Hunger drove her to it: she had to choose between hunger and death, which is even more meagre and more horrible. A—— should be proud that she gave his skeleton the preference.

A MAN should become either a handicraftsman or a philologist; breeches will be required in all ages, and there will always be schoolboys in need of declensions and conjugations.

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FROM "THE BOOK OF SONGS."

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FROM "THE BOOK OF SONGS."

I.

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

Two grenadiers to France returning
From a Russian prison came,
And when they reached the German land
They were filled with grief and shame.

For there did they hear the sorrowful tale
Of France, by her glory forsaken;
Her army was vanquished and scattered at last,
And their Emperor—he had been taken.

Then bitterly wept the two grenadiers
On hearing the woeful story:
The one, he cried—"How my old wound burns
For the loss of my country's glory!"

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The other, he said—" The song is out,
And fain would I die with thee,
But I have wife and child at home
Would starve were it not for me."

" What heed I wife ! what heed I child !
High longings within me awaken ;
Let them beg, say I, if they hungry be,
For my Emperor—he has been taken.

" But grant me, comrade, one request,
If here 'tis my lot to die ;
Then carry my body back to France,
Beneath French soil must I lie.

" Let the Honour-Cross, with its ribbon red,
Be laid upon my breast ;
With musket in hand and sword-belt girt,
Then leave me to my rest.

" And there will I lie and silently watch,
Like a sentinel at his post,
Till I hear the sound of the cannons' roar
And the tread of the galloping host.

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"Then I know that my Emperor rides o'er my grave,
Many sabres around him are wielding,
And, ready in arms, I'll arise from my grave,
My Emperor—him to be shielding." *

* The prose companion-picture to the "Two Grenadiers" will be found at page 23.—Tr.

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II.

AUS MEINEN THRÄNEN SPRIESSEN.

OUT of my tears grow flowers
The fairest of the dales,
And my sighing doth become
A choir of nightingales.

And if thou lov'st me still, my child,
For thee the flowers shall spring,
And beneath thy window-sill
The nightingales shall sing.

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III.

ES STEHEN UNBEWEGLICH.

THE stars stand motionless,
The stars in their home above,
And for thousands of years have gazed
On each other with pangs of love.

They speak a wondrous language,
A language rich and fine;—
Philologers could ne'er
Its meaning yet divine.

But I have learned that language,
Nor can I forget it e'er;
Its grammar I conned as I gazed
On the face of my darling fair.

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IV.

AUF FLÜGELN DES GESANGES.

On the wings of song, my Love,
I will bear thee hence to where
Near the Ganges is a grove,
A place most wondrous fair.

There lies a garden blooming
Beneath the still moonlight,
Where the lotos waits the coming
Of its sisterling, to-night.

The violets fondle each other,
And gaze at the stars above;
One rose is telling another
Stories fragrant with love.

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And fleet of foot there bounds
The lurking, timid gazelle;
And in the distance sounds
The sacred river's swell.

There will we make our rest
Beneath the palm-tree's shade,
And, with love and peace refreshed,
Dream the dreams that never fade.

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v.

UND WÜSSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN.

Oh did the flowers but know
The sorrow I bear in my heart,
For me their tears would flow
To heal my aching smart!

Did the nightingales but know
How sick and sad am I,
Right merrily would flow
Their sweetest melody.

And did the stars but know
The grieving of my soul,
They would visit me here below,
And comfort and make me whole.

But none of these can know
How deadly is my smart,
One only knows my woe,
'Tis she who broke my heart.

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VI.

EIN FICHTENBAUM STEHT EINSAM.

A LONELY pine-tree stands
On a height 'midst Northern cold,
Ice and snow, with covering white,
The slumbering pine enfold.

'Tis dreaming of a palm
Far in the Orient lands,
That on a burning hill-side
Alone and silent stands.

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VII.

WENN ZWEI VON EINANDER SCHEIDEN.

When two that are dear must part,
In sorrow the hands are pressed;
Their tears begin to flow,
Their sighing knows no rest.

With us there was no weeping,
Nor had we ought to say:
Our sighing and our weeping
Came on an after-day.

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VIII.

IN MEIN GAR ZU DUNKLES LEBEN.

On the darkness of my being
Once there shone a vision bright,
Now the vision bright has faded
And around me there is night.

When the children are in darkness,
Terror fills the tiny throng,
And to drive away their fear
They sing, and sing right loud and strong.

Like a foolish child I sing
'Midst the darkness weird and drear,
Though the song brings no delight
It hath freed my heart from fear.

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IX.

MEIN HERZ, MEIN HERZ IST TRAURIG.

My heart, my heart it sorrows
In the joyous month of May,
As I lean against the linden
By the fortress old and grey.

And deep, deep down below,
The blue moat glides along;
A boy sits in a boat
And fishes, and sings a song.

On the plain across the water,
Tiny forms I see;
Villas, and gardens, and men,
Oxen, and meadow, and tree.

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The maidens spread their washing,
And sport in the grass around;
The mill-wheel scatters its diamonds—
I can hear its distant sound.

A sentry's watch-house stands
On the tower so old and grey;
Before it, a red-coat marches
Up and down all day.

I see his musket glitter
With flashes of sunlight red;
He shoulders and presents—
I would that he shot me dead.

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X.

DU SCHÖNES FISCHERMÄDCHEN.

FISHER-MAIDEN fair,
Row thy boat to land;
Sit thee down beside me,
Let me clasp thy hand.

Rest upon my heart;
Why need'st thou fear so sore
When daily thou trustest thyself
To the sea, with its angry roar?

My heart is like the sea
It hath storm, and ebb, and flow,
And many a radiant pearl
Lies hid in its depths below,

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XI.

DU BIST WIE EINE BLUME.

THOU seemest like a flower,
So sweet and fair and pure;
Beholding thee, a dower
Of sadness fills my heart.

A spirit bids me lay
My hands upon thy head:
Preserve her, God, I pray,
As pure and fair and sweet.

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XII.

DU HAST DIAMANTEN UND PERLEN.

THOU hast all that soul can desire,
Of diamonds and pearls a store;
Thou hast the sweetest eyes:—
My darling, what wilt thou more?

To those beautiful eyes of thine,
Full oft my soul did pour
Its burthen of deathless song;—
My darling, what wilt thou more?

With those beautiful eyes of thine
Thou hast wounded my heart to the core;
Thou hast been my very undoing;—
My darling, what wilt thou more?

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XIII.

UND BIST DU ERST EHLICH WEIB.

Oh when you are my wedded wife,
Your joy will know no measure,
For yours will be a happy life—
A constant round of pleasure!

And you may rage and you may scold,
(For that's a thing of course);
But, if you do not praise my verse,
I'll sue for a divorce.

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XIV.

DER TOD, DAS IST DIE KÜHLE NACHT.

O DEATH! thou art the cooling night;
O Life! thou art the sultry day:
It darkens and I slumber—
I am wearied with the light.

Over my head is a tree, to my seeming,
And in it a nightingale sings;
It singeth of nought but love—
I can hear it amidst my dreaming.

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XV.

RIDDLES.

By the sea, by the desolate darkling sea,
Stands one in the morning of life:
With heart full of sorrow, with soul full of doubt,
And with quivering lips he questions the waves.

Oh solve me the Riddle of Life,
The vexing primeval riddle
Over which many a head hath puzzled—
Many a turbaned, many a hooded head,
Heads in hieroglyphic cowls,
Periwigged heads, and thousand other
Poor bewildered human heads!—
Tell me—What is the meaning of man,
Whence hath he come, whither doth go,
And who dwells yonder in the golden stars?

Still murmur the waves their eternal murmur,
Still bloweth the wind, still fleeteth the cloud,
Heedless and cold still twinkle the stars—
And a fool waiteth an answer.

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XVI.

WENN DU MIR VORÜBERWANDELST.

When by chance you cross my path,
And your dress but touches me,
Bounding goes my gladdened heart,
And I fain would follow thee.

When you turn to give me greeting—
Greeting from large eyes to me
Fills my heart so full of terror,
That I dare not follow thee.

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XVII.

ES WAR EIN ALTER KÖNIG.

THERE once was a poor old king,
His heart was cold, his locks were grey,
He wedded a wife and she
Was young, and fair as day.

There once was a pretty page,
Fair were his locks and warm his heart;
He bore the queen's silken train,
As became a page's part.

Know you the old, old story—
The story so sweet, so sad to tell?
Both queen and page must die,
For they loved each other too well.

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XVIII.

WO WIRD EINST DES WANDERMÜDEN.

WHERE?

WHERE will end my weary journey?
What last resting-place be mine?
Under tropic palm-tree's shadow—
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I be in some far desert
Laid to rest by stranger hand?
Shall I sleep upon a barren
Sea-shore, underneath the sand?

What heed I! since God's fair heaven
Will be o'er me there as here;
And the stars, like death lamps swaying,
Through the night will shine as clear.*

* The original of this last piece was not published until thirteen years after Heine's death though probably written, according to Dr. Strodtmann, between 1830 and 1840. It will be found in the fourth volume of the complete edition of the poems. Pieces xvi. and xvii. are not from the *Book of Songs*, but from the series of poems called *The New Spring*.—Tr.

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WO?

Wo wird einst des Wandermüden
Letzte Ruhestätte sein?
Unter Palmen in dem Süden?
Unter Linden an dem Rhein?

Werd' ich wo in einer Wüste
Eingescharrt von fremder Hand?
Oder ruh' ich an der Küste
Eines Meeres in dem Sand?

Immerhin! Mich wird umgeben
Gotteshimmel, dort wie hier,
Und als Todtenlampen schweben
Nachts die Sterne über mir.

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INDEX.

Alexander the Great, - - - - - - 117
America, - - - - - - - - 215
Ancients, The, had no Belief in Ghosts, - - - 277
Aristotle and Plato, - - - - - 116-119
Art, its Influence on Italian Beauty, - - - 80
—— not an Imitation of Nature, - - - - 283
—— in Times of Political Strife, - - - - 285
Art of Life, - - - - - - - 282
Association of Philosophic and Politico-Economic Ideas, 292
Atheism, - - - - - - - 250, *et seq.*
Augustin, - - - - - - - 236
Authors of Our Time, - - - - - 285
Banker, The First, - - - - - 201
Baruch, The Book of, - - - - - 183
Battlefields, - - - - - - 44
Battle of Leipzig, - - - - - - 31
Bellini, - - - - - - - 82, 83
Bellini's French, - - - - - - 83
Berlin and Potsdam, - - - - - 25
Bible, The, - - - - - - 70, 95
———Influence of, - - - - 95, *et seq.*
———Luther's, - - - - - 109-112
———and the Jews, - - - 215-218, 260, *et seq.*
Book, A, Must Have its Time, - - - - 282
Camel Question, The Great, - - - - 196
Cæsar, Render unto, the Things which are Cæsar's, - 298
Cathedrals, Playthings for the German People, - - 290
Catholic Interlopers, - - - - - 202
Catholicism, Roman, - - - - - 36
———— and Art, - - - - - - 4

Digitized by Google

Catholicism, Heine and, - - - - - 266
———— in the Middle Ages, - - - 3
Catholics, Zeal of, - - - - 266
Censorship, the German, - - - - - 108
Charles, King, and Cromwell, - - - - 205-207
Chartists and Communists, - - - - 195
Childhood and Manhood, - - - - 2
China, Coachmen of, - - - - - 201
Chopin, - - - - - - - 213
Christ, - - - - - - - 46
———and Greek Mythology, - - - - 218
Christianity and Art, - - - - - 99-101
———— Cause of its Success, - - - - 278
———— a Democracy, - - - - 279
———— and Self-Consciousness of the Spirit, - 279
Chronicle of Limburg, - - - - - 270-272
Cleopatra, - - - - - - 66
Code Napoleon, The Framers of, - - - 293
Communist, The, and Rothschild, - - - 291
Communists, - - - - - - 291
———— and Chartists, - - - - 195
Conflagrations, Beneficial, - - - - 221
Conrad von der Rosen, the Emperor's Fool, - - 52
Convictions and Opinions, - - - - 212
Corneille and Racine, - - - - - 210
Coward, The, and the Slave, - - - - 209
Cromwell and King Charles, - - - - 205-207
———— ann Napoleon, - - - - 208
Cuvier, - - - - - - - 173
Dante, - - - - - - - 46
Dardanelles, The, Possession of, - - - - 190-191
Death-Bed Conversion, - - - - - 138
Deism, - - - - - - - 256
Delaroche's *Cromwell Regarding the Body of King Charles*, 205
Demagogy, - - - - - - 290
Democracy and Literature, - - - - 285
———— and Poetry, - - - - - 285

Digitized by Google

De mortuis nil nisi bonum, - - - - 298
Descartes, - - - - - - 114
Desmoulins, Camille, - - - - - 204
Diet of Worms, - - - - - - 101-103
Don Quixote, - - - - - - 47-52
Drake, Francis, Pacified Germany, - - - 289
Dreaming and Death, - - - - - 77
Düsseldorf, - - - - - - 11, 12
Eagle, The, and his Critics, - - - - 28
Earth, The; its Age, - - - - - 173
Eastern Question, The, - - - 180-182, 186, 190, 191
Egypt, the Mysterious Land, - - - - 67
Elector Maximilian Joseph, Abdication of, - - 13
Emperor Maximilian and his Fool, - - - 52
English Characteristics, - - - - - 87
——— Love of Freedom, - - - - 55
Englishmen and Politics, - - - - 59
———— and Religion, - - - - 59
———— Machines, - - - - - 194
Euripides and Racine, - - - - - 149
Evil, Mystery of, - - - - - - 122
Fashionable Piety in 1840, - - - - 178-179
Faust, the Type of the Germans, - - - - 66
Fichte's Philosophy, - - - - - 136
———————— Influence of, - - - 137
Fiction: German, French, and English, - - - 225-226
Fire and Iron, - - - - - - 293
First Empire, The, - - - - - 182
Flying Dutchman, The, Legend of, - - - 71-74
Folly—Where Folly Grows, - - - - 11
Fools and New Thoughts, - - - - 298
Fouqué, - - - - - - - 240
Fourier, - - - - - - - 200
France, - - - - - - - 211
——— Heine's Warning to, - - - - 139-142
——— Its Part in the World Drama, - - - 189
——— and Christianity, - - - - - 287

Digitized by Google

Frederick the Great, - - - - - 26
Freedom, Religious, - - - - - 46
——— National Love of, - - - - 55
——— The New Religion, - - - - 59
——— and the Poles, - - - - - 227
French Cookery and Freedom, - - - - 43
——— Love of Freedom, - - - - 55
——— Language, - - - - - 89, 286
——— Women, - - - - - - 92-94
——— The, Incapable of Supporting a Republic, - 166
——— Characteristics, - - - - - 187
——— Fatalistic School, - - - - 188
——— Drama, The Old, - - - - 210
——— Actors, - - - - - - 211
——— Revolution, - - - - - 229
——— Manners and Language, - - - - 244
——— Academy, - - - - - 245
——— Literature, Plagiarism in, - - - 286
——— The, Safer Associates than the Germans, - 294
——— The, not Given to Dreaming, - - - 295
Funeral of an Enemy, - - - - 221
Future of Humanity, - - - - - 194
Garrick and Shakespeare, - - - - 65
Genius, Heine's Admiration for, - - - 42
——— and Criticism, - - - - - 5
——— and Sanscrit, - - 284
German Fidelity, - - - - - 2
——— Censorship, - - - - - 108
——— Language and Luther, - - - 109, *et seq.*
——— Vindictiveness, - - - - 123
——— Great Men, Poverty of, - - - - 137
——— Philosophy, - - - - - 138, 249
——— Revolution, a Prophecy, - - - 139, *et seq.*
——— Gravity, - - - - - - 155
——— Aversion to Innovation, - - - - 188
——— Eagerness for Fighting, - - - - 232
——— Fiction, - - - - - - 225, 226
——— Language, - - - - - 286

Digitized by Google

German Women, - - - - - - 297
——— Marriage, - - - - - - 297
Germans, The, - - - - - - 2
——— and Freedom, - - - - - 55
——— and Shakespeare, - - - - 64
——— Resemble Slaves, - - - - 289
——— and Nationality, - - - - 289
——— Bears at Heart, - - - - - 294
——— Dreamers, - - - - - 294
——— Abroad, - - - - - 295
——— in Paris, - - - - - 295
——— Dangerous, - - - - - 295
Germany, The Position of, - - - - 185
Gervinus' *History of Literature*, - - - - 286
God is All That Is, - - - - - 134
Goddess of Liberty, The, - - - - 205
Goethe, - - - - - - 42, 146-148
——— What Think You of, - - - - 5
——— and Shakespeare, - - - - - 65
——— His Lyrics, - - - - - - 137
——— and Schiller, - - - 146-148, 283-284
——— His Aversion from Enthusiasm, - - - 283
Gottsched, - - - - - - 64
Great Men the Stars of the Earth, - - - 173
Greeks, The, - - - - - - 257
——— Life and Poetry Identical Among, - - 282
Guizot, - - - - - - - 176, 177
Hanoverian Squires, - - - - - 289
Harp-player, The, - - - - - 36
Healthiness a Characteristic of Modern Poetry, - - 284
Hegel and Heine, - - - - - 255
Hegel's Philosophy, - - - - - 254, 256
Heine at the Silver Mines, - - - - 1
——— His Love for the Sea, - - - - 5
——— Effect of the Sublime on, - - - - 6
——— His Birthplace, - - - - - 11
——— at the Lyceum in Düsseldorf, - - - 16

Digitized by Google

Heine Learning French, - - - - - 17
——— Learning Modern History, - - - 18
——— Sees Napoleon at Düsseldorf, - - - 20
——— in Italy, - - - - - 33, *et seq.*
——— His Admiration for Genius, - - - 42
——— On the Battlefield of Marengo, - - - 42
——— His Mission, - - - - - 44
——— Date of His Birth, - - - - 45
——— His Admiration for Don Quixote, - 48, *et seq.*
——— Himself a Don Quixote, - - - - 51
——— the Court Fool of the Germans, - - - 53
——— in London, - - - - - 56-58
——— His relation to Protestantism, - - - 123, 258
——— His Warning to France - - - - 139-142
——— in Westminster Abbey, - - - - 172
——— His Opinion of Englishmen, - - - 194
——— and the Sun, - - - - - 209
——— His Dread of Pain, - - - - 209
——— His Longing for Rest, - - - - 214
——— in Heligoland, - - - - - 215
——— Ambition to be an Orator, - - - 220
——— in Exile, - - - - - 222, 223
——— Forbidden to Write in German, - - - 232
——— His Friends and Enemies, - - - 233
——— Always a Romantic Poet, - - - 235
——— Goes into Exile, - - - - 240, *et seq.*
——— Crosses the Rhine, - - - - 242
——— at St. Denis, - - - - - 242
——— in Paris, - - - - - 243, *et seq.*
——— Visits the Pantheon, - - - - 247
——— and German Philosophy, - - - - 249
——— Abjures Atheism, - - - - - 251-253
——— and Hegel's Philosophy, - - - - 254, 256
——— and Hegel, - - - - - 255
——— His estimate of Moses, - - - - 256-258
——— His Jewish Birth, - - - - - 258
——— and Protestantism, - - - - - 258

Digitized by Google

Heine and Catholicism, - - - - - 266
——— Only a Poet! - - - - - 268
——— His Japanese Fame, - - - - 269
——— the German Aristophanes, - - - 270
——— and the Clerk of the *Limburg Chronicle*, - 270-272
——— His Wishes for His Old Age, - - - 272
——— on His Mattress-Grave, - - - - 273
——— His last Visit, - - - - - 274
——— His Birth, - - - - - 276
——— His Disposition, - - - - 276
——— How He became a Christian, - - - 276
——— His Love for the Jews, - - - 280
——— and the Future, - - - - 281
——— and the Rabble, - - - - - 290
History and great men, - - - - - 229
Hospitality of the Parsonage, - - - - 107
Hugo, Victor, - - - - - - 210, 213
Humanity, The Future of, - - - - 194
———— The Real Prometheus, - - - 277
Hume, Joseph, - - - - - - 173-175
Hunter's, The, and the Hunted, - - - - 5
Immortality, - - - - - - - 2
India, Intellectual, - - - - - 284
Instruction Always Dearly Bought, - - - 213
Internationalism, - - - - - - 43
Italian Beauty, - - - - - - 36
———— Influence of, on Art, - - - 80
Italian Nation, The, - - - - - 42
Italy, - - - - - - 33, *et seq.*
Italy, Yearning toward, - - - - - 26-28
—— the Home of Music, - - - - 81
Jadviga, a Dream, - - - - - 78
Jan Steen, - - - - - 74, *et seq.*
Jesuits, The, - - - - - - 30
———— Their Genius for Teaching, - - - 267
Jewish Religion, The, - - - - - 45
Jews, The, - - - - 69, 70, 257, 279, 281

Digitized by Google

Jews, The, and the Bible, - 70, 215-218, 259, 260, *et seq.*
——— The World's Obligations to, - - 259, *et seq.*
Job, The Book of, - - - - - 234
John Bull a Materialist, - - - - - 116
Johnson, Dr., and Shakespeare, - - - - 65
Journey's End, Our, - - - - - 224
Joy of Existence, - - - - - 8
Judaism—an Aristocracy, - - - - 278
——— and the Teutonic Races, - - - - 280
Judea, ... 280
Junius, ... 288
Kant Immanuel, ... 130, *et seq.*
—— His Style, ... 133
—— His Philosophy, ... 133
—— His Theoretical and Practical Reason, . . 134
—— Influence of His Philosophy on Literature and Art, 136
Kindred Griefs, ... 45
King, the First, ... 201
Kings, ... 292
——— and Anointing Oil, ... 289
Lafayette, ... 294
——— and Napoleon, ... 167-171
——— and "The Rights of Man," . . . 197
Latin Language, The, ... 122
Le Grand, Monsieur, ... 17, *et seq.*
——— Death of, ... 23
Leipzig, Battle of, ... 31
Leroux, Pierre, ... 200
Lessing, ... 64, 125, *et seq.*, 144
——— and Shakespeare, ... 64
——— Quoted, ... 288
Liberty, The Goddess of, ... 205
Life, Love of, ... 8-11
Life Companion, A, ... 229
Life to Come, No Revelation as to a, . . . 278
Limburg Chronicle, The, ... 270
Liszt, Franz, ... 213

Digitized by Google

Literature, The History of, ... 145
Literature, Modern, Characteristics of, . . 114
——— and Democracy, ... 285
London, ... 56-58
Loss in Life, ... 158
Louis Blanc's Doctrine of Equality, . . . 184
Louis Philippe, . . . 166, 172, 175-177, 184, 185
Love, ... 68
—— Power of 159
—— of Country, ... 231
Luther, Martin, ... 104, *et seq.*
——— at the Diet of Worms, ... 102
——— His Bible, ... 109, *et seq.*
——— His Original Writings, ... 112
——— His Poems and Hymns, ... 113
——— and Lessing, ... 125, 129
Luxembourg, The, Heine at, ... 245
Lyrical Poetry, ... 142
Mahabarata, The, ... 284
Man, ... 46
Marengo, Battlefield of, ... 42
Marriage, ... 297, 298
——— The Music at a, ... 297
——— German, ... 297
Matrimony, ... 213
Maximilian, The Emperor, and His Fool, . . 52
Mendelssohn, Moses, ... 124
Mental and Physical Pain, ... 209
Merchant, The; His Religion, ... 224
Meyerbeer, ... 287
Modern Civic Society, ... 291
Modesty, A Woman's, ... 249
Moralisation of Property, ... 264
Morality not a Product of Religion, . . . 218
Moses, ... 256, *et seq.*
——— a Great Artist, ... 257
——— the Creator of Israel, ... 257

Digitized by Google

Moses and the "Year of Jubilee," . . . 264
——— a Great Liberator, ... 265
——— and the Position of Women, . . . 297
Murat, Joachim, Prince, ... 14
Napoleon, Life of, Scott's, ... 6, 58
——— at Düsseldorf, ... 20-22
——— at Marengo, ... 43
——— and Lafayette, ... 167-171
——— the Last Hero, ... 187
——— and Cromwell, ... 208
Napoleon and Madame de Staël, . . 237, *et seq.*
——— and Those About Him, . . . 292
——— not Formed of Wood, but of Marble, . . 292
——— and the Shopkeepers and Advocates, . . 292
——— His Enemies, ... 293
——— the Regenerator of France, . . . 293
——— and German Princes, ... 293
Napoleonic Empire, ... 182
National Characteristics, Decay of, . . . 7
——— Egotism, ... 224
Nature's Gifts, How We Undervalue Them, . . 272
——— Method, ... 1
New-Classical Era, ... 142
New Year Wishes, ... 195
Nibelungenlied, ... 153
Nicholas, the Czar, ... 296
Nightingale of Basle, Story of the, . . . 100
Nodier, Charles, ... 287
Novalis and Hoffmann, ... 152
Novels, ... 229
Obedience Personified, ... 227
Originality, ... 211
Paganini, ... 84, 85-87, 272
Pan, Death of, ... 219
Pantheon, The, ... 247-249
Paris, the New Jerusalem, ... 59
—— and the Parisians, ... 88-94

Digitized by Google

Paris, Heine's First Impressions of, . . 244, *et seq.*
—— The People of, ... 294
Parisian Revolutions, ... 165
Parsonage, Hospitality of the, ... 107
Passion and Fame, ... 198
Patriots, Ancient and Modern, ... 288
People, His Majesty the, ... 253
——— The, and its Prophets, ... 224
——— The, and Kings, ... 175
Perfumes the Feelings of Flowers, . . . 3
Pétion, ... 165
Phenomena and Noumena, ... 134
Philology and Handicrafts, ... 298
Philosophy, German, The Secret of, Revealed . . 249
Philosophers and Theologians, ... 202
Physicians, Their Last Resort, ... 203
Pity and Love, ... 46
Place de la Concorde, ... 292
Plagiarism, ... 211
Plato and Aristotle, ... 116-119
Poet, Title to Recognition of the, . . . 45
—— "Here lies a German Poet," . . . 198
—— The, and Self-Sacrifice, ... 252
—— Only a, ... 268
—— The, a Sunday-Child, ... 273
Poets, the Popular Historians, ... 29
Polish Peasant, The, ... 227
Politics, ... 175
Political Weather-Cocks, ... 290
Potsdam, ... 26
"Prescription" of the Roman Law, . . . 264
Problems of Paganism and Christianity, . . . 159
Prometheus, Humanity the Real, . . . 277
Prose Writing, ... 213
Prussia, ... 164
Prussian Nobility, ... 289
Racine and Euripides, ... 149

Digitized by Google

Reason in Art and in Life, ... 205
Religion, The Jewish, ... 45
Religious Freedom, ... 46
Religion and Philosophy, ... 124
Republic, A, or a Monarchy? 178
Reuchlin, ... 110
Revolution, A, a Misfortune, ... 221
Revolution, The French, ... 229-231
Revolutionary Times, ... 221
Rich, The, Misery of, ... 196
Richter, Jean Paul, ... 155-158
"Rights of Man," The, ... 197
Ritualism, ... 202
Robespierre, ... 131, 204
——— and Kant, ... 130-133
Roman Civil Law, The, Code of, ... 265
Roman Private Life, ... 39
Romans, The, Character of, ... 39, 264
Rome, ... 4, 142
——— and Christianity, ... 198-199
Romanticism, ... 284
Romeo and Juliet, ... 68
Romish Church, The, Dying from Exhaustion, . . 279
Rossini, ... 82
Rothschild, ... 191
——— Might Build a Walhalla, . . . 291
——— His Enemies, ... 291
——— and the Communist, ... 291
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, ... 230, 236
Ruins, ... 298
Russia, ... 295, 296
Saint Simon, ... 200
Saint Simonianism, ... 107
Savigny, ... 286
Scepticism of the Book of Job, ... 234
Scheffer, Ary, ... 203
Schiller and Goethe, . . . 146-148, 283-284

Digitized by Google

Schlegel, August Wilhelm von, ... 149-151
Scott's, Sir Walter, *Life of Napoleon*, . . . 6, 58
——— Novels, ... 6
Seclusion of Great Men, ... 229
Sensible People, ... 298
Servility in the Soul, ... 289
Sickness-Period of Humanity, ... 78
Shakespeare, ... 60, *et seq.*
———— His Historical Dramas, . . . 61
———— His Roman Tragedies, . . . 62
———— and the Unities, ... 63
———— His Hero, ... 63
———— The Germans and, ... 64
———— His *Titus Andronicus*, . . . 67
———— His *Romeo and Juliet*, . . . 68
Silence, a Condition of Happiness, . . . 158
Socialists, Poverty of the Great, ... 200
Society a Republic, ... 233
Socrates, ... 296
Soul and Body, Harmony Between, Restored, . . 97
Sphinx, Every Epoch a, ... 142
Spinoza, ... 119
Spirits, Calling Them From Their Graves, . . 80
Spiritualism and Materialism, ... 115
Spring, ... 27
Stäel, Madame de, ... 236, *et seq.*
Stars of Literature and Stars of the Firmament, . . 152
Sterne, Laurence, ... 157
Stupid People, ... 298
Stylites, Simon, ... 281
Sublime, The, in Nature, Effect of, on Heine, . . 6
Suffering Spiritualizes, ... 42, 279
Sympathy in Sorrow, ... 45
Tacitus, ... 40
Tartufe, ... 199
Teutonic Races and Judaism, ... 280
Theatre, The, and Poets, ... 283

Digitized by Google

Thiers, ... 166, 175-178, 179
——— and the Eastern Question, ... 180
Thousand and One Nights, The, ... 183
Thoughts and Fancies, ... 276-298
Tieck, Ludwig, and Shakespeare, ... 65
Titus Andronicus, ... 67
Truth? What is, ... 233
Truthful, No Man, about Himself, ... 236
Tyrol and the Tyrolese, ... 32
Universe, Grandeur of the, ... 281
Vendôme Column, The, ... 192
Verona, The Amphitheatre of, ... 37
Villemain, ... 246, 287
Voltaire, ... 231, 250
——— Influence of his Wit, ... 180
War of Liberation, The, ... 145
Westminster Abbey, ... 171
Whispering Valley, Legend of the, ... 159-164
Will: The *Will* to Do, ... 234
Woman and Man, ... 296
Women and Character, ... 228
——— and Men's Happiness, ... 80
——— the True Makers of History, ... 296
World, The, and the Artist, ... 212
Year 1832, The, ... 148
Year of Jubilee, Jewish, ... 264
Xanthippe, ... 296

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